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THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

June, 1902-May, 1903.

Vol. XII.

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INDEX
TO
THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

VOL. XII. JUNE, 1902, TO MAY, 1903.

PAGE

ADVENTURE WITH SOME MIDSUMMER KNIGHTS. A Story, *Bertha E. Sprague*, 1904, ... 14

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATIONS, MEETINGS OF:

Boston, 43, 217, 280, 392, 448, 495; Central and Western New York, 41, 279; Eastern New York, 219; General, 43, 214; Hampshire County, 114, 217, 393; Hartford, 39, 42; Japan, 449; Maine, 216, 391; Michigan, 40, 494; New Hampshire, 42; New Haven, 161, 449; New York, 39, 280, 392; Northwest, 217; Ohio, 219; Philadelphia, 219; Springfield, 161, 495; Washington, 335, 448; Winnepesaukee Mount Holyoke Club, 114; Worcester, 336.

ALUMNÆ NOTES, ... 39, 114, 161, 216, 278, 335, 391, 448, 495

ANGEL MUSICIANS IN ITALIAN PAINTING, ... *Esther Heacock*, 1903, . . 457

ARCHÆOLOGICAL CLUB, ... 32, 208, 327, 488

ARNOLD, MATTHEW, GREEK ART IN, *Annie C. Tracy*, 1903, . . 467

ARNOLD, MATTHEW. Note of Hope in Matthew Arnold's Poetry, . . *Florence Messer*, 1902, . . 130

BACCALAUREATE SERMON, . . *Dr. Joseph H. Twitchell*, . . 51

BASKET BALL, CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES, ... 444

CLASS OF 1906, LIST OF MEMBERS, ... 105

COLLEGE EQUAL SUFFRAGE LEAGUE. Offer of Prizes for Essays, . 38

COLLEGE EQUAL SUFFRAGE LEAGUE. First Prize awarded to Beth B. Gilchrist, 1902, ... 215

COLLEGE EQUAL SUFFRAGE LEAGUE. Prize Essay, ... 229

COLLEGE NOTES, ... 104, 157, 212, 276, 333, 384, 444, 492

COLLEGE WOMEN IN THE HOME. Editorial, . . *B. B. G.*, 1902, 438

COMING TO HER OWN. A Story, . *Lois Ellen Roberts*, 1904, . . 187

COMMENCEMENT, ... 36

COMMENCEMENT. Baccalaureate Sermon, *Dr. Joseph H. Twitchell*, . . 51

CONCERTS:

Amherst College Musical Clubs, ... 387

Cantata by Choir of Second Congregational Church, Holyoke, . . 445

Christmas Concert, ... 275

Gabrilowitsch Piano Recital, ... 445

Haydn Quartet, ... 493

Kneisel Quartette, ... 157

PAGE

Mount Holyoke Glee Club, ... 385
Musicales by Music Students, ... 35
Organ Recitals by Mr. Hammond, ... 34, 214, 333, 386
Song Recitals by Miss Julia B. Dickinson, ... 274, 387
Theodore Van Yorx, tenor, ... 157
CONSEQUENCE OF GREENNESS, A. A Story, . . *Rose Alden*, 1901, 422
CORNER OF FIFE, A, ... *Bertha C. Bidwell*, 1897, . . 125
CRUISE OF THE ARGO. A Story, . *Bertha E. Sprague*, 1904, . . 75
CUMMINGTON. Glimpses of Bryant and Cummington, *Ethel Collingwood Hall*, 1903, 2
CURRENT EVENTS CLUB, ... 387
DEBATING SOCIETY. Open Debates, ... 445
DEBATING SOCIETY RECEPTION, ... 158
DEFENSE, A, ... *I. J. S.*, ... 10
DEPARTMENT NOTES:

Art and Archæology, 30, 206, 327, 487; Astronomy, 103, 154, 270; Botany, 33, 382; Chemistry, 488; English, 32, 103, 154, 208, 381; French, 270, 488; Geology, 33, 332, 382; German, 329; History, 209, 489; Latin 32, 209; Mathematics, 489; Music, 329; Physics, 333; Physiology, 332; Zoölogy, 104, 209.

DINSMORE, MRS. PHŒBE E. (HARRIS). In Memoriam, ... 452
DOUBLE ROMANCE, A. A Story, . *Kathleen Robinson*, 1905, . . 367
DRAMATICS:

Class of 1902. Colombe's Birthday, ... 35, 37
Class of 1903. Box of Monkeys, ... 214
Class of 1904. Scrap of Paper, ... 275
Class of 1905. Cricket on the Hearth, ... 493
She Stoops to Conquer; Given by Amherst College Seniors, . . 492

DWIGHT HALL, ... 30
Dedication of, ... *Louise Fitz-Randolph*, . . 59
EDITORIALS, ... 29, 101, 151, 204, 270, 324, 378, 438, 485
ENGLISH SCHOOL LIFE IN FICTION, *Elizabeth B. Potwin*, 1901, . 345
EQUAL SUFFRAGE AS AN INFLUENCE ON THE INDIVIDUAL AND ON THE RACE, ... 1902, ... 229
EXCHANGES, ... 48, 122, 168, 226, 283, 341, 397, 454, 499
FACULTY, CHANGES IN, ... 102
FOUNDER'S DAY, ... 158, 213
Address by President Henry Hopkins on The Power of Personality as Illustrated in Mary Lyon, ... 171
GIFTS:

For Mead Hall, 105, 276; for Pearsons Hall, 36; for Rockefeller Hall, 276; for Safford Hall, 105; for Wilder Hall, 446.

Map to Student Volunteer Band, ... 216

PAGE

GIRLS AS THEOLOGUES, . . *Alice Seymour Browne*, 1900, . 407

GLIMPSE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY JEW IN THE DRAMA, *Helen Frazer*, 1903, ... 363

GLIMPSES OF BRYANT AND CUMMINGTON, *Ethel Collingwood Hall*, 1903, 2

GREEK ART IN MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Annie C. Tracy*, 1903, . . 467

HANNAH LYMAN'S SILK DRESS. A Story, *Anita B. Ferris*, 1905, . 138

ILLUSTRATION, USE OF COLOR IN, *Edith L. Smith*, 1904, . . 258

IN SHORT:

The Sparrow had followed the Glory A-wing, *Edna E. Linsley* (1904), 23; A Tuscan Peasant Woman, Painted by *Louise Rogers Jewett, Carolyn B. Day* (1905), 23; An Idle Nook, *I. C. A.*, 24; A Study in Water Colors, *Helen L. Paddock* (1905), 24; A Quest, *Harriet M. Marcy* (1904), 25; A Sunset, Translated from François Coppée, *Mary Gwendolyn Cook* (1903), 25; My Books, *Helen L. Willcox* (1905), 98; 'T is only a Little Picture, (1904), 100; A Japanese Maiden, *Gladys Allen* (1905), 100; The Brook, *Anna Belle Gilnack* (1905), 147; All for a Backsheesh, *Harriet A. Lee* (1905), 147; I Know A Little Twin, I Do, *A. E. P.* (1904), 149; Running Away, *Helen L. Paddock* (1905), 150; Evening on the Pacific, *Mary R. Stoltz* (1905), 202; Unseen to Human Eyes, The Lordly Wind, *Louise Payson Stowell* (1903), 203; A Christmas that was Worth While, *Annie C. Tracy* (1903), 203; A Winter Nightfall, *Mary W. Turner* (1904), 320; Prue, *Helene M. Pope* (1904), 321; Blank Cartridges, *Martha Tappan Webster* (1903), 322; A Sketch, *Harriet Stevens* (1904), 323.

INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR GIRLS IN SPAIN, THE. Report of Gifts, ... 112, 389, 447

JEW. Glimpse of the Seventeenth Century Jew in the Drama, . . *Helen Frazer*, 1903, . . 363

JUNIOR PROMENADE, ... 386

LAST ACT; CONFESSIONS OF A HERO. Chapters I, II, . . . *Josephine Belding*, 1902, *Rachel F. Riley*, 1902, *Elizabeth M. Jelliffe*, 1902, . 245

LAST ACT; CONFESSIONS OF A HERO. Chapters III, IV, . . . *Ruth D. Holmes*, 1902, *Josephine Belding*, 1902, . 309

LAST ACT; CONFESSIONS OF A HERO. Chapters V, VI, . . . *Rowena K. Keyes*, 1902, *Beth B. Gilchrist*, 1902, . 349

LECTURES, NOTICES OF:

Professor Cowles, on Horace, 32; *Professor Creighton*, on The Study of Philosophy, 33, 36; *Professor Albert P. Brigham*, on The Physiography of the Empire State, and Physiography and American History, 33; *Mrs. Ellen S. Mussey*, on Legal Education for Women, 35; *Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth*, 36; *Professor James R. Angell*, on Hypnotic Phenomena, 105; *John Graham Brooks*, on Luxury as a Private and Public Problem, 212; *Professor Gardner*, on The Significance of the Years 1890–1900 in

PAGE

the Industrial History of the United States, 273; *Dr. Thomas Denison Wood*, on Health and Human Efficiency, 332; *Professor Kuno Francke*, on Der arme Heinrich, 329; *Professor Kuno Francke*, on German City Life in the Middle Ages, 330; *Professor George Pierce Baker*, on Shakespeare's London (two lectures) 381; *Dr. E. O. Hovey*, on Recent Volcanic Outbursts at Martinique, 382; *Arlo Bates*, on Everyday Use of the Imagination, 384; *President Henry C. King*, on Psychology and Life, 387; *Mrs. Wheeler*, 387; *Colonel C. W. Abbot*, on the Philippines, 387; *Elbridge Kingsley*, on The Art of Engraving, 487; *Professor M. L. D'Ooge*, on Recent Excavations at Delphi, 488; *Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell*, on Labrador, 446.

LIBRARY NOTES, ... 34, 155, 210, 271, 382, 440, 490

LOUIS THE SEVENTEENTH OF FRANCE, FATE OF, ... *Charlotte Edwards Allen*, 1903, 82

MAINE FOG, A, ... *Emma Longfellow*, 1904, . . 372

MAY DAY, ... *Charlotte Ellen Farnham*, 1904, 17

MEAD, MRS. Unveiling of portrait of Ex-President Mead, ... 387, 401

MELECH: A Story of the Armenian Massacres, ... *Harriet Althea Lee*, 1905, . 5

MIKADO, THE: Given for Benefit of the Students' Building Fund, ... 444

MISS SOPHRONIA'S TRIP. A Story, *Edith L. Smith*, 1904, . . 374

MOUNT HOLYOKE SEMINARY. Reminiscences of Early Mount Holyoke, *Mrs. Amelia Stearns*, 1849, *Mrs. E. A. Hubbard*, 1841, . 287

NOTE OF HOPE IN MATTHEW ARNOLD'S POETRY, ... *Florence Messer*, 1902, . . 130

OLD ROMANCE, AN. A Story, . . *Annie C. Tracy*, 1903, . . 475

"ONCE UPON A TIME," . . . *Ruth Davenport Holmes*, 1902, . 435

OTHER COLLEGES, ... 48, 167, 225, 341, 397, 453, 498

PASSING OF THE GOLDEN AGE. A Story, ... *Dorothy Firman*, 1906, . . 263

PEARSONS HALL ENTERTAINMENT, ... 492

PHYSICAL EXERCISE. Requirement of Outdoor Exercise, . . . 269

POWER OF SOUND IN SWINBURNE'S POETRY, ... *Elizabeth M. Jelliffe*, 1902, . 179

PRAYER, WEEK AND DAY OF, ... 277, 334

PSI OMEGA ENTERTAINMENT. Rossetti Readings by Miss Brann, . . 158

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT, THE, 1902, ... 412

QUESTION OF COLOR, A. A Story, . *Alice Von Stein*, 1905, . 144

QUESTION OF CONSCIENCE, A. A Story, *Laura Clark*, 1903, . . . 462

PAGE

RELIGIOUS SERVICES. SPEAKERS:

Mr. George Leavitt, 35; Professor Grosvenor, 35; President Woolley, 104; Dr. Rockwell Harmon Potter, 105; Rev. Walter Rockwood Ferris, 105; President Faunce, 157; President Hyde, 215; Mr. Brewer Eddy, 215; Rev. Charles P. Osborne, 215; Dr. Alexander McKenzie, 334; Dr. Wilton Merle Smith, 334; Mr. Henry W. Hicks, 334; Dean Sanders, 387; President Harris, 387; President Henry C. King, 387; Miss Margaret Kyle, 388; Hon. Emily Kinnard, 388; Bishop Vinton, 445; Rev. W. S. Hawkes, 446; President Hazard, 492; Dean Sanders, 492; Dr. Edward Everett Hale, 494.

SAFFORD HALL RECEPTION, ... 494

SHEARER, KATHARINE LILLIAN. In Memoriam, ... 452

SHELF IN MY LIBRARY, A, . . *Martha Tappan Webster*, 1903, 477

STEVENSON, IN REGARD TO, . . *Martha Tappan Webster*, 1903, 194

STUDENT VOLUNTEERS IN JAPAN, LEAGUE OF, ... 278

STUDENTS' BUILDING, ... 151

STUDENTS' BUILDING FUND. Mikado Given for Benefit of, . . . 444

Sale for Benefit of, ... 275

She Stoops to Conquer, Given for Benefit of, ... 492

STUDENTS' LEAGUE. Elections, ... 275

SUNNY MEMORIES OF HOLYOKE LIFE, *Mrs. Amelia Stearns*, 1849, . 287

SWINBURNE'S POETRY, POWER OF SOUND IN, ... *Elizabeth M. Jelliffe*, 1902, . 179

THEOCRITUS, SURVIVALS OF, . . *Helen W. Bowermann*, 1901, . 299

THEOLOGICAL TRAINING FOR WOMEN. Girls as Theologues, . . . *Alice Seymour Browne*, 1900, . 407

TORY MARCHANT. A Story, . . *Charlotte Edwards Allen*, 1903, 198

TRUE VERSION, THE. A Story, . *Florence M. Hall*, 1904, . . 260

UNCONSCIOUS GENIUS, AN. A Story, *Mary Norton Brown*, 1904, . 313

USE OF COLOR IN ILLUSTRATION, *Edith L. Smith*, 1904, . . 258

VESPER SERVICES, . . 35, 104, 105, 157, 215, 276, 386, 387, 445, 492

WHILE THEY WAITED, . . . *Florence G. Mann*, 1903, . . 482

WOOLLEY, PRESIDENT:

Address to Students' League, ... 275

Addresses at Various Places, ... 272

Bible Class, ... 216

Dinner to the Faculty, ... 214

Guest of Alumnæ Associations, Boston, 392, 495; Central and Western New York, 42; Michigan, 41; Northwest, 218.

Southern Trip, ... 492

Trip to Middle West, ... 272

Vesper Services, ... 104, 386, 492

PAGE

Y. W. C. A.:

Holyoke Extension Work, ... 277
Notes, ... 159, 215, 276, 334, 388, 446, 494
Summer Conference, . . *Charlotte Edwards Allen*, 1903, . 92
Reception, ... 104

POETRY.

ANSWER TO "SESTINA OF THE TRAMP ROYAL," *Florence M. Hall*, 1904, 256
BRINK O' THINGS, THE, . . . *Rose Alden*, 1901, . . . 437
BROOK, THE, ... *Anna Belle Gilnack*, 1905, . . 147
CORNFIELD AT SUNSET, . . . *Helen Louise Fitts*, 1903, . . 484
EVENING (SONNET), ... *Jeane F. Taylor*, 1903, . . 194
FLIGHT OF THE FAIRIES, . . *Martha Tappan Webster*, 1903, . 91
FRAGMENT, A, ... *Ethel Cutler*, 1903, . . . 482
GOODNIGHT SONG, ... *Alice Von Stein*, 1905, . . 144
I KNOW A LITTLE TWIN, I DO, . *Helen L. Paddock*, 1905, . . 150
IDENTITY, ... *Beth Bradford Gilchrist*, 1902, . 186
"INWARD EYE, THE," . . . *Rowena Keith Keyes*, 1902, . 421
LIFE'S SONG, ... *Elizabeth M. Jelliffe*, 1902, . 9
LONELY CHILD, THE, . . . *Martha Tappan Webster*, 1903, . 137
LULLABY, ... *Helen L. Paddock*, 1905, . 198
OLD CHEST, THE, ... *E. B. Watson*, 1905, . . 319
PATH OF THE SUNSET, THE, . . *Marian Louise Richardson*, 1903, 481
QUEST, A, ... *Harriet M. Marcy*, 1904, . . 25
QUO VADIS, ... *Marian McGown*, 1904, . . 377
SAILING, ... *Helen L. Paddock*, 1905, . . 371
SANDMAN AND THE LADY O' DREAMS,
THE, ... *Rosetta Schuyler Montgomery*, 1903, 474
SONG, A, ... *Ruth Davenport Holmes*, 1902, . 1
SONG SPARROW, ... *Rose Alden*, 1901, . . . 438
SONNET, ... 1905, ... 263
SPARROW HAD FOLLOWED THE GLORY
A-WING, THE, ... *Edna E. Linsley*, 1904, . . 23
THUNDERSTORM, A, ... *Ethel S. Blodgett*, 1905, . . 371
'T IS ONLY A LITTLE PICTURE, . 1904, ... 100
TO A CALENDAR, ... *Laura Clark*, 1903, . . . 267
UNSEEN TO HUMAN EYES THE LORDLY
WIND, ... *Louise Payson Stowell*, 1903, . 203
VINETA, ... *Hellen J. Gay*, 1904, . . . 366
WAY OF LIFE, ... *Ruth Davenport Holmes*, 1902, . 80

THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

Vol. XII. JUNE, 1902. No. 1.

ANNA GRACE MCGOVERN, 1903, *Editor-in-Chief.*

Editors.

MAY FISKE, 1903. ETHEL COLLINGWOOD HALL, 1903.

CHARLOTTE ELLEN FARNHAM, 1904. EDITH LILLIAN SMITH, 1904.

HARRIET MURDOCK MARCY, 1904.

HELENE MAUD POPE, 1904, *Business Manager.*

LOTTIE ROWE LANE, 1905, *Assistant Business Manager.*

A SONG.

O HEY for the waves and the winds of June,
And the flight of the sea-bound wings,
The dip and the lift of a spray-dashed keel,
And the songs that a white sail sings.

Then onward and outward and far away,
With the rush of the parted seas,
The tingling shower of the flying spray,
And the sweep of a seaward breeze.

Then O for the joy of the sea in June,
And the flight of the strong white wings,
The dip and the lift of a spray-drenched keel,
And the songs that the salt wind sings.

—RUTH DAVENPORT HOLMES, 1902.

C. L. H.

GLIMPSES OF BRYANT AND CUMMINGTON.

THERE is a hilltop among the Berkshires about which, with a radius of some twelve miles, may be described a circle within whose curve will lie a veritable charméd land; a land of purple distances and a thousand little streams, whose every sound is music. Here the foot of the iron horse has never trod, and man's invention has not yet measured the broad valleys into geometrical designs of streets, nor utilized the sweep and swing of the hills in landscape gardening.

The world knows the spot little by its rightful name but, all unwittingly, honors it, in the praise accorded to the men and women bred amid its quiet strength. Senators, educators, and reformers, scientists, writers of prose, and singers of songs, have gone forth year by year bearing to the world messages of power, in lives as true and strong as the mountains whence they came.

Of all these men there is none whose name is more closely linked with the traditions and life of the region than William Cullen Bryant. Bryant was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, and at intervals during his life spent much time there.

The village of to-day, which is much the same as when Bryant knew it in his later years, lies in a valley in the very heart of the Berkshires. A single street runs through the center of the village; on one side the white houses, with their green blinds like heavy eyelids shutting out the light, are snugly tucked up under the overhanging hills, but across the way the back yards slope down to the green banks of the Westfield, here but a noisy mountain stream.

The old Cummington of Bryant's boyhood stood, like so many of the first settlements, on the hilltop, from which it seems almost to have slipped down into the valley as a child slips from its mother's lap to nestle confidingly by her side. Of this village nothing now remains but the old green, about which clustered store, church and smithy, and "Brimstone Lane," up which for fifty years Parson Briggs rode on Sunday.

There are still men on those hill farms who can give to the aston-

ished third generation the text—chapter and verse—and an exhaustive summary of some of the parson's three-hour discourses.

From the valley to the hilltop an old road climbs, gaining wider sweep of sky and mountain with every upward turn. A house or two still stands beside it and all along its length are strips of rocky pasture, and old bent orchards surrounded by low walls of stones gathered from the aforesaid pastures, where so many yet remain as to lend color to the suspicion that they are an annual crop.

In one of these orchards, about two thirds of the way up the hillside, stands a simple granite shaft above the site of the first Bryant home, where the poet was born. In summer the spot is fairly embowered and shut in by the leafy greenness all about, but in winter, when the trees are bare, it is a kind of watchtower overlooking the surrounding country.

Almost directly across, on the opposite side of the valley, is the road to Plainfield, which Bryant often traveled when he was preparing for college with Parson Hallock of Plainfield Village. It was on one of these journeys that he saw the water fowl, whose

> "wings have fanned
> At that far height the cold thin atmosphere,
> Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land
> Though the dark night is near."

While Bryant was still very young the family moved to a new house which stood on the site of the present Bryant homestead. Of this second house a considerable portion remains incorporated in the homestead which was built long after the death of the poet's father, Dr. Peter Bryant. In this way the room which Bryant occupied as a boy has been preserved and before its single window lies spread all the treasures with which nature charms her lovers:—

> "The hills
> Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
> Stretching in pensive quietness between;
> The venerable woods . . . . . .
> . . . . . and the complaining brooks
> That make the meadows green."

"Thanatopsis" was probably written in the doctor's study, which was in one of the wings of the old house. At the time when the place was remodeled this wing was removed bodily to a spot in the valley some distance west of the village, where it stands to-day, unpainted and gray, beneath its awkward gambrel roof. It is scarcely a romantic object, for it is occupied by an old negro, who mends his broken windowpanes with old newspapers and brilliantly colored articles of wearing apparel, and fills his front yard with a varied collection of broken vehicles.

The library of the present house contains many of Bryant's books although by far the larger portion were given to the town library which he built. But the whole lower floor has been left much as it was when Bryant spent his summers here. All the rooms are furnished with fine old furniture and on walls and mantels are photographs and portraits of men and women long dead, and children now grown to middle age. Oddly enough among all this mahogany and walnut stands the old yellow pine cradle, low and hooded, in which all of the Bryant babies were jogged to sleep. It is in fact the oldest link in the chain which binds the elusive past to the present.

Throughout his life Bryant kept the love of nature and solitude so often expressed in his poems, and after a period of trying and vexatious work he seems always to have turned to these old friends for rest. He was at best a reticent man, for whom it was never easy to make a host of casual acquaintances, but withal a man of great public spirit. The people of his own town sometimes misunderstood his efforts for public improvement, but his quiet persistence and absolute lack of resentment seem to have conquered in the end.

One story is still current in connection with a certain road running from one part of the town to another. At one time it was in a really dangerous condition, and Mr. Bryant was very anxious to have it rebuilt and, inasmuch as it ran past his place and was much used by the family, offered to bear half of the expense necessary. The townspeople objected, for no good reason, apparently, and finally some one said in the town meeting, "If Mr. Bryant wants that road, let him build it."

Bryant, who was in the back of the room, rose and said, "Mr. Bryant *does* want the road and Mr. Bryant will build it."

It may seem a homely tribute given him by an old workman on his farm, but it is nevertheless a true note from the man's life: "Oh, Mr. Bryant was one of the best men that ever lived! He always paid his debts."

In the old homestead hangs a picture of the poet which was taken shortly before his death. It is a study of the head only, which is thrown into strong relief against a dark background. The dark eyes look out fearlessly from beneath the heavy white brows with the gaze of one who is searching for the truth and beauty of life. Every line of the deeply seamed and furrowed face is the witness of an exalted thought or holy inspiration. The face is that of one who at the end of his long day with

> "unfaltering trust . . . . . .
> . . . . wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

—Ethel Collingwood Hall, 1903.'

MELECH: A STORY OF THE ARMENIAN MASSACRES.

*Melech and †Elmas had been on a long ride to their fathers' vineyards. They had guided their little white donkeys through the fig and pomegranate trees till they reached the place where the great bunches of purple, and pink and white grapes grew. Then they had filled their baskets to the brim and had started home, stopping only to make wreaths of wild flowers which they hung about their necks.

Their cheeks were bright red as they rode into the yard, for the August day was very warm. As they stopped at the fountain under the

* Melech, Turkish for Angel.

† Elmas, Turkish for Diamond.

shady sycamore tree to let their donkeys drink, they caught hold of hands lovingly. They made a pretty picture, with their rosy cheeks, and black eyes and shiny braids entwined with gold and flowers,—so pretty that even Ali, Melech's father, smiled as he stood at the window watching them. But his smile soon changed to a frown. Should his child, a Turk, descended from a long line of conquerors, play with this girl, little better than a slave? Never! "These Armenians are getting too presumptuous with their missionaries and education," was his thought as he turned to his wife.

"Fatimé," he said sternly, "those children are too fond of each other. Don't let that Giaour's child come over here so often. Find Turkish children for Melech to play with. Enough of this!"

After that Fatimé had tried to obey her lord's command but with little success. Mariam, the Armenian mother, had tried to keep her little girl at home, too, but it was no use. The children would manage to see each other.

One raw November morning, however, Mariam said very decidedly:—

"My little lamb must stay with me to-day. I can't let her go to see Melech. She must n't go outside the gate—not once."

Elmas was angry.

"Why can't I go?"

"There are bad men out in the street. They might hurt my Diamond."

Elmas flattened her nose against the windowpane. The house was on a hill and commanded a view of the whole city.

"Mother, what are all those men doing?" Mariam looked out. A feeling of horror came over her. There, across the city in some old forts, long ago deserted, troops of soldiers were parading. She had never seen so many before. Officers were riding about giving quick directions. The soldiers seemed restless and excited—eager for something. They seemed to chafe at every second of delay.

"Why, mother, see!" was Elmas' next exclamation. "Look, what are all those funny people doing?" Groups of rough Kurds were wan-

daring aimlessly enough about the streets; but every now and then they shook their fists angrily at houses they passed. They were men with evil, cruel faces, which looked diabolical as they menaced with their swords.

"Come away from the window, Elmas. See, your poor birdie has n't had any water yet. Go and feed him."

Elmas turned away, but the mother kept on looking. If she but knew it, anxious eyes were looking out from every Armenian house. The soldiers were fast leaving the forts and appeared in little squads all over the city. They were joined by the leering Kurds. The streets were deserted save for these men.

Suddenly, on the stillness of that November morning, sounded the boom of a cannon. Immediately followed reports of rifles mingled with shrieks and shouts. The servants came hurrying into the room, weeping and wailing, their eyes dilated with fear. In utter misery they lay on the floor and moaned.

"Be quiet!" said Mariam. "Make no noise! Don't let yourselves be seen or heard! The master will be here soon!"

"But will he?" was her next thought. He had been gone all night on business with the Pasha. Would he ever come?

Bang! bang! bang! went the guns all around. Mariam could see a house attacked. There! the soldiers were killing the people! She shut her eyes for a minute. Still a tense interest made her look again. Every Turk was out to get a share of the booty. They ran off with chairs, tables, lamps,—anything they could lay hands on. What they could not carry away they smashed or tore in pieces. They broke the windows; they even pounded the walls of the house. Finally they set it on fire.

Just then the heavy street door opened. Hohaness entered pale and breathless.

"Our hour has come. It is no use. I waited all night to see the Pasha. I would have offered him all my wealth, but his servants said he was busy—that he would see no one. I plead with them—offered them money—futile. We are detested Giaours."

Even as he was talking, new fires broke out in every direction. Mothers were leading their children from their burning homes. The men had all been killed. For a moment though, the mob forgot to kill in its maddened greed for booty. This afforded some protection.

Suddenly Hohaness saw the mob making for his house. Then began a deafening pounding. The gates resisted. This made the besiegers half insane. One man tried to climb the wall, but fell back cursing himself as he did so. The mob yelled:—

"Come out here, you cowards! Open the gates, you Giaours! We won't hurt you. We have n't any use for you!"

Hohaness and the servants, armed with swords and pistols, heard the shouts with sinking hearts. Sooner or later the gates must yield. How long would it be?

Suddenly there was a lull. The pounding ceased. Orders were given in a sharp, authoritative voice.

"Fools! Away from here! What are you doing to *my* property? What ass let you bang at my walls? Get out!"

The mob was cowed; the officer in command chagrined. He looked at his list. This house was surely down. Yet this man had to be obeyed. He was plainly of high rank. Unlucky day!

The stranger knocked at the door. Hohaness himself opened it. Ali stood before him.

"Come with me," he said quickly. "Don't leave one of your family behind. I order you." Hohaness was distrustful, but something told him to obey. Ali led the way to his house. He left the surprised Armenians there, then hastened back to the one he had left.

Nine times that long day the mob came to the Armenian house to plunder and kill. Nine times Ali appeared haughty and stern.

"Begone! This is my house! Away!"

Before him always as he said it was the pleading face of his little child, his Angel.

—Harriet Althea Lee, 1905.

LIFE'S SONG.

Ah, Life, since you gave me this chance of living,
I know you have meant me to sing some song;
To breathe from my spirit some helpful music,
Perpetuate some of the beauty thou 'rt giving
All the years long.

But how can I help if the song that my lips sing
Weep with sorrow, grow vague with tears;
Help, when my soul reaching out to the perfect,
Seeing what others have brought thee, shall bring
Through future years,

Yearn, with a yearning deep as despair is,
Struggle, cry out, faint and sick at heart,
Longing for power of creating, of being,—
The doing of more than interpreting others,
Living only in part?

If I could do aught but dream of doing,
If my spirit's yearning fulfilled could be,
I 'd sing thee a song, O Life, of thy liking,
I 'd sing thee a song of continued thanksgiving—
Beauty-filled, should it be.—

Ah Life, if giving me chance of living,
Thou hadst let me live, loving and working for thee!

—Elizabeth M. Jelliffe, 1902.

A DEFENSE.

In the *Critic* for December, 1901, the American girl made an appeal so despairing in its perplexity that a little sympathetic interest should have been aroused in the hearts of the most indifferent mortals. Out from among the many readers, one at least ought to be chivalrous enough to venture forth wearing her "true colors" on his pencil; but "to speak" her "fair," ay, there 's the rub. The adventure calls for the practiced hand of one who has entered the lists before; but as the young, inexperienced knight of old must answer every cry of distress, and be ready at all times to succor the ladies, so, now, an untried modern knight will endeavor to defend his lady with the lance point of his pencil, and he prays the saints will help him to win fairly.

The dragon to be met and conquered is the problem of her identity. Who is this so-called American girl whom we see photographed here and there by the writers of fiction? Is she in truth what they seem to make her? Have they not arranged their lights and shadows, and her pose, so as to emphasize only one characteristic feature; bringing it into relief till we judge her habitually serious, or intellectual, or priggish, or witless, or proud? Is it possible for anyone to portray her in all the breadth of her nature?

The typical American girl of to-day—it is a proud name to bear—is a complex, versatile, gifted creature. She is found in that western land to which the highest tide of civilization has rolled. She is the latest and greatest result of that comparatively recent movement for the education of women. The train of her ancestors is long, both glorious and inglorious, and naturally the youngest of the line inherits their accumulated virtues, and faults as well, even the Eve in her cropping out at times. This, then, is the person whom the popular authors have tried to represent, but whom we sometimes recognize only by the label on the picture.

Such in general is the unfortunate fair, and such her presentation.

To go farther, I will say that the artists have drawn largely upon their powers of imagination and exaggeration. One has been too fanciful, another too quick to transfer morbid feelings into her likeness. One has made his subject seem too proper,—I had almost said too good, and yet it was not goodness, but self-consciousness we were shown,—and another has found her too flighty, too pert, completely faulty.

It has been hard for some to realize the advance of the American girl. Progress is one of her watchwords. The type has not remained rustic and crude, because our young friend's great grandmother may have lived in a log cabin, and washed her clothes in a running brook. Doubtless that settler family had high aims for the children, desires for a life less crude. We must not search the backwoods at this late day for an ignorant, blooming damsel to be the representative of our race. Much error has been caused by the repeated assertion that America is a new country; for with this assertion have come visions of hard, unremitting toil, unaccompanied by grace or polish of manner in the toilers. Some authors have made just this mistake of scanning the frontiers of our settlements. It is as if they had pointed to a partially chiseled marble figure and had said, "There is the statue." A "Huldah" is American surely, and the marble of her character is of good quality, but she has only the undeveloped characteristics of the type. Who would ever consider "Zeke" the type of America's young man?

Just as a photographer in reproducing one attitude and one expression may, by skillful arrangements, exaggerate it for artistic purposes, so the novelist dwells upon one phase, good or bad, of his individual heroine; not willfully misrepresenting, but emphasizing until that trait is all that a careless public sees. This is the method by which our lady is often wrongly represented as some special person: a stiff little Puritan; an uneducated, crude, country girl, flushed with the heat of the kitchen; a wild, sportsmanlike girl, or "poor and petty," one who "sharpens up the wit of him who takes" her; or self-conscious, unbearable, a flirt, a snob. All of these may be American, but they are none of them *the* American girl.

Some of the above characteristics result from local causes. We

must get down to the heart for the real girl. This task of cutting away individual mannerisms and local characteristics has been difficult to accomplish. I have mentioned the outcome of a common belief in the rawness and painful newness of our country. The chief blunder in many decisions lies in the thought that any regular types existed in the early stages of our history. The youth of our nation is the prime cause of difficulty in putting down the dragon. We are only just settled and adjusted in our places; we have but recently taken on our typical natures. Priscilla was different from the ordinary English girl of her time in one particular only,—she was a religious exile. Since her time many girls have come into this country for various reasons, and have become essentially American. As they have settled in different sections of this new world they have come to represent what we may call types of the North and of the South, and less distinctly of the East and of the West. By these multitudes of newcomers, and by these sub-types, we have been confused, we have stumbled in our search; but let us look for such general characteristics as will mark a national figure.

I have said that the lady I wish to bring to her own has a complex nature; this is because many nationalities have produced and influenced her. This same nature is the happy medium into which all these national traits blend, given time and sufficient opportunity. The Irish wit, the Anglo-Saxon sturdiness, not priggishness, the Scotch firmness, the French skill and versatility;—all these are in the American girl. Yet, with only these qualities, we lack the important combining force in the American girl's nature; we lack the qualities of Priscilla. First of all, she loves liberty, she is also firm in her opinions, virtuous, impetuous, reverent. She recognizes the civilizing power of Christianity which has raised her to her elevation.

Books of fiction will never reveal the breadth of her nature. Prosaic descriptions lack the life that bounds in her. The pen of the ready writer fails him when he tries to work her many-sided whole into his plot, though he may succeed in showing a few traits.

In answer to the pleader in the *Critic*, I would say, when she asks,

"Am I that poor and petty thing
That Howells makes me?"

"No, poor child, you are not."

"Or am I Mary Wilkins's kind?"

"Ugh! no! You are as sane a body as God ever made. Mrs. Ward does not protray 'quite by the card' when she makes you out an 'Anglo-Yankee prig.' Your conscience is healthy and never seized with the agues of self-consciousness. The Gibson girl is not you either; she has lost the heart that throbs and thrills in you—unless one means the girl who sits in the quiet nooks in Gibson's pictures, not the central figure. The girl in the corner, I think, *is* you; but Gibson does not know it. You might be like 'Huldah' if you had had few advantages. The love of outdoor life and sports, and the courage of the old-time warrior maid, believe me, is yours, though you carry no matchlock, and dress in long rustling gowns. I feel that you are almost Priscilla, you *are* Priscilla grown more worldly wise. More and more I see her likeness in you,—the same unselfishness, industry, deftness, and the same impulsive tongue! Some flaws I see, like the love of gossip, but you are sorry for your slips in the good old-fashioned way of the Puritan maiden. As a rule you are not business-like in a man's way; you keep your accounts by delightful original methods. Whenever you blunder, you relate the tale in so gay a fashion, with such infectious mirth, that the whole company listening laughs with you. It is positively true that you rise to any and every situation, manifesting an executive ability dormant at times, but always sufficient for present needs. Enthusiasm seems to breathe in the very atmosphere that surrounds you. The world will know you to be as sweet as your English cousins, if you remain unconscious of self."

Having made this answer the knight of the unscarred shield believes this his first dragon overcome; prostrate in the dust. Now in his great weariness he would rest his lance and lower his pennon at his lady's feet, although fearing a little, that unsatisfied still, she may trample upon it in scorn. —I. J. S.

AN ADVENTURE WITH SOME MID-SUMMER KNIGHTS.

It is with mournful indignation even now that I look back to that unhappy event from which dates my Aunt Augusta's disapproval of her erstwhile favorite niece.

Candor impels me to state, as one cause of this high favor hitherto, that I was my aunt's only niece, anyway; and another reason may have been that, whenever this particular aunt made her annual two days' visit at our home, my mother always kept me carefully restricted to such portions of the house as the wash room and carriage house,—except at meal times. The result of such prudent policy was that I was openly named by Aunt Augusta as her heiress prospective and, even more satisfactory, as her future companion in some of her trips to Scotland. But in this fateful fourteenth year of my life came the incident which accounts for my present prospective pennilessness, and for my spending my summers by a little lake in New England instead of strolling along the shore of Loch Katrine or Loch Lomond, with Aunt Augusta.

She had really come to visit us for more than two days, at our lake-side cottage, that summer. It was the third day of her stay, and I was jubilant inwardly when my mother told me that she was going to take Aunt Augusta out for a long row and I could stay at home, if I did n't mind. While they were gone, my tempter came in the guise of our next neighbor's daughter, who begged me to ride down to K—— with her, by wheel, and we could return on the eight o'clock train that evening with her father for company. I was sure my mother would be grateful for my absence, so I hastily wrote off a note to tell her of the trip, and Alice and I started.

That night, when the "accommodation" train on our line pulled out of the station at K——, no Alice or Mr. Keats had appeared, though she had promised to meet me there after finishing her shopping. Instead, my fellow passengers, who swarmed in hilariously and with polite stares at me, just as the train was starting, proved to be of the very lowest order of humanity, according to Aunt Augusta's definition of them when

she had seen these same people during our drive the previous day. They were twenty of the youths attending a newly-instituted Summer School for Boys, about two miles away from our cottage at the lake; and their nonchalant disregard for the proprieties, in manners or clothing, had made Aunt Augusta turn pale and murmur to me, "Turn your head the other way, dear. You should always do so when you meet with such specimens of the lowest order of humanity." They were here now, in the same car with me,—my sole companions, in fact, for the ten-mile ride,—so numerously and widely scattered about the car that I could not turn my poor confused head enough ways to avoid seeing all of them; and I retain to this day an indelible picture of their sleeveless and legless black jerseys, their bare brown feet and tousled heads. My misery was not confined to the mere sense of their presence in the same car: there was the very probable possibility that they must be my companions as well over the two miles of road between the lonely little way-station and our lake; and I knew it would be too dark to ride my wheel by the time we reached the station.

I finally glanced timidly over the party for any hopeful sign of either courtesy or else total indifference, and felt a little reassured by the face and bearing of one young fellow, evidently about twenty, who seemed to be in charge of the younger boys, and who occasionally remonstrated quietly when their actions became too boisterous.

By this time the station lights came into view around the last curve, and I knew I must fortify myself with dignity and haughtiness against what might happen next. The baggage master was soon hurling down wheels from his compartment to the platform,—wheels upon wheels, and all boys' bicycles, not mine. At last, though, the tall young fellow I had noticed shortly before brought mine over to me, bowing politely as he said he had gotten it out for me because I would n't care to wait in such a crowd, perhaps. I made haste to show him I did not care to do so by going out to the further end of the dusky platform, but a new obstacle presented itself at the crossing, for the long freight train extended over and beyond it, and I must wait till that left the station before I could get across to the road towards home.

Meanwhile, in the darkness, there gathered silently around me the forms of twenty barefooted urchins with twenty wheels, and after a moment or two I heard some voice give a sharp order, there were a few subdued giggles, and then the leader had stepped forward and accosted me: "You seem to be going up the lake-way, too, Miss; can't the boys carry your bundles?" The unexpected courtesy so surprised me that I meekly surrendered the packages, and an instant later it flashed through my mind that those healthy youngsters back there might speedily discover the contents of those bundles to be two packages of saltines and a dozen bananas. I was relieved of my wheel, next, and the young fellow went on to explain, as the train rumbled off the crossing and we passed over, that his boys were nearly wild with rejoicing over their baseball victory at the city that afternoon and he hoped their noisiness was not alarming. "Oh, no, indeed!" I declared shamelessly, and then told him as stiffly and briefly as possible how I came to be out in the evening without escort. "Oh, that 's all right," he responded cheerfully, "the boys will be delighted to be escort for you."

After that I struggled between ideas of propriety, based on Aunt Augusta's code, and my own real desire to take up the funny side of this affair; but dismaying surmises about the reception of my scandalous tale of adventure at home now began to have such depressing effect that my side of the conversation was poorly upheld and finally ceased altogether. The boy beside me also gave up his heroic attempts to relieve the strain, and we plodded wearily on in the darkness up the steep road, while twenty pairs of muffled footfalls beat rhythmically behind us in the dust.

At the division of the roads, a quarter of a mile from the cottage, I had just begun to dismiss them with dignified thanks, when a red-and-white cow rustled out of the bushes the other side of the pasture fence, and I gave a loud, nervous shriek, then swallowed desperately and went on assuring them with trembling lips that I was n't at all afraid to go the rest of the way alone. The derisive titters of the boys sounded in my ears at the same time with the leader's chivalrous announcement that they should certainly see me clear home. We proceeded along that quarter of a mile, therefore, and my heart and feet together were so heavy

that I was sure each new step must be the last; I kept up, however, lest, if further sign of weakness be displayed, my doughty body guard might lift me up and bear me thus bodily to my own door and before Aunt Augusta's eyes.

I meekly signified which path led in to our cottage from the avenue, and the procession accompanied me to the steps of the porch. In despair I was about to rush up to the door without even a good-night to one of them, when the whole officious little band suddenly began clanging their bicycle gongs in unison,—and the door was pulled open by my aunt and mother together.

The exclamations that followed were too confusing and harrowing for narration here; it suffices to say that my note telling my destination had evidently blown off the table before my mother returned, and when I had not appeared by five o'clock in the afternoon, my aunt's incipient disapproval of such a niece was manifest. My poor mother's fears of my abduction could not be concealed after seven o'clock had come and I was still missing; and now, when I presented myself in the pitchy darkness of half-past nine, in company with a mysterious band from the lowest order of humanity, my aunt promptly fainted.

The next morning Aunt Augusta departed by an early train, and I have seen only her photograph since.

—B. E. Sprague, 1904.

MAY DAY.

Wednesday, May 14, the seniors gave their annual May Day celebration on Prospect Hill. At half after four, the companies of dancers, actors, and costumed spectators marched from the grove up crowded Prospect to the Pepper-box.

"Ye noisome trumpeters" led the procession—eight girls dressed in green and white; then came "ye people of note," Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, Lady Flora, the May Queen's Crown-bearer, and

then Jack 'o the Greene leading the May Queen's horse. The May Queen's white gown was frilled with flowers and green vines, her chariot was swinging green boughs, and her horse's harness twined flowers. Following their queen came the Maypole dancers, and after them a float with "ye people of note," the presidents and vice-presidents of the four classes, dressed as gay knights and magnificent ladies. More dancers followed, preceding a float upon which was the cast of "The Faithful Shepherdess"—and then again more dancers. The actors of the Miracle play and their Elizabethan audience closed the line. From a little distance the effect was that of jumbled fragments of a broken rainbow.

To open the revels of the day, the May Queen was seated in her bower and crowned while, grouped about, her followers sang, clear, shrill and high, a song of flowers and May. The maypole dance and the morris dance followed, in sharp contrast with each other; the one, youth—light and graceful; the other, age—clumsy and grotesque.

"Noah and his Wife and the Waning of the Flood" was given by the sophomore class under the direction of Miss Marks of the Department of English Literature. Miss Marks translated the play from old English. The sixteenth century movable stage platform, bored and wrangling Elizabethan audience, and obsequious, incompetent actors were all reproduced. The play was very funny with its evidently poor acting, and apparent mechanical devices, which were fully appreciated by the audience of courtiers, ladies, pages, flower girls, peasants, shepherdesses, shepherds, priests and monks, marines and musicians.

The brilliant rainbow dance, and the dances of the flowers and bees, were given on the east slope of the hill. Very near this spot was given "The Faithful Shepherdess"—just as twilight settled. Here the ground slopes quickly to a thick grove of pines and firs, and against this background, beneath soft artificial lights, the beautiful dream-like play was acted. The mystic and the supernatural, so abundant in the play, were brought from fancy to fact, in the cool green stillness, where satyr and god seemed but natural beings.

The programme of the day was as follows:—

Ye Noisome Trumpeters.

Hilma Cook.
Helen Buck.
Elizabeth Rippey.
Florence Johnson.
Kate Holmes.
Juliette Perkins.
Mary Pond.
Grace Purinton.

"And I have seene the Lady of the May
Set in an harbour
Built by the Maypole, where the jocund swains
Daunce with the maidens to the bagpipes strains."

Queen o' the May:
Helen Broeksmit.

Ye People of Note.

Robin Hood, ... Elizabeth Brigham
Friar Tuck, ... Mary Mapes Dodge
Maid Marian, ... Fanny Reed
Lady Flora, ... Gertrude Russell
Jack o' the Greene, ... Esther Heacock
Crown-bearer, ... Bessie Brooks

"Oh the golden days of good Queen Bess
Merry be the memory of good Queen Bess."

Ye Court Folk.

Ye Knights.
Fanny Perkins.
Alice Cook.
Alice Ryder.
Elizabeth Pettey.

Ye Ladies.
Mae Brock.
Frances Leavitt.
Betsy Mann.
Delight Hall.

Ye Instruments and Melodies.
Daunce
About ye Maypole.

Alice Eaton (Leader).
Frances Flanagan.
Ellen Stoltz.
Amy Hamson.
Abby Tillinghast.
May Fiske.
Hazel Huntley.
Harriet Andrews.
Helen Powelson.
Clara Vibberts.
Gertrude Hield.
Marguerite Bowen.
Harriet Marcy.
Edith Poole.
Harriet Maynard.
Helen Jones.

Ye Rainbow Daunce.

Louise Dodge (Leader).
Laura Clark.
Maie Galliger.
Irene Horton.
Helen Wood.
Mary Newhall.
Mabelle Gardner.
Lena Bartholomew.

Daunce of ye Flowers and ye Bees.

Ye Flowers.	*Ye Bees.*
Pauline Jenne.	Edith Gates.
Helene Pope.	Sarah Hollands.
Katharine Dwight.	Helen Searle.
Annie White.	Harriet Van Wagner.
Mary Lyman.	Gertrude Davis.
Bessie Holmes.	Edith Dunton.
Arabella Rice.	Edith Smith.
Miriam Waters.	Florence Newton.

Daunce of ye Morris Men.

Morris Man, ... Edith Wallace
Tom the Piper, ... Mary Brown
Dragon, ... Charlotte Root
Fool, ... Louise Gilman
Friar Tuck, ... Mary Dodge
Hobby-Horse, ... Elizabeth Sargeant

YORK MYSTERY PLAY

For ye Instruction of ye Audience.

Noah and his Wife and the Waning of the Flood.

Noe in Archa et uxor Eius, tres filia Noe cum uxoribus suis, cum diversis animalibus.

Thus in ye XIV, XV, XVI Centuries did ye People of England have ye Bible stories put before them for their Instruction and Edification. And we would have ye Audience to understand that this Mystery Play was so given in ye ancient Towne of York by ye Guild yclept Fishers and Mariners.

As ye Shipwrights were chosen for ye building of ye Ark—Deus premuniens Noe, facere Archam de lignis leuigates—so were ye Fishers and Mariners thought to be well chosen for ye floating and flood of ye Ark. Ye Courteous Audience is to imagine ye Pagent-House to be ye Ark and ye Forests about ye Pagent-House to be ye wild waves of ye Flood.

Ye Courteous Audience should know that ye Mystery Plays were performed upon ye Corpus Christi Day. Ye Play now set before ye Audience let ye Courteous Onlookers imagine in ye Very Early XVI Century and ye People of England Somewhat weary of ye Pageant then out of ye Fashion.

Persons of ye Playe.

Noah,	Katharine Bill
Noah's Wife,	Helene Pope
1st Son,	Clara Carpenter
2d Son,	Louise Mason
3d Son,	Anne Marks
1st Daughter,	Lois Roberts
2d Daughter,	Alice Phillips
3d Daughter,	Ethel Studley

Ye Animals.

Ye Audience of ye Play in ye XVI Century.

Court Ladies, Dukes, Courtiers, Pages and Heralds, Flower and Orange Girls, Vicars, Monks, Servants, Foresters, Peasants, Countrymen, Shepherds and Shepherdesses, Musicians, Fishers and Mariners.

Ye Pastoral Comedy,

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

. . . BY . . .

Beaumont and Fletcher.

(Rearranged by Jeannette A. Marks.)

Acted for the First Time in 1608 And now acted by a Company of Students in 1902.

In ye Pastoral Plays may be found much Poetry about ye Supernatural Characters and Incidents, much Allusion to ye Greek Mythology, much love of Nature albeit Nature Cultivated and Subdued, much love of Men for Women, much gentle Satire of Men's Follies, much Masquerading under Disguise and much Allegory as in ye Faithful Shepherdess.

Ye Pastoral Comedy first saw ye light in Italy as an Enlargement of ye dramatic pastoral Eclogue which Theocritus and Virgil did write in ye Greek and Latin languages. After ye writing in Italy of ye beautiful Aminta by Tasso and ye Pastor Fido Play by Guarini, ye Pastoral Comedy did come to England.

Forsooth ye Faithful Shepherdess may be thought to be a Companion play to Guarini's Faithful Shepherd, and was written for ye most part by Fletcher alone. Ye Allegory of ye Play would represent five Phases of ye human Love: ye spiritual love as that of Amoret, Daphnis Perigot; ye Constancy as in Clorin; ye reverent worship of women as in Thenot's love; ye earthly love as in Amarillis and Alexis; and ye wicked love as that of Cloe and ye Sullen Shepherd. And here ye Meddler in rearranging this Play doth think it suitable to make Apology for changing ye Evil love of Cloe and ye Shepherd into Hate and Envy of all happy loves of other Shepherds.

And in ye Poetic Beauty and music of ye Verse should ye Audience remember that Cloe and ye Sullen Shepherd did Suffer for their Hate, that Amarillis and Alexis were chidden for their Earthly Affection, that Amoret and Perigot did keep their troubled Love pure, and that Clorin did remain constant and Perigot did wish her so to be.

Although ye moral of ye Play is good yet ye Meddler doth think ye Poetic Qualities of ye Play best. May ye Audience remember that in ye Faithful Shepherdess ye lyrical love poetry owes little of its lyrical beauty to any Italian Source but rather owes all to ye Poetic Heart of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Ye Persons of Ye Play.

Perigot,	Grace McGovern
Thenot,	Marian Taber
Daphnis,	Blanche Emmons
Alexis,	Faith Kelton
Sullen Shepherd,	Lucy Elliott
Old Shepherd,	Lillian Clark
Priest of Pan,	Mildred Kelley
God of the River,	Winifred Tilden
Satyr,	Dagny Grevstad
* * * * *	* * * * *
Clorin,	Ina Atwood
Amoret,	Marian Barry
Amarillis,	Emily Esty
Cloe,	Anna Chamberlain

Shepherdesses.

Scene—Thessaly.

Ye Committee.

Blanche Hellyar, *Chairman.*

Helen Sinclair. Frances Morgan.
Emma Southworth. Edith Daniels.

Maud Aldrich.

IN SHORT.

THE sparrow had followed the glory a-wing,
As the oriole flashed thro' the trees,
To his nest's dainty swing, with his song's sweet ring;
"O," he said, "mine shall be like to these!"
And the sparrow knew not his coat was plain,
As he dwelt in the oriole's tree,
And tirelessly chipped at his tiresome strain,
And fashioned his nest with a duller brain,
But withal with an equal glee.

—EDNA E. LINSLEY, 1904.

A Tuscan Peasant Woman. (Painted by Louise Rogers Jewett.)

IN the gallery of the Dwight Memorial Art Building is a painting which in its individuality cannot but attract the eyes of all observers to a careful study of its details.

It is a study in itself complete, suggestive of a type of life very familiar to Italian peasants. An aged woman, stout with the flesh that so often accompanies old age, sits in a rude, wooden chair scarcely large enough for her ample frame, and bends intently over her work, the braiding of straw. In her lap rests a rough, earthen pot, the "scaldino" of the poor Italian women. The red-hot coals and smoldering ashes with which it is filled give warmth to the vein-wrinkled hands as they ply the stiff straw. A dark brown kerchief, drawn like a hood over the head and tied beneath the low-bent chin, hides from sight the white hair except where it falls thinly down upon the wrinkled forehead. The ample shoulders are tightly encircled by a heavily knit black shawl which forms, with the kerchief-hood, a dark background for a face interesting in the extreme. An expression of stolid intentness rests upon the knit brows and the wrinkle-framed mouth, while the chin, short and retreating, drops contentedly upon the bosom.

It is a typical face,—typical of the life it represents. We do not need the rosary coiled around her arm and its dark cross resting against the coarse dress to tell us that the wearer is a Roman Catholic, nor do we need the half loaf of dingy colored bread upon the rude table to assure us that poverty is not unknown to her, for the face alone tells all the story.

In spite of toil and poverty, peace seems to have entered the heart of the aged woman. It is as if the shell of holy water hanging on the wall and decorated with an olive sprig has filled the air with holy peace for the troubled soul and beautified her homely task.

—Carolyn B. Day, 1905.

An Idle Nook.

In the shade of a huge willow tree, whose drooping branches almost touched the water, the canoe swung lazily at the end of its rope, only a few feet from the cool, green, mossy bank, arched here and there with the gnarled roots of the willows. On the moss sat a little frog, blissfully contented, blinking in his little patch of sunshine; a pickerel, under the lee of the bank, showed by his motionless fins that he, too, was indulging in drowsy idleness, while the spasmodic trill of the locust in the near-by field told us that even he felt the lazy influence of the place.

—I. C. A., 1904.

A Study in Water Colors.

A breeze is up; the whole pond is overshot with sunlight, and yet it shimmers, so blue that a piece of the sky might have fallen into it. Tiny white breakers toss up and down in its center, but along the shores it is calmer. Peep into this little pool by the water's edge. Grays and browns shade imperceptibly one into another; green and violet lights play in flickering con-

fusion; soft nun-like shadows lurk under the stones; while over all shift myriad crisscross bands of coppery light.

—Helen L. Paddock, 1905.

A QUEST.

There 's an elf I 've pursued day and night
In class room, at work, and at play.
I 've hunted him day after day,
But he 's always just out of my sight.

Sometimes so hot 's been the chase,
That I 've thought I had him in hand;
But he 's sure to slip every band,
As soon as I slacken my pace.

At evening, and midnight, and dawn,
Have bright elfin visions appeared,
And I 've thought that I need not have feared,
But, alas! in a trice they were gone.

So always this elf that I 've sought
Has escaped all pursuit, every snare,
Until now I give up in despair
This elf of a *poetic thought.*

—Harriet M. Marcy, 1904.

A Sunset. Translated from Francois Coppee.

The late October afternoon had been magnificent and the peaceable stroller had spent it in a book quest. He had passed in review all the shops, beginning by the parapet at the wharf of Saint Michel; not in the hope of discovering an old Aldine

edition or a still rarer Elzevir—it was long past the time when one could pick up the "Pâtissier françois" for a penny—but rather to enjoy longer the walk along the old Seine, and to give to his reverie the charm of the season's last beautiful smile. Such a day as it was! A clear sky, a warm sun and everywhere the fresh, light touch of the breeze. In about the middle of his course the book hunter had found in front of the mint, and bought for the moderate sum of two francs, a torn, yet quite presentable, copy of "Gaspard de la Mint," by Aloysius Bertrand. This happy find filled up the most important gap in his romance collection. So, holding it tenderly under his arm, he had continued his inspection clear down to the Pont Royal. It was five o'clock and he was a trifle tired from his walk; the tables set out in front of the Café d'Orsay seemed to invite him to rest, so he seated himself to a comfortable glass of beer.

He glanced about him; the hour was exquisite. Far away to the left, in the pale azure, that softened under his rays, the sun was sinking majestically, throwing his golden farewell to busy, beautiful Paris. The poplars and plane trees that stood shadowing the Vigier baths, and a little further on the tufted chestnut trees on the terraced water's edge—all stood gilded and bronzed in the caress of the setting sun. A purple glory seemed to shine from every window of the Tuileries, and the gray harmonious outline of the old Louvre was touched with a rosy softness. The warm, dazzling light made long shadows everywhere; passers-by unconsciously half closed their eyes as it fell on their faces; the brass trappings on the horses flashed like mirrors. Nature, this great disinterested virtuoso, was busying herself with art for art's sake in the sunset that afternoon; and the stroller who by chance was watching the sight, felt himself suddenly filled with a strange gladness and wonder before the calm, radiant splendor that was transfiguring the buildings, the trees, and the sky.

Workmen and business men were hurrying past from the wharf, and he heard stray bits of their conversation. . . . But they all went by too interested in their own dialogues to honor the sun with a single glance.

Suddenly, myriads of little birds, whose fluttering wings set the

sun-touched leaves a-quiver, began what the peasants quaintly call their evening prayer. After a prelude of a few clear notes they burst into a glorious chorus; and the whistling of the blackbirds, the chirping of the sparrows, and the merry song of the chaffinch, mingled and harmonized in a warbling melody, like the clear, unceasing music of a stream pouring down over its rocky fall.

Two young bourgeoises, well enough dressed, went by chatting together.

"I tell you, my dear," one of them was saying, "you were foolish to buy your gloves of Suède to-day. There 's going to be a bargain sale at the Bon Marché Saturday, and it will be the best sort of a chance to . . . "

And without a glance from them or anyone else, the sun kept sinking lower with royal pomp and leisure. Now he was almost touching the windowed dome of the Palais de l'Industrie, that sparkled like a mountain of diamonds. The sky had changed; far to the east it grew darker, while toward the west great violet clouds, gold-fringed, hung quiet in the depth of the turquoise blue.

A tall and somewhat portly captain, with a slender under-lieutenant in tight-fitting uniform, came along from the cavalry quarters and stopped for a moment near the door of the café.

"I 'm certain of it, captain! Lieutenant Tardieu will surely be among the first to get his promotion in January."

"But I tell you," returned the captain, "he has n't a vestige of rank or ancestry back of him."

"It 's easy enough to find out about that; let 's consult the Annual." And they passed on into the smoking room.

At this very moment, the sun, who had been fast veiling himself behind the distant trees of the Champs-Elysées, suddenly plunged behind the horizon, and twilight began to fall. The dome-roofed building and the long rows of smaller houses grew somber and dark as if they had aged a hundred years; the autumn leaves, but just now gold-lighted, grew rusty looking; the bird song grew slowly fainter, and then softly died away; a cool north wind blew up like a sigh of regret.

Yet, at the same time, the sun, like all fires that, dying, burn brightest, was flinging out over the distant sky all the mysterious glory of the coming twilight. Toward the Concord bridge the ruddy light lay above the horizon, shaped and colored like grottoes of precious stones,—while above and all around this gleaming fire, clouds ever changing in form and color lay heaped together; now, like a great chain of golden mountains; now, the curved line broke and an archipelago of rubied islands floated in an ocean of soft, tender green; again, the islands stretched out into shining comets. While to the left and right and everywhere about them wandering, fugitive clouds built up and threw down aerial Babels and fairy chimeras in shades and tones that would make even a Veronese despair. Now and then in darker hue rose a turreted cathedral; or a great dragon reared itself, opening its monstrous jaws. And far above, and alone, floated a tiny cloud, in virginal whiteness, seeming like a flower just opened in infinity.

An omnibus crossed the Pont Royal; it was full, and a whole row of passengers sat facing this twilight cloudland. But they were all reading the day's news, a triple assassination or a financial fall,—putting the banality of a stock exchange notice, or the horror of an attempted murder, between their glance and the day's marvelous farewell.

The sun was defeated. But before disappearing entirely he made one supreme effort against the indifference of the city's busy ones. From below the horizon he threw up such a glory of crimson that the whole land seemed lighted by it; the river rolled by, now blood red, now rosy-pink; windowed buildings and even the faces of the passers-by were colored with this erubescent reflection.

But the peaceable book hunter, seated in front of the Café d'Orsay, looked in vain at the faces of those passing by, and listened in vain to the fragments of their talk. There were silent artisans, coming home to their evening meal, bent from labor, their eyes fixed on the ground; there were two men of letters bitter in an attack upon a fellow writer; there were brokers and commercial men absorbed in mental calculation, dreaming out some business scheme for to-morrow; there were pretty women whose glances sought only the flattering glance of others.

None of these gave a thought to the sunset. Only a bourgeois, as he gave his arm to his wife, deigned to notice it, and he said simply:—

"A red sky! That is a sign of wind."

Night was falling. In the dark azure of the east a few stars shone dimly. A mist, still faintly rosy, was the only memory left of the early twilight, and the stroller, whose contemplation of nature this evening had made a poet, was for a moment proud and troubled in thinking that the sunset had been for him alone.

—Mary Gwendolyn Cook, 1903.

EDITORIAL.

The end of college education is a much discussed subject. Periodicals, papers, conversation, are constantly furnishing wise suggestions for attaining this end; yet in applying these suggestions each student is bound to consider them in the light of individual possibilities. We can make no hard and fast rules but merely generalize and leave it to the common sense of the individual to make the best use of opportunities offered by the college. Common sense is a most important factor in determining where the student will lay the stress in his or her work, and the man or woman who has it is the one who makes the college training tell in whatever field he or she may enter later.

All are not fitting with the same purpose in view, but, whether it be for a profession, for business, or for society, all are fitting for life, and she cannot fail to obtain the best results, who rationally considers her own limitations and possibilities and, thoughtfully admitting the former, makes the best of the latter.

It is a sad fact that common sense is more likely to develop as college is left behind than to manifest itself when college life is before the student. If one could learn at the outset to recognize its value, the end would be reached with more surety and the need for many suggestions would grow less.

In glancing through the pages of several college magazines the editor's attention was attracted to an editorial which spoke very strongly in behalf of the students on several questions of college life, among which was that of the instantaneous dismissal of a class upon the ringing of the bell. Much may be—and has been—said upon one side of this question, but there still remains the undefended other side, that of the long-suffering professor. At the first whir of the bell, books are slammed shut, papers rattled together, a general grab made for personal belongings deposited on the floor at the beginning of the period, and such a universal confusion created that the voice of the instructor, who is nobly endeavoring to finish an important statement, is fairly drowned, and her closing words wholly lost. Of course there are instructors who do keep a class waiting for some time, regardless of the fact that at least a few of the students have recitations the next period at the other end of the campus, and only five minutes in which to get there, but such instructors are in the minority. Confusion and noise will, in all probability, retard the dismissal instead of hastening it, and here is a chance for one of the little courtesies so often needed—and so often forgotten—in our college life. With only a grain of patience it is surprisingly easy to sit calmly still and wait for the dismissal, and refinement shows itself in the class room by just such little things as this. Just remember this as the bell rings at the close of your next recitation, listen to the clatter, think once of the instructor and—sit still!

DEPARTMENT NOTES.

ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

The opening of the Dwight Memorial Art Building is announced for Commencement Day, June 18, at three o'clock in the afternoon. There will be a few short addresses in the lecture room of Dwight Hall, followed by a reception, to be held in the library and galleries. The studios will also be open to visitors, together with the Clara Leigh Dwight memorial room of Elbridge Kingsley's engravings.

Among the speakers of the afternoon is Prof. John Henry Wright of the Greek department of Harvard, and editor of the *American Journal of Archaeology*. Professor Wright's sister, the late Mrs. Lucy Wright Mitchell, was a student at Mount Holyoke. Mrs. Mitchell is well known in this country and abroad through her great work, "A History of Ancient Sculpture," which for years has held an important place among standard books upon the subject. When Miss Blanchard, in 1878, introduced History of Art into the course of study here, Mrs. Mitchell was one of her chief advisers. In a letter, dated Bassano, August 12, 1877, addressed to Miss Blanchard, who was then studying in Europe, Mrs. Mitchell expresses her personal interest in the matter. "The subject of History of Art is so important and one that can be made of such interest and value to young women, I have long desired to see it receive the systematic and careful attention in the course at Mount Holyoke which it deserves." Professor Wright, when requested to take some part in the exercises at the opening of the new Art Building of Mount Holyoke College, kindly wrote in his letter of acceptance, "I feel as if my sister summoned me to represent her in this celebration, marking, as it does, the consummation of an enterprise in which she took a profound interest."

Word has recently been received concerning the order for casts from Athens for the sculpture gallery of Dwight Hall. The National Museum of Greece, where these casts are obtained, has published a new price list, by which the cost of separate objects is reduced nearly one half. This very desirable change in prices has been brought about largely through the efforts of Miss Daphne Kalopathakes, who has been most kindly interested in behalf of Mount Holyoke to secure as many casts as possible with the fund, provided by the trustees of the college for this purpose. Miss Kalopathakes, whose home is in Athens and whose work in archæology at the American School of Classical Studies has received worthy recognition, is thus generously giving attention to the matter that the order for Dwight Hall may be well filled.

Since the first of February, Miss Caroline Louise Ransom ('96) has been resident in Athens attending lectures at the American School of Classical Studies and the British and German Schools. Miss Ransom, for the sake of Alma Mater and knowing especially the needs of the work here, has consulted with Miss Kalopathakes, visiting with her the National Museum in Athens and going carefully over the list of the casts to be purchased. Miss Ransom has also in charge the selection of some photographs in Athens and Constantinople for the department of art of the college.

Among the photographs already forwarded from Athens is a carbon print of the so-called "Bronze Hermes," one of a series of remarkable bronzes found

in the sea south of Greece, off the island of Cythera. Miss Ransom writes that, since the results of this valuable find have not yet been published, the sale of photographs, illustrating the objects, is prohibited in Athens. She could not purchase the photograph for herself, but the photographer was willing to send a copy to an educational institution in the United States.

The Archæological Club of Mount Holyoke College met Friday evening, May 16, in the lecture room of Dwight Hall. Miss Hoag of the Latin department, in her lecture before the club, gave a very interesting description of a ten days' archæological trip, taken in the spring of 1901 with Dr. Dörpfeld's party through the Cyclades Islands, including Cnossus in Crete. The most important sites of excavations in these islands and the adjacent mainland were visited and many places famous in history and literature. The lecture was further illustrated by a number of delightful views.

This trip was taken by Miss Hoag at the close of a year's study in the American School of Classical Studies at Athens.

ENGLISH.

THE department of English has received a gift of the Century Dictionary, Cyclopedia of Names, and Atlas with a stand for the eight volumes. The set is in the English office at Williston Hall.

Mr. Charles E. Burbank, head of the department of English in the Classical High School, Worcester, spoke to the teachers' class Saturday, May 3. The lecture by Professor Damon, Brown University, formerly of the University of Chicago, has been postponed to October. This lecture will be of interest to all students in the department.

The additional requirement of two hours of English in the junior year goes into effect for the class of 1904. The largest number of students will take the course in principles of structure; the next largest, that in daily themes. It is hoped that more will enter the class in argumentation, as the plan is to relate this course to the work of the Debating Society.

LATIN.

ON Tuesday evening, May 13, Professor Cowles of Amherst College gave, under the auspices of the Latin department, a lecture on Horace, with stereopticon illustrations. The lecture, which was given in Mary Lyon Chapel, was largely attended and was full of interest to all.

After mentioning a few of the well-known men of all times who have found keen enjoyment in reading Horace, Professor Cowles referred briefly to

the period in which Horace lived, but he dwelt chiefly upon the places connected with the poet's life. Interesting views of the country surrounding Horace's birthplace were succeeded by more familiar scenes from Rome, where his active life began, and finally by charming pictures of the country surrounding the Sabine farm. Passages from Horace's poems, read in translation, greatly increased the interest of these pictures, while the speaker's personal reminiscences of his trip through the country represented, gave an added charm. The impression left with the audience at the close of the lecture was one of heightened interest in the man Horace, and of strong desire to see the regions where his life was spent.

Miss Williams, head of the Greek department of Mount Holyoke College, attended a meeting of the managing committee of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome. Miss Williams represented Mount Holyoke College on this committee. Each college which contributes $250.00 annually to the income of this school is entitled to a representative on the committee.

Prof. J. E. Creighton of the Sage School of Philosophy, Cornell University, lectured May 28, for the department of Philosophy, on "The Study of Philosophy."

The department of Physics has just obtained a complete set of the *London, Edinburgh and Dublin Philosophical Magazine and Journal of Science,* from its first volume in 1798 up to the present year.

BOTANY.

Mr. Robert Howells, in government employ in Cuba, has sent to the plant houses valuable orchids and bromeliads from the interior of the island.

The alumnæ of Turkey have sent their annual contribution toward the maintenance of the gardens, amounting this year to nearly $25.

Ten new Leitz microscopes have recently been imported from the manufacturers in Germany for the equipment of one laboratory.

GEOLOGY.

THE members of the geology classes enjoyed last month the privilege of two lectures from Prof. Albert P. Brigham of Colgate University.

The subject of the first lecture was "The Physiography of the Empire State," and it was finely illustrated by a large number of lantern views. The second lecture was upon "Physiography and American History," and it set forth, in a most interesting and valuable way, the influence that geologic conditions have had upon the settlement and development of our country.

During Prof. Brigham's visit the classes, numbering about sixty, made an excursion to Mt. Tom and vicinity, visiting the remarkable reptilian track area, also localities of early igneous ejection. The recent volcanic disturbances in the Windward Islands make the latter a subject of unusual interest just now.

THE LIBRARY.

THE following are a few of the books received this month:—

De Quincey, Thomas. Collected writings, by David Masson. 14 v. 1896-97.

Green, J. R. Oxford studies. 1901.

Griffis, W. E. Verbeck of Japan. 1900.

Hadley, A. T. Education of the American citizen. 1901.

Heine, Heinrich. Sämtliche Werke, herausgegeben von Ernst Elster. 7 v. 1890.

Henderson, E. F. Short history of Germany. 2 v. 1902.

Kovalevsky, Maxime. Russian political institutions. 1902.

National Conference of Charities and Correction. Proceedings. 1889-1900. This completes our set of this valuable series, with the exception of three early volumes.

Plutarch. Lives: the translation called Dryden's...revised by A. H. Clough. 5 v. 1899.

Ross, Ronald. Mosquito brigades. 1902.

Scherer, Wilhelm. Geschichte der deutschen Litteratur. 1902.

Studies in honor of Basil L. Gildersleeve. 1902. Forty-four studies on classical and historical subjects.

Thorpe, Benjamin, *ed.* Codex Exoniensis; a collection of Anglo-Saxon poetry. 1842.

COLLEGE NOTES.

ON the evening of the twentieth of May the sophomores gave a banquet in Pearsons Hall to the seniors. The large dining room was well filled, the central table being occupied by Miss Woolley, and the honorary members and officers of the two classes. After the dinner a toast was proposed by Miss Mann to the class of 1902.

On the evening of the twenty-first, Mr. Hammond gave a delightful organ recital. He was assisted by Miss Flora Mae Beeching in the following programme:—

Fantasie and Fugue in G minor,.....*Bach*
Theme and Variations in A major, ...*Haydn*
Aria (Plus grand, dans son obscurité),.....*Gounod*

MISS BEECHING.

Andante in G major, ...*Batiste*
Trot de cavalerie, ...*Rubinstein*
Songs: Feldeinsamkeit, ...*Brahms*
The Wind Went Wooing the Rose,.....*Gaynor*
Mighty Lak a Rose,.....*Nevin*
Cantilene, ...*Salome*
Caprice, ...*Saint-Saens*
Funeral March of a Marionette,.....*Gounod*
Song, Parla, ...*Arditi*
Fantasie in D major,.....*Allen*

Decoration Day was observed with a special service held in the chapel at 10 o'clock. Several patriotic songs were sung and an address given by Col. Edward Anderson. Colonel Anderson was an officer in the civil war, and has since been chaplain of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The class of 1905 gave a reception to the class of 1902 on the afternoon of the fourth, from half past four until six o'clock. On the same afternoon the Western Massachusetts branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ was entertained at the college.

A series of musicales was given by the students of the department of Music, on the twenty-sixth of May, and the second and ninth of June.

The Western Massachusetts Head Masters' Club was entertained at the college on the twenty-fourth of the month.

On the twenty-seventh the first presentation of the senior dramatics, "Colombe's Birthday," was given in the gymnasium. The principal parts were well taken by Miss Hellyar, Miss Broeksmit and Miss Little.

Brigham Hall was at home to its friends on the afternoon of the twenty-eighth. Miss Woolley and Miss Caskey received.

Mrs Ellen S. Mussey, Dean of the Washington Law College, gave a very interesting talk on "Legal Education for Women," on the evening of the twenty-ninth.

The Western Massachusetts Student Volunteer Union met at the college on May 21. The meeting was addressed by Mr. George Leavitt of Hartford Theological Seminary, and was one of much interest.

At the vesper service held on May 18, Professor Grosvenor of Amherst

gave a short address on "Faithfulness." Rev. A. W. Hitchcock of Worcester spoke at the service on June 5.

On the thirteenth of May, the college had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, who is at the head of the Volunteer Prison Work. Mrs. Booth is a forceful as well as delightful speaker, and aroused much interest in the work of the league.

On May 28, Professor Creighton, professor of logic and metaphysics of the Sage School of Philosophy, Cornell University, lectured on "The Study of Philosophy." Professor Creighton is the editor of the *Philosophical Review* and of *Kant-Studien*, and president of the American Philosophical Association.

Pearsons Hall has recently been favored with a timely gift of books and pictures from the Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association of the Northwest. Among the pictures is a charming water-color sketch, a grape piece from Mrs. Clara P. Clark Arnold ('80), president of the association. This was given for the dining hall at Pearsons and adds a delightful touch of color to the stately room. Another handsome picture in soft broad tints, a scene suggestive of the idyllic lowlands of Germany, has been placed in the dining room, the gift of Mrs. Annie Holbrook Weyerhaeuser ('83). A large landscape in black and white from Mr. Thurber, a reproduction from the fine painting by F. Abel, entitled "The Keller See in Holstein," proves a welcome addition to the students' reception room. As an effective companion piece, to be hung beside the landscape, is a picture in black and white, a view over a moonlit sea.

Besides the pictures and books, the ladies of the association also kindly sent a portfolio of White City views, which now graces the cabinet of the faculty parlor in Pearsons Hall.

COMMENCEMENT.

The programme of the week is as follows:—

June 13.	Baccalaureate Sermon,	4.00 P. M.
June 16.	Ivy Exercises,	10.30 A. M.
" "	Junior Dramatics; Prospect Hill,	3.30 P. M.
" "	Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Club Concert,	8.00 P. M.
June 17.	Reception to Miss Helen Miller Gould, honorary member of class of 1902,	4.00 P. M.
" "	Step Exercises,	5.00 P. M.
" "	Senior Dramatics,	8.00 P. M.
June 18.	Commencement Exercises,	11.00 A. M.
" "	Dedication of Dwight Memorial Art Building,	3.00 P. M.
" "	Organ Recital by Mr. William C. Hammond,	4.30 P. M.
" "	President's Reception,	8.00 P. M.

(*Senior Dramatics.*)

COLOMBE'S BIRTHDAY.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

THE CAST.

Colombe of Ravestein, duchess of Juliers and Cleves, BLANCHE HELLYAR

Courtiers.

Guibert, ...BLANCHE HORTON
Gaucelme, ...FANNY PERKINS
Maufroy, ...CHARLOTTE LEAVITT
Clugnet, ...HELEN SINCLAIR
Valence, advocate of Cleves, ...HELEN BROEKSMIT
Prince Berthold, claimant of the Duchy, ...ALICE LITTLE
Melchior, his confidant, ...JENNIE TUTTLE

Her Attendants.

Sabyne, ...ELSIE HAMMOND
Adolf, ...CLARE ALLEN

PLACE: The Palace at Juliers. TIME: 16—
ACT I. An Ante-chamber.
ACT II. The Presence-chamber.
ACT III.—ACT IV. Same as Act I.
ACT V. The Presence-chamber.

The play given by the junior class is Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing."

CHARACTERS.

Don Pedro, Prince of Aragon, ...HELEN EDSON
Don John, natural brother to Don Pedro, ...BLANCHE HAMSON
Claudio, a young Lord of Florence, ...DAGNY GREVSTAD
Benedick, a young Lord of Padua, ...EDITH POOLE
Leonato, Governor of Messina, ...RUTH WARD
Antonio, brother to Leonato, ...LUELLA WINSHIP
Balthazar, servant to Don Pedro, ...ESTHER HEACOCK
Borachio, Conrade, } Followers of Don John. { WINIFRED TILDEN, HELEN BODWELL
Dogberry, Verges, } Officers of Police in Messina. { ELIZABETH COLBY, MARTHA NORTON
Friar Francis, ...ANNA CHAMBERLAIN

Seacoal, watchman, ... LOUISE DODGE
A Sexton, ... ANNA CHAMBERLAIN
Hero, daughter to Leonato, ... EDITH RICHARDSON
Beatrice, niece to Leonato, ... EMILY ESTY
Margaret, Ursula, } Gentlewomen attendant on Hero. { MARION BARRY, HELEN HUME
Lords, Ladies, Watchmen, Attendants.

SCENE.—Messina, in the Island of Sicily.
PERIOD.—The Sixteenth Century (1535).

The College Equal Suffrage League announces this year two prizes for essays in favor of equal suffrage, in hopes of stimulating an interest in the movement among college women, or, at least, of bringing to their notice the principles on which the reform is based.

The subjects offered give an opportunity to study equal suffrage from an historical standpoint, as well as in its relation to our present national and social conditions.

The date of closing the competition has been fixed at such a time as to give competitors the opportunity afforded by the summer vacation, to write their essays.

The League announces the following list of judges for the competition: Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Mr. Edwin D. Mead, Mrs. Charles G. Ames.

Last year the League offered a similar prize which was won by Miss Ava M. Stoddard, a sophomore at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The competition is to be subject to the following conditions:—

1. The prize for the best essay to be $75.00. The prize for the second best essay to be $25.00.
2. The competition to be open to all undergraduates, and graduates of the classes of '99, '00, '01, of the women's colleges of Massachusetts, including the women undergraduates and graduates of the classes of '99, '00, '01, of Tufts College, Boston University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
3. The choice of the following subjects is allowed for the essay:—
   (*a*) Equal Suffrage as a help to democracy.
   (*b*) Equal Suffrage as an influence on the home.
   (*c*) Equal Suffrage as an influence on the individual and the race.
   (*d*) Equal Suffrage from the economic standpoint.
4. The essay to be not less than 4000 and not more than 6000 words.
5. Essays must be written on one side of the paper only. Typewritten manuscript preferred.

6. In no case must the manuscript be signed.

7. A *sealed* envelope containing the name and address of the writer, the college with which she is connected, and the class to which she belongs, must be pinned to each manuscript.

8. No competitor can submit more than one manuscript.

9. No manuscripts will be returned unless accompanied by stamps to cover postage.

10. All manuscripts must be received on or before September 20, 1902, as no manuscripts will be accepted after that date. (Awards will be announced as soon as possible after this date.)

11. Address all manuscripts and apply for further information to

MRS. R. H. GILLMORE, *Secretary.*
COLONIAL COURT,
35 LEE STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

A MEETING of the Hartford Alumnæ Association was held Saturday, March 6. A committee of three of the younger members was appointed to devise means for furthering the securing of subscribers to the Income Fund. The constitution was read, compared with the old one, and very heartily approved. It had previously been laid before the advisory council, and had been very carefully considered. All approved of the changes made.

New officers of the association were elected as follows: President, Mrs. Sidney W. Clark, 40 Willard street, Hartford, and secretary, Miss M. L. Richards, Wethersfield, Conn. The treasurer remains the same, Miss Lucy Way, 22 Niles street, Hartford.

The seventeenth annual meeting of the Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association of New York was held May 3, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The meeting was opened by Mrs. Barry with devotional exercises, after which the annual reports were read. Miss Day gave a report from the college in which the present conditions and needs of Mount Holyoke were clearly defined; other reports were made by the recording secretary, treasurer and the president of the association. An appeal was made to the alumnæ in behalf of Mrs. Gulick's School in Spain. After the miscellaneous business had been transacted the annual election of officers took place. Mrs. Barry was unanimously re-elected president.

Luncheon was served at one o'clock to seventy-five members and guests of the association. Mrs. Barry asked the Mary Lyon blessing. The decorations were in the prevailing spring colors, yellow and green. At each plate lay a yellow jonquil and large bunches of the same flower decorated the officers' table.

After the luncheon a delightful literary and musical programme was rendered; the Glee Club of the association provided the music for the meeting.

The following programme was given:—

Bridal Chorus, ... *Cowen-Schnecker*

GLEE CLUB.

"The Humorous Side of Women's Clubs."

MRS. AGNES B. ORMSBEE.

(*a*) Gypsy Life, ... *Schumann*
(*b*) Rock-a-bye, ... *Neidlinger*

GLEE CLUB.

"Negro Dialect Sketch."

MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

"Protect Us Through the Coming Night,"..... *Curschmann*

GLEE CLUB.

The sixth annual meeting of the Michigan Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association convened at the Hotel Cadillac in Detroit on May 3. The morning was devoted to business. Members were present from various parts of the state, including members of the classes of '42 and '44. During the past year the association has given to the American School at Athens and to the Bardwell Memorial Fellowship Fund.

Mrs. Mary Lyon Dame Hall, chairman of the committee in charge of the matter of placing the name of Mary Lyon in the Hall of Fame, gave a report. Two of the electors are Michigan men and therefore the matter of election is brought very near the Michigan society and great interest is being felt. The Income Fund was discussed and finally adopted. The subject of the Mount Holyoke chapel in the International Institute in Spain was discussed and a committee has the matter in hand.

The work of the Michigan Association the coming year will doubtless be in aid of the Dwight Art Building. In the election of officers Mrs. Anna Dame Connor was re-elected president to serve her fifth term. The other officers were: First vice-president, Mrs. Clara D. Warner of Jackson; second vice-president, Miss Eleanor S. Candler of Detroit; third vice-president, Miss Adelaide E. Coe of Detroit; fourth vice-president, Mrs. Mary M. Gold of Flint;

recording secretary, Mrs. Hattie E. Mosley of Detroit; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Louise S. Wiley of Detroit; treasurer, Mrs. Eliza W. Chamberlain of Detroit; board of directors, Miss Coe, Miss Candler, Mrs. Mosley, Mrs. Batcheller, all of Detroit, and Mrs. Anna L. Brown of Mt. Clemens.

At the close of the business meeting President Woolley gave a short informal talk to the alumnæ, bringing cheering words from the college and telling of its special needs. Her words were an inspiration to the association and brought its members in closer touch with their Alma Mater so remotely situated.

Dinner was served in the handsome large dining room of the Hotel Cadillac, the table being most beautifully decorated.

In the afternoon an audience of several hundred women, representing most of the colleges of the country, assembled in the Turkish room of the Hotel Cadillac. The president of the Michigan Association, Mrs. Connor, most effectively and gracefully introduced President Woolley, who gave a most charming address on "The Place of the College Woman in the World." She said, "College training gives women power to do, power to think and power to be." "The world needs women who do things and the colleges are supplying them. The modern world needs women who think and in any direction we may look we see the results of the strong and progressive thought of the college women of the country. The world needs women who are, who really live, and the colleges are helping to meet this demand also. College influence in the lives of women reaches not only to the home but beyond it."

A very delightful reception was held at the close of the address and many representative women of Michigan had the pleasure of being presented to President Woolley.

It is our firm belief that, not the least, among the many duties of our president is that of visiting the various alumnæ associations, carrying inspiration and courage and strength and help to the organizations so remote from the college.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the Alumnæ Association of Central and Western New York was held at the Powers Hotel, Rochester, on Saturday, May 10. Mrs. Bills, the president of the association, presided at a short business meeting at eleven o'clock. The most important business transacted was the annual appropriation for the American School at Athens, and the election of officers, which resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Ida (Semans) Bills ('85) of Rochester; vice-presidents, Miss Harriet Andrews ('96) of Rochester; Mrs. Ella (Kellogg) Whedon ('68) of Syracuse; Mrs. Clara (Torrey) Fitch ('54)

of Canandaigua; Miss Estelle Taylor ('80) of Buffalo; secretary, Miss Sara Schwendler ('95) of Rochester; treasurer, Miss J. Isabelle Ives ('93) of Auburn.

After the business meeting President Woolley, who was the guest of the association, gave an informal talk on the present condition of the college. Luncheon was served at one o'clock, covers being laid for forty-six. At its conclusion President Woolley gave an inspiring address on the value of college education before the members of the association and a large number of invited guests. The meeting was one of the most successful and enjoyable in the history of the association.

The annual meeting of the Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association of Hartford and Vicinity was held Saturday, May 17, at the home of Mrs. Virginia Smith on Farmington avenue. The morning session was devoted to the regular business of the association. The subject of the Income Fund was again presented, and all urged to make pledges. A committee was appointed to take into consideration the interests of this fund. A member was also appointed to serve on the faculty-student-alumnæ committee.

Mrs. George S. Clark of Wethersfield, who has served the association most acceptably for six years, retired from the presidency and Mrs. Sidney Clark was chosen to succeed her. Miss Mae Richards was elected secretary in place of Mrs. Sidney Clark. Mrs. Smith served a delightful luncheon at the end of the morning session.

In the afternoon, Miss Williams from the college gave a most interesting talk on the work of the Greek department at Mount Holyoke and of the Athens school. She also told most entertainingly of the recent doings at college, especially of the May Day celebration.

Mrs. Sawyer, one of the vice-presidents of the Washington Association, was also a guest of the meeting and told of the work of her association.

Not the least enjoyable feature of the meeting was the opportunity for social intercourse, and a hearty vote of thanks was extended Mrs. Smith for her gracious hospitality.

The tenth annual meeting of the New Hampshire Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association was held Saturday, May 31, 1902, in Manchester. A reception to the members of the New Hampshire Association was given by the officers at the home of the president, 23 West Webster street. The programme for the day was as follows: 10.30 A. M., reception; 11.00 A. M., business meeting; 12.00 M., luncheon; 1.00 P. M., address by Mrs. D. B. O. Bourdon, president of the General Association; 2.00 P. M., reports and social hour.

At the April meeting of the Boston Alumnæ the entertainment was in charge of the music committee. They were so fortunate as to procure Mr. Louis Elson, musical critic for the *Advertiser*, who gave a very delightful and instructive lecture on "Shakespeare in Music."

At the annual meeting, held May 24, Dr. Elizabeth I. Samuel of the New England Conservatory was elected president of the association.

Mrs. George T. Buffum voiced the feeling of the association in words of warm praise and appreciation of the work of the retiring president, Mrs. J. Frederick Hill.

The reports of the secretary and treasurer and committees showed that the year has been an unusually good one from many points of view. Twenty new members have joined and the financial condition is good, although this has been an expensive year.

Mrs. Helen M. Gulliver was appointed to the work of interesting people in the International Institute of Spain. She was also made an honorary member of the Boston association.

The ladies of the association accepted the suggestion of the Mount Holyoke Club that they should join with the club in its sale next December.

After the business meeting, Mrs. Caroline S. Atherton, a graduate of Boston University and president of "Women in Council," Roxbury, gave an address on "College Settlement Work in Boston." Mrs. Atherton has long been identified with this work and speaks from an intimate knowledge of the good accomplished by the Settlements. Her address was exceedingly interesting and inspiring.

The afternoon closed with the usual social hour and tea.

The following members of the Executive Board of the Alumnæ Association are to be at college during Commencement week:—

Mrs. Mary Tuttle Bourdon, '71, president.
Miss Anna R. Leonard, '69, secretary.
Mrs. Maria Freeman Talcott, '63.
Mrs. Anna Harris Reeder, '65.
Miss Elizabeth D. Davis, '66.
Mrs. Clara Herendeen Clark, '73.
Mrs. Mary Kelley Leavitt, '75.
Mrs. Ettie Lancraft Hovey, '86.
Mrs. Anna King Vail, '87.
Miss Martha S. Hall, '95.

It is also expected that Mrs. Clara Clark Arnold, '80, president of the Association of the Northwest, will be present.

Many of the classes are having reunions this Commencement. Among the alumnæ expected to be here are:—

'52. Mrs. Anna Benton King, Mrs. Lucy Butler Squire (non-graduate), Miss Jane E. Chamberlain, Mrs. Clara Haskell Freeman, Mrs. Mary McLean Hardy, Mrs. Lucy Mills Brooks, Miss Mary O. Nutting, Miss P. Jane Twombley, Mrs. Cynthia Wright Herrick.

'62. Miss Laura A. Balch, Miss Ella A. Balcom, Mrs. Anna Beech Green, Mrs. Achsah Burt Montague, Mrs. Sarah Dunton Mack, Miss Lucy J. Ellis, Miss Clara M. Farwell, Charlotte W. Ford, M.D., Mrs. Sophia Hayward Bliss, Miss Julia L. Hills, Miss Lucy S. Merwin, Mrs. Elizabeth Noyes Greenough, Mrs. Maria Sabin Longley, Mrs. Josephine Taggart Fiske, Miss Mary C. Taunton.

'72. Miss Mary E. Buffum, president; Mrs. Mary Bennett Morse, Mrs. Jennie (Harris) Benner, Miss Mary H. Scott, Mrs. Mary Spooner Brown.

'77. Miss Alice E. Bird, Miss Sarah M. Bouton, Miss Susan H. Cairns, Miss Martha W. Cristy, Miss Lydia M. Cooke, Mrs. Lucy Cope Shelmire, Mrs. Clara Dunning Lawrence, Mrs. Adelia Gates Hensley, Miss Harriet B. Harmon, Miss Mary S. Hazen, Miss Emily C. Hawley, Mrs. Anna Herrick Nichols, Mrs. Jennie Moorehouse Edwards, Miss Mary A. Phelps, Mrs. Augusta Pratt Marvin, Miss Anne M. Robbins, Mrs. Emma Smith Chandler, Miss Mary F. Waite.

'87. Miss Kate L. Adams, Mrs. Helen Brainard Lay, Miss Alice C. Brockway, Miss Harriet L. Bruce, Mrs. Evelyn Church Wilbur, Mrs. Katherine Coleman Colwell, Miss Elizabeth Crowther, Miss Katherine De Witt, Miss Grace M. Eaton, Miss Carrie M. Edwards, Miss Julia M. Edwards, Miss Caroline D. Fowler, Miss Sarah E. Goding, Mrs. Annie Griggs Reed, Miss Isabella Hyde, Mrs. Anna King Vail, Mrs. Mary McKenzie Potter, Miss Mary H. Nutting, Miss Emma L. Parsons, Mrs. Marion Shepperd Trimmer, Miss E. Louise Sykes, Mrs. Annie Wooster Matthies.

'92. Carrie M. Allen, Grace M. Burt, Anna B. Bockée, president; Maria W. Bliss, Martha (Durgin) Chase, Mabel Coney, Mary (Davis) Frank, Clara Hicks, Mary Grosvenor, Sara Hyde, Edith (Woods) Gaylord, M. Helen Keith, Lucy E. Keith, Addie I. Locke, Elizabeth (Holmes) Haight, Katrina (Cobleigh) Quick, Evangeline (Bloomfield) Robinson, Harriet (Barney) Rhoads, Emma Sanford, Augusta L. Patrick, Lillian

M. Turner, Bessie M. Turner, Abbie (Harlowe) Shepard, Clara (Bidwell) Warren, Bertha Wenner.

'97. Emeline C. Bates, Harriet E. Beaman, Elizabeth Clark, Florence R. Clark, Nettie E. Coolidge, Sara F. Copeland, Ella M. Deyo, Maud C. Gay, Annie (Grant) Stoughton, Margaret R. Hall, Fanny A. Hay, Harriet T. Haynes, Myra A. Hill, Margaret B. Koehler, Edith W. Leavitt, Grace L. Merriam, Helen S. Merriam, Lena Sheldon, Elizabeth T. Stodder, Martha J. Taylor, Alice J. Walker.

'00. Angeline P. Adams, Ruth S. Arnold, Alice E. Belcher, Clintie D. Curtis, Grace T. Hammond, Helen I. Kendall, Mabel E. Masters, Harriet P. McPherson, Belle L. Mead, Louise C. Mead, Helen F. Newton, Kate E. Paterson, Mary L. Robinson, Marion Storrs, S. Pearl Taber, Edith O. Turner, Marie W. Welles, Elizabeth Williams.

'71. Mrs. D. B. O. Bourdon (Mary C. Tuttle), president of the General Alumnæ Association, has lately been at the college. Her express purpose in coming was to meet the seniors before Commencement. During her stay a series of very pleasant teas was held, where she talked personally with the seniors, and told them about the association.

'78. (Non-graduate) Mary Anna Holbrook has sailed from San Francisco for the Japan mission of the American Board.

'80. Mrs. Mary (Kimball) Cummings has changed her address from Thompson, Conn., to Danville, Vt.

'85. (Non-graduate) Grace Fairbank visited college May Day.

'86. Mr. Edmund O. Hovey (husband of Ettie Lancraft) has sailed for Martinique in the interest of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, with which he is connected.

'88. Anna E. Mitchell, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was one of the May Day visitors.

'90. Mary P. Anderson, who for several years has taught in the English High School, Somerville, Mass., will study at the University of Chicago next year.

'94. Mabel Stowe has accepted a position in Mills College, Cal., to teach German. She will attend the summer session of the University of California.

'96. Martha Byington visited college during the last month.

'98. Harriet Congdon has accepted a position for next year in the Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.

'99. Susie Dow has resigned her position as computer in Washington, and is hoping to teach next year.

Janet Sinclair has accepted a position as private secretary to Mr. Heath, president of the D. C. Heath Publishing Co., Boston.

Among recent visitors were Jean Turner and Winifred Teel.

1901. Emily Covell was at college in the last month. She is teaching in Hartford.

Mabel Gilbert is in one of the "Model Schools" in South Manchester, Conn., this term.

Anne M. Smith is teaching in the high school, Morristown, N. J.

1901. Ethel Osgood has been for the past month a guest and worker at the college settlement house, the Alta House, Mayfield road, Cleveland, O. She expects to spend the summer at Chautauqua, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

'91. Davis—Le Maistre. In Denver, Colorado, Wednesday, April 30, 1902, Mr. Robert Davis and Miss Lida R. Le Maistre. At home after September 1, 1124 Cheyenne road, Colorado Springs.

BIRTHS.

'95. (Non-graduate) Mrs. Frank Sawyer Bayley (Mollie Bass), May 9, 1902, a daughter, Elizabeth Katherine.

'96. Ethel (Cotton) Schwartz, March 19, 1902, a daughter, Priscilla Cotton.

'98. Carolyn (Strong) Herndon, February 15, 1902, a daughter, Florence Louise.

Lena (Aldrich) Schuster, March 25, 1902, a daughter, Margaret Evelyn.

1901. Maude (Lintner) Coogan, a daughter, Mary Elizabeth, March 29, 1902.

DEATHS.

'38. (Non-graduate) Wealthy H. (Shepard) Cooley, May 13, 1902, at South Deerfield. Mrs. Cooley was the only surviving member of the first class of Mount Holyoke Seminary. Her name was the first enrolled on the books of

the seminary, which she entered at the age of twelve. During her residence at Mount Holyoke, she was the roommate of Mary Lyon, and became her assistant teacher.

'43. (Non-graduate) Mrs. Sarah (Sandford) Chapman, April 8, 1902, at Ovid, N. Y.

'57. Mrs. Sarah (Ware) Gillette, March 31, 1902, at Rochester, N. Y.

'82. Dr. Sallie M. (Davis) Halliwell, April 6, 1902, at Bethlehem, Penn.

'96. Gertrude H. Ellison, May 12, 1902, at Springfield, Mass.

The *Springfield Homestead* says of her:—

"In the death of Miss Gertrude H. Ellison, for the past three years secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, Springfield has lost one whose influence for good, exerted so quietly that few, save those intimately associated with her in her work, realized its magnitude, was a far-reaching and wonderful factor where such influence was most needed. . . . With an enthusiasm and earnestness which were characteristic of her, she took up the work in her new field, throwing heart and soul into it. Quiet and unassuming, but with a charming personality, she possessed to a remarkable degree the power of infusing in others something of her own enthusiasm and earnestness of purpose.

"Miss Ellison's aptitude for work among girls and young women was remarkable. She was the personal friend of each, and they went to her with their sorrows and troubles. She understood them and they knew it and trusted her, from the little five-year-old maids to the young girls on the verge of womanhood. . . . She was a friend to the friendless. Her life was given to the work of bringing sunshine into the lives of others."

OTHER COLLEGES.

DURING the past month several large gifts of money have been made to different colleges and universities. The University of California has been perhaps the most favored recipient, that institution having received gifts aggregating eighty thousand dollars. An anonymous citizen of Baltimore has given money to Johns Hopkins University to be devoted to a systematic investigation of the history, economic activities and influence of labor organizations in the United States; the investigation will be conducted by the economic seminary and will begin during the next fall term.

It is probable that Columbia University will have a school of fine arts next year. It has been planned by the trustees and President Butler to separate the schools of architecture and music from the other departments, and a new circular about to be issued will give a schedule of their courses, together with those of classical art and archæology, the philosophy and psychology of esthetics, and the theory and practice of fine arts as offered by that department in Teachers College. The practical instruction which is furnished by the schools of the National Academy of Design or those of the Art Students' League will not be given, but the intention is to recognize such schools and also the ateliers of New York, while the university offers historical, philosophical, and critical instruction, in the manner of the Paris Beaux Arts.

EXCHANGES.

WHEN one meets a hundred or so university and college publications for the first time the ceremony, however pleasant it may be, is also most bewildering.

To one who has no knowledge of their past histories it is an impossibility to say whether in the mood in which these new acquaintances greet you to-day they are more or less pleasing than before.

At a time like this the value of a good address—under guise of cover and paper and printing—is most apparent, although of course one learns by experience to value each at its true literary worth.

There is a certain atmosphere which seems prevalent in at least two thirds of the stories and poems in the April and May publications: a morbid tone which ought not to be present to so great an extent in the work of college

students. This may result from an attempt to gain unusual effects and novel situations, but the result is certainly overstrained and depressing. The natural and simple in life is infinitely stronger and more attractive than these abortive attempts at renunciation and introspection which form the theme of so many of the stories published in the college magazines.

There are, however, several refreshing exceptions to this generalization, noticeably a bright little story, "A Girl and Some Dogs," in *The Vassar Miscellany*, which also contains a delicately handled sketch, "Gran'pa's Failure."

AN ORGAN PEAL.

I thought I heard the voice of the great deep,
Blown by faint breaths of wind, bewildered, lost
In their long wanderings, or upheaved and tossed
By storms that, with a mighty rushing, sweep
Across the troubled waters. Rest and peace
Find here a fitting place; though cold, white spray
Drives on the rocks incessant, and each day
Tides ebb and flow, nor ever hope release
From age-old bonds that rule them, yet 't is here
The stern tranquillity of unmoved strength.
Amid a roaring tumult, far and near
Sways the illimitable, viewless length
Of rocking sea, where, like a cradled child,
I 'd swing and sleep, lulled by the tempest wild.

—*Minnesota Magazine.*

ON THE HEIGHT.

The wild god of the cañon
Has left his cave to-night,
And he summons a companion
To join him on the height.
So the storm-winds raise a wild, wild tune
And sweep the mountain line;
Against the face of the pale, pale moon,
Rocks the dark mountain pine.

It rocks and moans in the wind-drifts
As a witch rocks in her pain;
And the water raves at the lea clifts
As a maniac at his chain.
And the wild god sings with a strong, wild art,
And tunes the pine and flood:
"Ho! staring man-child with strong, wild heart,
Come, we are one in blood."

—*Williams Lit.*

SENIOR RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

I stand once more at Holyoke's gate
And, a Freshman, venture in,—
Hundreds of others are thronging there
With ceaseless chatter and din.

Not a face to me is familiar,
Not a voice have I heard before,
Alone, in the midst of the hundreds,
I long to be home once more.

Four years have passed away since then,
Four sweet, swift years to me,
No lapse of time, I am quite sure,
More full of joy could be.

New faces may grow familiar,
Other lives may touch my own,
But none can e'er so meet my soul
As those I here have known.

I hasten now to meet the flood,
As a ship puts forth to sea,
The waves may battle but baffle not,
For Holyoke has builded me.

I 'll miss these dear old college halls,
Oft long for these friends so true,
And, whenever I pick up a book,
I 'll think of *Johnson's* too.

Art
Book
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SPRIN

THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

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ANNA GRACE MCGOVERN, 1903, *Editor-in-Chief.*

Editors.

MAY FISKE, 1903. IVA JUNE SMITH, 1903.

CHARLOTTE ELLEN FARNHAM, 1904. EDITH LILLIAN SMITH, 1904.

HARRIET MURDOCK MARCY, 1904.

HELENE MAUD POPE, 1904, *Business Manager.*

LOTTIE ROWE LANE, 1905, *Assistant Business Manager.*

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.*

JOSEPH H. TWICHELL, D.D.

Matt. 6: 9-10. After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

A TRUE prayer is, on one side, as relates to the person praying, the reflection of the thoughts in which he lives.

The prayer our Lord taught his disciples was certainly, in every point in which it could be his, the mirror of his own mind. And inasmuch as he taught it to them when as yet they could pray it in only an imperfect fashion, there is obviously to be derived from it the image of the mind he called them to aspire to and to seek. Or, since it was a prayer framed for humanity, and is part of his legacy to mankind, may

*The editorial board regrets its inability to print the Commencement Address, as well as the Baccalaureate Sermon, in this number. Professor Palmer used no manuscript and it has been impossible to obtain a full report of the address.

C. W. H.

we not say that it is an authentic portraiture of the mind due to *man hood* in Christ's idea?

Of course to bring it all out, in its several elements, as it is then on that wise featured, is more than can be undertaken in one sermon

And so I shall speak particularly at this time of but two traits o it—call them two; they are in effect one;—those, namely, implied in th opening sentences which I have read as a text: "Our Father which ar in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will b done in earth, as it is in heaven." And I ask you first to mark th *transcendent elevation* of their strain; the altitude from which they tak wing; but especially the key of *enthusiasm* to which they are pitched— enthusiasm the most sublime—in swell and volume like the ocean tide It is the enthusiasm of the deepest, richest, most generous nature, of th manliest soul—manliest and womanliest—that ever visited this worl of ours. And the objects to which it moves are answerable to its majes tic plenitude and flow;—the Everlasting God; and the world-conquer of his kingdom.

It is the enthusiasm, that is, when you analyze it, of a *mighty loy alty to a Glorious Leader, and to a glorious cause.* That is the first not struck in the Lord's Prayer. So then, the mind of manhood—embrac ing womanhood, of course,—comprehends in Christ's ideal such a loy alty, and assigns to it the foremost place.

Passing for the present the consummate form in which it is illus trated in the Lord's Prayer, in which it was realized in our Lord him self, and in which it rises to perfection, I call you to observe that thu to set the crown upon its head is in line and harmony with a criterio we already acknowledge.

It is recognized with practical unanimity everywhere within th pale of Christian civilization that the sustained enthusiasm of an hig and pure devotion centered in a person or in a cause—or both; probabl both,—is the stamp of a surpassing nobleness. It is one mark of th advance of humanity that on the impression of that quality depend more and more, with the process of time, the award of the rank of *her* Which is to say, that it is more and more discerned that the capacity o

what is best worth calling honorable and great is the capacity of this loyalty of which I speak.

Disinterestedness is another name for it—its generic name. Now, there is a self-interest, a care for one's own, *as* one's own, that is binding, religious duty. "If any provideth not for one's own," says St. Paul, "and specially his own household, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an unbeliever." And this obligation extends a good way, even so far as to take in, for example, one's country, wherein it may be considered to devolve on him to care for *it*. But such care for one's own is not selfishness. Patriotism is not selfish any more than loving your mother is. The due service of the law of natural affection in its whole province is contrary to none of those magnanimities that are the soul of disinterestedness. The rather it nourishes them all.

Selfishness is quite another spirit and works quite oppositely. It disables from those magnanimities. Self-seeking enthroned is restriction and narrowness. It bars the expansion of the human faculty. It is the tree of one's being planted in a tub. A strong passion it is, indeed, hugely forceful, and wins it successes—so called; but it is weakness too. It lacks wisdom even for this world,—the wisdom, for instance, of the deep understanding of men. The Louisiana lottery—the very incarnation of greed—thought it knew the people of Louisiana when a few years since, you will remember, it dangled that enormous money bait of millions before their eyes; but it did not, and went under in consequence.

In politics, the appeal to prejudice, to passion, to envy, to cupidity, to the lower order of motives generally, effective as it may be for a time, is not, as a matter of experience, found in the long run to justify the contemptible estimate of man on which it is based, nor always in the short run even;—will not be found to, we are permitted to hope, in case of the attempted mean treatment of poor Cuba. But this is aside. What I am saying is that it is the law of our make, the law of our creation, that largeness of being all round is conditioned on a thing that is of the essence of unselfishness,—an inwrought, ingrained, rooted sense in us of our incorporate relation to our humankind; that sympathetic sense

of it that brings the common interest home to our feelings as a personal concern. For it is obviously out of that spirit—that public spirit—that all our finer loyalties arise, in the inspiration and uplift of which we may come to our proper stature as individuals, and dwell in a spacious world, and prove life worth living. Accordingly all that goes to our preparation for life accomplishes its purpose, at a cardinal point, in that measure in which it breeds in us a potent, fruitful consciousness of our membership of society.

I desire now to somewhat illustrate and enforce this truth as it applies to those—and to such it *does* apply, as I think, in a signal degree—whose fortune it is to enjoy the benefit of a liberal education. I desire, that is, to impress the view that one legitimate outcome of that education in those on whom the inestimable privilege of it is conferred, *is* public spirit.

Nor is it superfluous, I would remark, to affirm this. For, while it is self-evident that a liberal education should issue in that result—the very term "liberal" implying it—as a matter of fact it may just there miscarry, and sometimes does,—so completely miscarry as to work the perverse alien result of a contraction instead of a broadening of the human sympathies. There are no persons—of whom something different might be expected—with less of public spirit, more out of touch with their kind, more ignobly apathetic to the world about them, more cynical in their views of it, more empty of generous sentiments, more incapable of generous enthusiasm, than a certain class of educated men. Not a few of us here have lived long enough to know that sort. And of all failures is not one of the most melancholy, that of the opportunity of culture, when it enriches the intellect at the expense of impoverishing the nature?

Assuming public spirit to be but another term for broad and fervent human sympathy, nothing is plainer than that college training and college life should, in a special and an exceptional degree, be the parent of it.

The studies of the collegian, taking them by and large, lead into regions warm with human interest, and naturally tend to make the

student feel the pulse-beat of the world's great life, and to feel the oneness of it,—eminently literature, history, philosophy. The studies that have their primary value in the knowledge and the discipline that come of them are good, and very good; are, of course, perfectly indispensable. But when you speak of liberal education, as broadly conceived, however new times may require the modification of old methods and the reshaping of the curricula, there is an axiom profoundly applicable to the case, stated in the poet's line—

"The proper study of mankind is man,"

that can never be repealed; that in the future as in the past will unalterably prescribe what are called the Humanities, as the instrument-in-chief of that culture which it is the function of the higher institution of learning to provide.

After all, young women of the graduating class, what will signify as the product of the work you have done here is not so much any drill or special accomplishment you have achieved, however to be prized, as the thoughts you have learned to think, the ideas with which you have become penetrated, the impulses, the tempers that have been kindled in you touching your relations to that wider community into the life and action of which you are now to pass;—your relations to your town or city, to your state, to your nation, to your church, to the human commonwealth and fellowship up and down. The mind of patriotism will be in you, and the mind of philanthropy, or your studies will have greatly missed their mark.

What in the vital ultimate import of it is literature? Nothing other or less than the supreme record and relic of the experience of Humanity. The throb of the living heart of the ages is in it. If acquaintance the most extensive and familiar with it makes one merely literary, makes his library his world, in him literature has vastly fallen short of fulfilling its office.

Not at all that men of the book and of the lamp do not often achieve great benefits. In a dark hour of our great struggle for national existence, a scholar of one of our universities sat in his study and wrote an

essay entitled "How a Free People Conduct a Long War," that was worth an army corps to the cause of the Union. But his library was not his world.

The Bible is the literature paramount of Humanity; transcribing, preserving, presenting, as does no other, the annals of the most tragical aspect of human experience—the spiritual;—tragical still. They whose study of it ends with making them biblical scholars, or expositors of its divine doctrine for doctrines' sake, have put it to narrow use. Literature creating, feeding, quickening, expanding those sentiments of fellow-feeling that awakes in you the desire to serve your generation; transmuted into that motive is literature ministering its own true gift in the field of liberal education.

So of philosophy, so of history, so of mental and moral science; yes, and of other science, political and economic obviously; and the physical, more and more as with process of time the vital coördination of knowledge in departments the most diverse transpires;—even they open out into the sphere of current human life. There is nothing whatever that the mind is exercised upon in a place like this, that may not, that should not, enlarge the power and the scope of the participation by sympathy in the manifold stir and movement of that life—its hunger, its hope, its immemorial struggle upward, its sublime passion—that has not conspicuously wrought to that effect.

Is it not marked in the whole course of civilization's advance, that the school of learning is the nursing mother of freedom? That it is so in our age, we have only to look and listen to perceive. In the government of Russia the tenth century survives; in her universities, as recent events have shown, she is in touch with the twentieth century. That it has so proved in our land might be how abundantly illustrated!

During the siege of Yorktown in 1862, I read, while the cannon thundered overhead, traced on the earth-wall of one of the parallels of approach to the fortifications of that stronghold, a Greek sentence. I will not try to repeat it, but it was from a play that had been one of our college text-books in my time, and it was a patriot's defiance of his country's foe. The bachelor or master of arts who, in some interval

of his military duty, had recalled it and scratched it there, had learned in his work on that drama a further lesson than he had recited. A college contemporary and friend of mine fell, mortally wounded, fighting in the line at the battle of Antietam. While he lay breathing out his life in pain, General Burnside, in whose command he had served and who held him in warm personal regard, came to see him, and kneeling at his side gave expression to his sorrow at finding him in such a case. "General," said the dying youth (so the surgeon who overheard it told me), "I thank you. I suppose that I cannot live. If it is so, all I have to say is that it *is* sweet to die for one's country." *"Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori"* was in his thoughts you see. But how much more than grammar or poetry had that line of Horace meant to him!

There is, it is true, no great force of demonstration in such instances—which might be endlessly multiplied—but they suggest, or hint, that the patriotism so witnessed was fostered by liberal studies, as certainly it was. It is at all events indisputable that in the period of that awful tribulation there was no class of our people to whom the cause contended for seemed of so high a moment; who saw the issues it involved, the sequels to mankind of success and failure, so clearly, and were of so steadfast a spirit to maintain it at all cost from first to last as our educated men and women, because they *were* educated men and women.

You, young women, I hope in God will never see such a war as that. But you will none the less have a country to love. Public causes of vast import will as now, and so long as you live, be in agitation about you. Enterprises of humanity, various, urgent, worthy of the most and best you can contribute to their aid will not fail to bespeak your service. It is, by the power of the spreading leaven of Christianity, the age of an unprecedented rise of the humane sentiment in all applications. You cannot lack in coming years the chance to prove the virtue residing in the golden opportunity here by Providence awarded you, to have been made in the noblest sense magnanimous, large-minded women.

That this may be the realized event of your college life is to be coveted for you on all accounts. There goes along with the public spirit growing out of a genuine culture—and is a factor of it—a faith in man that is a profound and refined element of life's true felicity It is a characteristic operation of that broad human sympathy which the higher education should beget, to generate and to strengthen that faith.

A distinguished statesman of this nation, a man of royal quality multifariously conversant with affairs through a long series of years with occasion, of course, above the most to observe the meaner side of human nature, testified in his old age, in reply to a question, that decidedly, on the whole, the more he had known men the better he had thought of them.

Another countryman of ours, of some note in his day, in declaring that, contrariwise, his experience of men had progressively inclined him to misanthropy, said—actually wrote it—that after he had become skeptical of the title of any man living to his reverence, there had remained a few tombs before which he uncovered; but that finally he had come to keep his hat on even there. Draughty places, tombs were, he sneered, and he was afraid of catching cold.

Unhappy are they who, as they advance in life, grow sour and mocking in their judgments of their fellow-men, till there is no more anyone they can trust, anyone they can venerate, anyone who is a hero to them; till human nature wears to them no aspect of dignity or worth Your education should hold you far off from all that dismal poverty One thing it is for is to give you open eyes—and ever more open—to those views of your humankind that warrant great hope for them and great endeavor in their behalf. Such views there are, of which the Gospel of the Son of God is witness. For one reason of Christ's sacrifice was that he so believed in man and in men.

And in anticipation of the life before you, there is nothing better to wish for you than that you may go on still learning from all sources, but from Him above all, the secret most blessed, of those noble, beauti-

ful, benignant enthusiasms exemplified in Him, and in every Greatheart of our race.

Of it will come to you the power to ascend into, and abide in, those free and large generosities of spirit which are of the amplest, richest experience of life, which take us out of ourselves and fill us with the joy of grand admirations, of grand allegiances and loyalties, of grand inspirations and consecrations, in which the strength of manhood and the grace of womanhood alike have their coronation; which lift us into range of the divine sympathies, into communion of the divine thoughts, which can, in a word, give us the mind and the heart to pray "Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."

THE DEDICATION OF DWIGHT HALL.

The dedication of the Dwight Memorial Art Building on the afternoon of Commencement day, June 18, 1902, was an event of great interest in the history of Mount Holyoke College. The more formal exercises were held at three o'clock in the lecture room of Dwight Hall, followed by a reception in the library, galleries and studios. Among the honored guests present, none was more welcome than the accomplished architect of the building, Mr. George F. Newton of Boston, to whose rare skill and unfailing judgment the beautiful completion of the Dwight Art Memorial is so largely due.

In the addresses of the afternoon, which were remarkably happy and suggestive, the programme observed was as follows, President Woolley presiding:—

Prayer, ... Rev. J. L. R. Trask, D.D.
Presentation, ... Rev. M. E. Dwight
Acceptance of keys, ... Rev. Judson Smith, D.D.

The First Teaching of the History of Art at Mount Holyoke College, ... Miss Georgiana Hodgkins, Ph.B.

The Study of the History of Art in a College, Professor John Henry Wright, LL.D.

The Rev. M. E. Dwight, in presenting the keys, said:—

Since it has seemed good to you, Madam President, and to the Trustees of Mount Holyoke College to have a public dedication of the art building, I am here by invitation to represent my father, who dreads the excitement of this ceremony and especially the possibility of being thanked for the interest he has manifested in the college. He has been brought up in the principles of the New England Puritans, who believe that all things, even opportunities for doing good, are of God to whom belongs the glory. Besides he has lived many years and he has had many experiences, and so realizes that appreciation is the best acknowledgment, and that the best expression of appreciation is the joyous use of what is received. If you will permit me to speak for myself, I will add, that the way of the little children in their acknowledgments seems to me to be the better way for all to follow. They always smile when they receive anything they appreciate, but they always forget to say "Thank you," till their mothers remind them of it, or make them say it, and then they run away to hide their joy and eat up their candy, or use up their plaything. I am sure that it will give my father the most pleasure to know that the college is so pleased with the art building that it is doing its utmost to use it up!

It seems to me that many colleges, and perhaps most of them, are not using their opportunities for the study of art as fully as they should. They have everything that is needful; they have their art buildings and collections as well as competent teachers and willing scholars, yet the study is made elective and little emphasis is laid upon its importance. So the study is neglected by the majority of the students. But in the College of the City of New York, where I was educated, the study was required and the course was extended over a period of about two years. During the sophomore year, four hours in each week were

devoted to drawing from casts besides other work required for examination. I have a vivid recollection of spending the whole of one hot Fourth of July in finishing a drawing for exhibition the next day.

Such training may have unduly impressed me with the importance of this branch of education. Yet in all our colleges, and surely in all our women's colleges, much importance should be attached to the Beautiful as an essential part of a complete education. It was my lot to receive instruction in philosophy from a disciple of Victor Cousin and so to be taught that the end and perfection of real wisdom, and therefore the aim of all proper education, is to know and attain to the True, the Beautiful and the Good; to be taught that beside the True and the Good there is another category, the Beautiful, which is a component part of the completion of human wisdom and attainment. Such was my early training, and it is still my conviction that only by the study and realization of these three categories is the student fully educated, either for this world, or for the truer, better and more beautiful one to come. And I am afraid, Madam President, that if we refuse to learn the beauty there is in this world we may not have a chance to learn what beauty there is in another.

Favorably circumstanced as is Mount Holyoke College with its unrivaled beauty of scenery and situation, with its new art building, its eloquent teachers and its earnest scholars, may it not be expected that the culture of the Beautiful will here find a congenial home and devoted followers?

It is now my privilege in the name of my father, Mr. John Dwight, to give into the keeping and possession of Mount Holyoke College the keys of the Memorial Art Building.

To this address of presentation by the Rev. M. E. Dwight, the Rev. Dr. Judson Smith, president of the Board of Trustees, responded.

In the name of the Trustees of the college I accept these keys and the building they guard, and assure you and the donor that it shall be devoted to the object designated in the gift.

We are deeply grateful that this need, long so keenly felt, has been

thus generously met. This noble building, unique among our college halls, and admirably suited to its object, crowns the campus and adds at once distinction to our plant and an important furnishing to our academic life. The recognition of Art and of the part which it plays in a finished and well rounded culture is not new in our college life, but now for the first time has worthy expression and adds a true grace and completeness to our equipment. The story of Art and of its history not only is not at variance with the high and serious aims which have shaped the college from the first, but clearly forms a noble part of that liberal education which the college has aimed to give through all these years.

We all must remember this day that able woman of former years who, while presiding over this institution, did not deem it unworthy to add to her official duties an inspiring leadership in the History of Art, and who left an example and aspiration which have here their fitting consummation and crown. In this outcome of her labors and the efforts of those who have carried on her work, we all, trustees and faculty and graduates and friends, alike rejoice.

And for this building, which adds grace to the campus, and needed completeness to our equipment, and preserves an honored name in the history of the college, we give to the donor hearty thanks.

Dr. Smith then read a letter of greeting from Miss Mary Evans, the honored president of Lake Erie College, who, having been invited to speak on the occasion, was unable to be present because of official duties.

To the Trustees and Faculty of Mount Holyoke College:—

I greatly regret that, as our commencements fall within the same week, I cannot accept the invitation to be present at the dedication of Dwight Hall. I send for myself and Lake Erie College cordial congratulations to the trustees and faculty and, none the less, to the donor who, of all the rejoicing company, must be most happy.

I congratulate my Alma Mater upon the realization of the hopes and plans of a quarter century ago. Mount Holyoke has been to many

a synonym for the ascetic rather than the æsthetic. It is therefore good to remember that among the first of the colleges rather than the last, art study was welcomed here and the way prepared for the development so nobly crowned to-day.

Congratulations and reminiscence blend so naturally upon such an occasion that I am sure you will pardon me if my thoughts dwell upon those early '70's in the century just closed. It was a decade when our civic consciousness and our latent love for art were asserting themselves in the centennial exposition of 1876 and when the higher education of women was taking shape in splendid buildings and unprecedented gifts.

Reproductions of classic art had come naturally to Amherst College, where the spirit of Greek culture was so long embodied in Professor Tyler. Here, at Mount Holyoke, there was an eager desire for a richer, more symmetrical growth. Under the principalship of Miss Ward an heroic effort for enlargement met with the generous appreciation of the trustees and with that noble gift of money, time, and thought commemorated in Williston Hall for Science and Art. Science seemed to have the largest share of space, but the building which was to be, was at first spoken of as the Art building, and at the dedication in 1876, Professor Tyler dwelt upon the sisterhood of Science and Art, neither outshining the other. This art impulse was also emphasized by the presentation of the great landscape by Bierstadt, the artist himself coöperating in the gift with the two generous women who thus began the future gallery of paintings.

It was only natural that provision should be made for the teaching of the History of Art. A suggestion to the trustees and their ready response made it possible for the associate principal, then traveling in Europe, to remain abroad for special study. It is here that my own debt to Mount Holyoke begins, for Miss Blanchard and I were fellow travelers and students as we had once been co-workers here.

In these days of specializing along a single line of art or archæology, our opportunity for special study seems very small. But there was inspiration in it from many sources, among them the genial interest of the successor of Professor Lübke at the University of Zurich, Professor

Kinkel, who was a compatriot of the Hon. Carl Schurz, and who had an open heart for students from America. We appreciated still more the helpful sympathy of Mrs. Lucy Wright Mitchell, a Mount Holyoke woman herself, who was then outlining her work upon Greek Sculpture and who entered with enthusiasm into the plans for art study at Mount Holyoke.

The same inspiration, a few years later, sent Miss Randolph, a Mount Holyoke graduate, then teaching at "Lake Erie," to Europe for three years of special study and on annual pilgrimages ever since, to the great gain of both institutions and, especially, to give to her own Alma Mater the fine enthusiasm and persistent effort, which are so much in evidence to-day.

It has been the glory of Mount Holyoke that the many, rather than the few, have coöperated in her development. I congratulate the givers, alumnæ, and all others who have helped and are helping to enrich these galleries of Art. Nothing is too good or great for Mount Holyoke, not only as a monument of her past and a dear memorial of those whose home once stood where these walls have risen, crowned with beauty, but for the student of to-day, and coming days. I congratulate you upon these thronging multitudes coming up to study here, and upon each and every elect soul who shall here learn that truth and beauty and worship and service are one.

With increasing love for Alma Mater and cordial greeting to her president, I am,

Yours sincerely,

MARY EVANS.

Lake Erie College, Painesville, Ohio,
June 12, 1902.

Miss Hodgkins ('85) was then introduced, who spoke upon the first teaching of the History of Art at Mount Holyoke College.

To those of us who have in these last days been renewing our acquaintance with the old art treasures in their wonderful new setting, one figure is continually present—Miss Blanchard. There is not a

picture nor a cast in the whole collection that is not eloquent of her. It was she who began the work in art history and who carried it on, during the years between 1878 and 1889, alone.

Many of us who belonged to that era owe all we know of art to her instruction. All of us owe any impulse to its further study which we may have had to her inspiration. She began the work, and gave it such direction that it can never wholly lose the effect of that impulse.

But as I stand here to-day, I do not distinguish clearly between Miss Blanchard as a teacher of art and Miss Blanchard as a woman. She was—and the same elements of character were exhibited in her work as were shown in her. In the last analysis we do not distinguish between the man and his work; the man is his work, for in the work as in the man, it is the spirit that counts.

Personally, if you will pardon the allusion, I do not recall one word that any teacher of mine ever said; but I distinctly recall the attitude that each bore toward her subject. I recall the effect that the subject under her presentation produced upon me; the atmosphere of the class room is as distinct to me yet as is the odor of the syringas by the library door. The spirit lives; and while memory lives it cannot die. Yea, entering into other lives by some mysterious process of transmutation, it shall continue to live long after the individual memory shall have ceased.

Dead? Miss Blanchard? No! She is more alive to me at this moment than you who sit before me. I can see her going through Domestic Hall—itself a memory—or up the old South walk, sweet with early hyacinths and violets, or bright with daffodils and tulips, her skirts caught up in one hand in a way that did not always make for grace. The little characteristic shake that she gave them periodically is as real to me at this moment as the waving of the fans in your hands. The erect carriage, the nervous step—for she never had leisure, in all the long years she never had leisure—the piercing, full, dark eye, the white hair, which, somehow, was never a sign of age, the determined mouth, breaking unexpectedly into a smile rarely arch and humorous—this is the figure that meets me at every turn with its old-time greeting. Dead? No!

Her presence in the class room was a trumpet-call to duty. She was full of her subject, master of every detail, and the sword-thrust of her question pierced to the dividing asunder of knowledge and ignorance. No one slept! She had great skill in impressing the class with the limitless bounds of the subject and the wholly inadequate time allotted to its discussion. There was no time to waste. She felt it; and she made us feel it. One never had any fear of sounding the depths of her information. We were as free to question as was she and the constant give and take was surest indication of aroused mentality.

The same qualities that belonged to the woman belonged to the teacher. She took her work seriously as she took her life. Her earnestness, her sense of justice, her ambition to meet her duties without flinching—these reacted on those committed to her charge as such things always must.

Life demanded hard things of her. There are some, you know, whom it treats that way. She seemed to have a genius for finding out the difficult places and filling them with a sacrifice of self so complete that it did not even call itself by that name. Whenever a breach occurred in department or in management it was Miss Blanchard who was called to fill it, and she met the call even though recognizing that criticism and misconception would be, humanly speaking, her only reward.

I do not mean to imply that she was not appreciated. Far from it. Few have the blessedness of knowing such stanch, personal loyalty as did she. Those nearest her, those most in the secret of her purposes, were her warmest supporters. But had it not been so, had she stood alone—such was her moral fiber that I cannot question that the result upon her action would have been the same. Her duty once clearly seen and no mere personal consideration, no question of support or non-support, could have prevented her from the doing it.

This, then, is one of the spirits that will meet us on this threshold: the spirit, youthful and valiant, of a white-haired woman to whom duty was law; who never coddled us—it was not her way—but who did brace our souls to meet the shock of conflict without fear and without favor—an heroic spirit, not too common.

But while life was etched for her in such stern and simple lines as I have indicated, she held in the reserves of her soul an admiration for the softer elements of beauty that was little less than a passion. It was the graces of character and of manner that appealed to her most in people; it was the spiritual, the essence, that spoke to her in art, and it was in the interpretation of art that she found her fullest self-expression, her most natural means for the development of that spiritual insight which is the soul of education. Hence I am glad that such immortality as monumental stone can give is to be hers in lines of just such grace and beauty as are crystallized here, and that the delicacy and loveliness, which were in some measure denied her in her life, are by a kind of Divine justice to be inseparably connected with her memory.

The last address of the afternoon was by Prof. John Henry Wright, LL.D., of Harvard University, upon the study of the History of Art in a College. Professor Wright spoke as follows:—

Education consists in studying three books: the Book of God, the Book of Nature, and the Book of Man,—a liberal education in learning to read them aright, and with understanding, so as to set forth in life and character the lessons they teach.

The Book of Man is written mainly by the nations in what are in effect great autobiographies. As Mr. Ruskin has phrased it, in a memorable paragraph:—

"Great nations write their autobiographies in three manuscripts, the book of their deeds, the book of their words, and the book of their art. Not one of these books can be understood unless we read the two others, but of the three the only quite trustworthy one is the last. The acts of a nation may be triumphant by its good fortune, and its words mighty by the genius of a few of its children, but its art only by the general gifts and common sympathies of the race."

History, Literature, and Art,—these are the manuscripts, these the libraries, these the laboratories. Properly to read these books, we need in advance to have learned the grammar and vocabulary of the

language in which they are written; in history the items of fact, the items which are multiform in character, to acquire the historical sense and to exercise skillfully the art of criticism; in literature, to learn in a literal sense the grammar and language in which the great creations of literature are embodied; in art, to learn the vocabulary and grammar that archæology and the principles of æsthetics teach us. And only after these preliminary lessons are wisely learned are we qualified to proceed, to pass beyond the vestibule into the library, into the very presence of the enshrined dead—the dead that alone are not dead, to find in their friendship the inspiration of a larger life. Sometimes we fail to pass beyond the vestibule, and we spend our years in what is really preliminary, and it is then that men justly think of our education that it is vanity. Sometimes, on the other hand, we attempt to read these great books without knowing in advance their grammar, their vocabulary, their language; we then wander dazed and helpless in the great halls, and read wrong lessons from half-deciphered pages.

When, however, we have had the proper preparation—which is the main function of the college to afford—we may learn great truths that will enlarge and enrich our lives and transform them into something new and strange. These truths will come to us mainly in the friendships that we shall achieve,—friendships with ideals. Indeed, friendships are the most precious things in life. I mean not only the friendships that nature ordains for us—for our dear kinsfolk, for father, for mother, for sisters, for wife, for husband, for son, for daughter, (the dearest of all), and friendships for those outside the circle of kinship, but friendships for the strange as for the familiar, friendships for the noble and true, friendships for the ideal—yes, for the Ideal Man, who living once amid the Judean hills lives forever in the hearts of men, a friendship that passeth that of a brother—the highest treasure that life has for us.

Friendship implies affection, high regard, understanding, sympathy, appreciation; the absence of self-assertion, the devotion to what is best and highest.

It is a friendship for the beautiful things made by the hand of

man—nay, for the ideals that these set forth, the soul that is in them—that the study of the History of Art, when wisely pursued, will bring one. To the privileges and opportunities of such high companionship does this noble building, with the instruction provided in it, introduce the students of Mount Holyoke College.

What is the study of the History of Art? It is not (it may be well to say in advance) technical training for proficiency in the practice of the arts. It does not produce painters, sculptors, architects, any more than does the pursuit of history and poetry in college have in view the production of statesmen or generals or poets. Of course some slight knowledge, through practical use, of the processes of the arts will be helpful—as of drawing for the purpose of memorizing, as it were, the features of a work of art—but such practice will be purely secondary. No; the object in the study of History of Art is the contemplation, with the highest powers of the mind, in a spirit of appreciation and intellectual assimilation, of the most beautiful and characteristic things made by the hand of man, in their general relations, and in their universal suggestiveness: the study of these beautiful things,—whenever made, wherever made, whether in Greece more than two thousand years ago, in Italy three hundred years ago, or in our own wonderful modern world—the study, I say, of beautiful things not alone absolutely in themselves but also, and primarily, in the processes that resulted in their creation; for it is certainly true that we can never really know a thing until we know how it became what it is. No chronological criteria come in here to affect the value of the objects that we are to study. Because a thing is new or of to-day it is not any the more of significance. To the things of the spirit—beautiful embodied truths—there is no past, present, or future; they are untouched by years, true forever, as vital to-day to the enlightened eye and mind as when they first took material form. And it is the happy privilege of the student that in the contemplation of them he lives himself an immortal, and ageless, life. The Greek muses sang, "Whate'er is beautiful, is ever dear," which is the thought of Keats, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

We know but little of the psychological basis of our sense of beauty,

but of one thing we are assured, that beautiful objects are beautiful by reason of their summing up a multitude of qualities into impressive unities—because they show multiplicity in unity. So it is that beautiful objects of art have an infinite suggestiveness; they tell not only the special story they were meant to tell, but they reflect, in a measure, the artist's soul and his ideals—which are often better than his achievement—his own individual vision of eternal truth; but they also show us the ideals and spirit of the times in which the artist wrought—being, as it were, an epitome of these—"infinite riches in a little room."

Like nature, art, by slow processes, achieves types, which are the consummate expression of national traits and tendencies. The artist's individuality here becomes merged, and art becomes impersonal. This gives to its phenomena a reality and power, as expressions of truth, that are absolutely unique.

The beautiful things wrought by the hand of man and beheld by the eye, traced in their genetic development, in their manifold suggestiveness, are the object of study on the part of the student of the History of Art. For such study, as Pliny said, "leisure and profound stillness" are required: unhurried deliberation, quiet but serious contemplation. One's attitude should be that of openness of mind to receive impressions, and the critical sense should be exercised only after one has received in their fullness all these impressions. Not the mere accumulation of a multitude of facts should be the student's aim, but the discernment of principles whereof the facts are but the exponents. Indeed the teacher of the History of Art is an interpreter, a prophet, in a large sense. He should have the vision of wholes, and should consider phenomena from the point of view of universal art expression. It is enough—indeed, it is narrowing—to restrict one's attention to one aspect or period of art history. We cannot understand even the parts unless we understand the whole, nor in fact the wholes without the parts.

The methods to be pursued in a college, in the study of History of Art, will be different under different conditions. There should be a general survey of the whole field; as also special and detailed studies of significant epochs or of individual artists and of great works. And

the method should include for the student not only the hearing of lectures and the reading of important books, but the actual and immediate study of reproductions, with pencil in hand, "in leisure and profound stillness."

All education consists in bringing one's self into vital relations with great spiritual truths wherever recorded and in learning to place the right emphasis on things. By the wise study of the phenomena that fall within the survey of the History of Art, this quickening relation is established, and one learns to view things in their due perspective. The soul is expanded; many windows are opened upon new vistas and horizons and the dark chambers of the mind are brightened and freshened by the inrush of light and air; knowledge of all sorts is broadened and vitalized, and character is enriched; indeed, living itself is beautified. An old Greek orator once said, "One cannot live beautifully, unless one knows the beautiful things in life," and it is the function of the study of the History of Art to reveal to one the beautiful things in life, the life of the race.

Since the objects of art are the work of men who lived their life as men, who always wrought with reference to public uses, whether consciously or unconsciously, the study of the History of Art is of incomparable service to the historian, who in fact often finds in its material the most precious of historical documents—sometimes the only ones. There are, for example, certain momentous periods of the world's history, for which domestic pottery is the chief available source of information. And dim indeed were our vision of Greek civilization without a knowledge of its art. Thus it is that History of Art, besides its own immediate purposes, is of the highest importance as ancillary to history in the ordinary use of the word. It gives a sense of reality to things, ordinarily merely read about. Furthermore, it has a marked effect on that strange summary of elements that we call character. It develops open-mindedness, charity, sympathy, feeling for our kind; it deepens the power of appreciation, not only so that we enjoy more wisely the things we like, but it also enlarges our interests and gives us a wide

catholic taste. The effect of the study of the History of Art is thus moral as well as intellectual.

Plato, in his account of the ideal commonwealth, has happily sketched the nature and influence of such study: "We ought to seek out artists who by the power of genius can trace out the nature of the fair and graceful, that our young men, dwelling as it were in a healthful region, may drink in good from every quarter, whence any emanation from noble works may strike upon their eye or their ear, like a gale wafting health from salubrious lands, and win them imperceptibly from their earliest childhood into resemblance, love, and harmony with the true beauty of reason."

With such material, ladies and gentlemen, and with such results, has the study of History of Art to do. And there is no better place for it in our whole system of education than in the curriculum of a college, —indeed, a curriculum without it is defective.

A department of instruction in the History of Art needs, first, inspiring teachers, touched with the spirit of interpretation; a house—like this—where may be gathered representative works of art. These should be chiefly reproductions of noble originals—casts, photographs, prints, lantern slides; and of original works of art only such as are of the highest intrinsic excellence. An abundant library of books should be provided, to which—as to all other illustrative material—there should be easy access on the part of students, not only those specially interested but all college students. And everything should be done to make the access an intelligent one, by the provision of descriptions and clues and guides to the proper use and understanding of the various objects.

Such a department of instruction, such a house, is yours at last. It existed years ago in the thought of one in whose name I regard myself as standing here, my beloved sister, Mrs. Lucy Mitchell, to whom kind reference has already been made. She looked forward to the time when the study of the History of Art should be more extensively cultivated in America, and in particular at the seminary where she studied—now Mount Holyoke College—and to the promotion of that study she con-

secrated herself in her "History of Ancient Sculpture" and in a "History of Greek Vase Painting," which she had in preparation at the time of her death. This ideal of hers and of other noble women has now in large measure been realized. What is still lacking will undoubtedly be provided in the near future. Generous-souled people of means will see to it that this house is fitly furnished and equipped with all the appliances that are needed to make the work of instruction most effective and fruitful.

But the essential things are here already. And you, young ladies, students of the college, have before you the opportunity and the privilege of passing, after due novitiate, beyond the vestibule into the very Temple of Art, of making friendships with all that is noble and beautiful in the handiwork of man, and of reading the large lessons this has for mankind. Mount Holyoke College has long stood for the Good and the True; she will hereafter, more than in the past, stand also for the Beautiful. It is only as these three ideals are held steadfastly high that life gains its rightful fullness and power.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF GIFTS TO THE DWIGHT MEMORIAL ART BUILDING.

In response to the appeal made in June, 1901, accompanying the publication of the "Purchase List of Important Casts in Sculpture," the following gifts for the year were announced on Commencement Day, 1902:—

Class of 1902, The Victory of Samothrace $130.00
Class of '99, the Hermes of Praxiteles, the Eirene, the Artemis of Gabii, Nos. 25, 27 and 29, Part I, Purchase List..... 240.00
Class of '96, the model of the Athenian Acropolis, the models of Athens and Olympia..... 200.00
Class of '89, in addition to $150.00, previously given for casts of the Parthenon frieze, a further gift of..... 50.00
Class of '84, five hundred dollars toward a fund to be known as the "Elizabeth Blanchard Memorial Fund," the interest to

help each year in securing needed equipment for the study of History of Art; the income already used amounts to sixty dollars $560.00

Class of '72, a fund expended during the year for casts, together with a small nucleus toward the purchase of an electric lantern for the lecture room of Dwight Hall..... 350.00

The Mount Holyoke Club, Jamestown, N. Y..... 25.00

The Hampshire County Alumnæ Association..... 20.00

The New York Alumnæ Association..... 70.00

The Springfield Alumnæ Association..... 40.00

Personal Gifts:—

Mrs. A. L. Williston..... $90.00
(This is the first subscription made toward a collection of casts for Dwight Hall.)

Rev. M. E. Dwight..... 300.00

The contributions thus enumerated and gratefully acknowledged amount to $2,075.00, five hundred dollars of which represents the beginning of a permanent fund. The "Purchase List of Casts for Dwight Hall," published a year ago, outlining a limited collection of representative objects in pre-Greek, Greek, Roman and Renaissance sculpture, indicates an outlay of at least $5,000.00.

As may be seen, much remains to be fulfilled in making this collection of casts, so well begun, sufficient for its specific purpose in art illustration.

Among other immediate demands in connection with the beautiful new Art Building, the department library, fitted with every material furnishing, calls for an abundant supply of books, the gallery of paintings for carefully selected pictures.

Further it cannot be too strongly urged that to suitably maintain the hall and add each year to the collections, an ample endowment is essential.

—Louise Fitz-Randolph.

THE CRUISE OF THE ARGO.

THE good ship "Argo" lay pulling and chafing at her pier, all laden, ballasted, and manned for a venturous voyage. I, her captain, stood on shore arranging a few last business details with the Thessalonian Shipping Company's agent,—a functionary obligingly personated by our mother—while imaginary stewards and sailors stowed away the last stores just sent on board, and my first mate, Mildred, bustled about the deck rather nervously, for it was that officer's first trip in such a responsible capacity.

I concluded negotiations with the Company's agent regarding our return cargo of blackberries from the Sandwich Islands, and a few moments later the agent, pier, and shore line had all receded from our view; we officers had cheerfully turned our backs to the land and were as much as a mile away across the silvery expanse of water.

"You take the wheel, Mildred,—Mr. Theseus, I mean,—and I 'll look after the mainsail a bit myself," said I, crawling forward to raise the big umbrella. But mutinous tones came after me and I turned to see my first officer looking puzzled and insulted, both.

"I don't see any wheel," he was saying, "and it does n't belong to me to take it, either. I 'm an officer. Where 's the man that turns your old wheel, anyway?"

"The wheel," I answered with dignity, "is that rudder-thing on behind, Mr. Theseus, and the man who belongs to it has mutinied. I 've got him shut up, down in the hold, in chains, and you 'll have to do duty instead of him for a while."

Having thus secured a sulky quiet abaft of my vessel, I hauled more firmly at the black mainsail and meditatively swept the horizon with my glass (my mother's bird glasses, abstracted for the occasion). In the stiff breeze we were careening along at a rate of surely twenty knots an hour and the Sandwich Islands were looming up in such proximity that we must make the harbor in less than ten minutes, I calcu-

lated. The first mate interrupted me just here with a subdued suggestion:—

"Don't you b'lieve it 's time to eat something, Captain Jason? Those gingerbread cakes smell awful good!"

"Oh, yes, yes," I assented. "I 'll ring for the steward and we 'll have lunch at once, up here on the hurricane deck."

"We won't get blown off, will we?" queried the officer, apprehensively.

"Oh, dear, no!" I answered; "and you may be relieved now at the wheel, sir," I went on after giving stentorian orders for the mainsail to be lowered. The "Argo" now drifted quietly away from the Islands and bore away more in the direction of the Asiatic coast. As we partook of our cold-chicken-and-gingerbread substitute for hardtack and bacon, a happy thought came to me and I communicated it informally to my companion.

"Let 's cruise around," I proposed, "and see if there 's any captive princess shut up on some of these islands, or some brave American sailor cast ashore all alone, for us to rescue. We 've had such a quick voyage here to the Islands that I 'm afraid it 's too early for the blackberry crop to be ripe."

"Yes, let 's!" agreed Mr. Theseus, brightly once more. "Just as soon 's we get through eating let 's begin to look!"

We lay looking contentedly and blinkingly up at the morning sky overhead till a sudden faint call was borne to us over from the Asiatic shore way. I sprang up and seized the glass; but Mr. Theseus' keen sea-eyes spied first the lone blue figure far off on that wild coast.

"It 's the Princess, Harold—Captain! It 's her sure enough! And probably the old dragon 's there somewhere getting ready to torment her again! Oh, let 's hurry!"

We listened again, and watched, for the captive maiden was calling and waving a white signal at the same time.

"Little boy! hulloo there, little b-o-y!" she called eagerly. I looked about me, over the water, jealous at the thought that any other hero might be approaching, also, bent on rescue as well as we. But no other

vessel was in sight, and we propelled the "Argo" swiftly shorewards till we bumped excitedly on the beach and the Princess ran down from the rocks above to welcome us. I was not quite sure what was coming next, but I supposed she might cast herself at our feet in ardent gratitude for such deliverance.

"I 'm Captain Jason," I began kindly, but the Princess laid hold of the "Argo's" bow and began pushing it weakly off the sand.

"Oh, won't you take me home?" she cried appealingly. "I must get there before half-past eleven; it 's very urgent. Won't you, please?" she concluded more beseechingly.

My heart was in my mouth already and I felt ready to pluck it out and lay it at her feet. This was no other than a Princess surely, for she was no ordinary young lady like my grown-up sister who wears shirt waists and homely short skirts. This one stood there all in pale blue and turned her shining big eyes first to me, then to Mildred, while she spoke. Her hair too was brown and soft and made me want to put my hand carefully against it to feel if it were as light as it looked.

I was anxious to assure her quickly how we were wanting to do that very thing for her—bear her home in triumph—but she had stepped fairly aboard before the words would come from my tongue. Then I started to introduce to her, as was fitting, the "Argo" and its officers, but she only looked far off over the waters and interrupted me in her quick voice:—

"Yes, yes, I hear. What did you say your names are, you dear children? See, I live way over at that gray-gabled cottage on the south shore. Do you know what time it is? Do you suppose we can get there before half-past eleven?"

All this came so breathlessly that we could only stare at her in perplexity, and then she went on, with a pink in her cheeks and real tears in her eyes that made her look all the prettier:—

"Oh, dear! I can't row a single stroke, myself, and how can we ever get home? I *must* get there; I want to meet some one and he 'll be gone if I 'm not there. Can't I hold up the umbrella and make the boat go faster?"

"Yes," I answered, thoroughly excited now, "you get up into the bow there, and open the umbrella. Mildred and I 'll row as hard as we can."

Gone was all our official dignity and freedom from duties now; we were bending to the oars like the humblest sailor before the mast! The Princess was leaning far out over the bow, as if she wanted to help push us through the air as well as through the waves. She said no more till I panted out the inquiry if it was the butcher she was so anxious to see at half-past eleven.

"Because I know," said I, "how mean it is to miss seeing him, now that he only comes to the cottages twice a week. Last week my dog could n't have any meat because I was n't 'round when the butcher came."

The blue-robed maiden looked at me this time with such a wondering expression, and then her eyes looked just like the rippling of the waves for an instant.

"The butcher!" she gasped in return. "Oh, heavens!" and she laughed gayly, though the tears seemed to come again at the same time. "You blessed little folks!" she went on again, "do hurry a little more if you can, and I 'll do anything afterwards to make up to you. Oh, I 'll tell you all about it! There 's a man—and he 's just like a prince, —and a year ago I promised to tell him to-day if I 'd—do something he wanted me to; and he was to come to-day, you see, to our cottage, and if I was n't there he 'd know I did n't want to do that thing; and he 'll go right away on the next train. Oh, why does n't the wind blow harder!" she cried out in a louder voice, and she shook the umbrella impatiently. "Oh, dear! this morning I thought I did n't want to be there when he came; I got Jimmie to row me over to that place and he was to come back for me at one. But now,—oh, I want to get home before half-past eleven!"

This was a more mystifying revelation than any of our story or dream princesses could have ever made, and Mildred and I remained silent and puzzled as we toiled and perspired at the heavy oars. Every time we half-turned to see the Princess, she looked so cool and sweet,

in spite of her agitation; and we could not begrudge her that comfort in comparison with *our* feelings, for she looked too pretty there in the bow to be jealous of.

"There 's another boat off there!" she suddenly exclaimed. "Do you suppose we could catch up with that? and they could row me the rest of the way, perhaps. It looks like two men in it."

I glanced over my shoulder. "Oh, no," I said miserably, "that 's Sam Clark's boat. He carries folks from the cottages to the lower landing when they want to go down to the station quick. He 's the fastest rower on the lake, and we could never catch up——"

"Where 's your glass?" interrupted the Princess wildly. "Oh, it 's he! It 's Walter himself—on the way to the train in that boat! Oh, Walter, Walter!" she screamed, and Mildred and I made a final effort.

Sam Clark's boat flew on ahead of us, the waves making such a noise behind it that neither we nor they could hear each other. We pulled on blindly, and after another terrible minute and another call from our Princess I heard the noise ahead stop and then we dropped our oars. We turned around, though, towards Sam Clark, and then towards the girl with us. Her cheeks were very pink and her hair was blowing all over the pinkiness; but she stood up in the bow and called:—

"Oh, Walter, you must come back to lunch. Mother wants you to."

Everything happened fast after that: the man in the boat gave something out of his pocket to Sam, and then he jumped over into our boat and was helping the Princess hold on to the big umbrella.

"Come back to the stern-seat, Estelle," he said, and he threw a heavy little white box to us, out of his coat pocket.

"Don't you youngsters want to lie still in the bottom of the boat for a little while and eat candy? Let the boat drift,—or I 'll sail it with the umbrella," he proposed. We sank down gratefully and the man took the umbrella, still open, from the Princess; only, instead of holding it out for the wind to fill and blow us along, he held it right in front of him and the Princess; and everything was so still that Mildred and I fell fast asleep as we lay there on the lower deck of the "Argo."

—B. E. SPRAGUE, 1904.

THE WAY OF LIFE.

WITHIN a garden sweet and fair
One dwelt, nor need have any care
For toil or grief; but all day long
Might hear the low-voiced murmuring song
Of breezes whispering in the trees,
Or the hushed hum of drowsy bees,
Or call of birds from thickets near,
Or fall of waters silver clear.
And roses rich beyond compare
Grew in that garden everywhere,
Blushing at morning dewy sweet,
Gold-glowing 'neath the sun's full heat,
Laughing beneath the shining spray
Some wind-tossed fountain sent their way,
Or bending in the shadows cool,
Above the margin of some pool.
Yet this one heeded no sweet sound,
Nor cared for all the beauty round;
But wept and beat upon his breast,
And closer to the barriers pressed,
And strove to put aside each day
The flower-wreathed bars that shut the way;
And strained sad hopeless eyes to where
The desert stretched forth grim and bare,
And knew that from its farthest rim
The desert voices called to him.
And it so happened in those days,
From out the desert's farthest ways
There came a worn and dust-stained man
Guiding a weary caravan;
Who, when his chaffering was done,

Sought out some place to 'scape the sun.
And toward that garden fair and sweet
Some fate or chance did lead his feet;
And to his eyes, used to the glare
Of treeless plains and quivering air
Of sun-beat desert, this did seem
More lovely than his fairest dream.
A sudden loathing for his life,
Its barren toil and fruitless strife,
Rose in his soul; he thought to gain
In that sweet place an end to pain.
Yet nowise could he entrance win
So fast the gates were barred within;
And naught availed against their strength
His eager hands, so he at length
Must turn away unsatisfied,
Back to the desert grim and wide.
That night far in the barren land,
He lying prone upon the sand,
Smote the harsh earth with bitter cry,
And knew no peace, but prayed to die;
For still from fragrant shadows dim,
The passionate roses beckoned him.

—Ruth Davenport Holmes, 1902.

THE FATE OF LOUIS THE SEVENTEENTH OF FRANCE

At first thought, one is inclined to question. "Louis th Seventeenth? Was there in reality a Louis the Seventeenth on the thron of France?" Louis the Seventeenth is more easily recognized as "Th Dauphin" simply, than as a titular king of France. Some historian affirm that, since he never arrived at the point where he was privilege to assert his claim to the throne, he has no right to the name of "king. But, although he was not in a position to put himself forward, hi uncle, the Count of Provence, proclaimed his accession upon the deat of Louis the Sixteenth, and declared himself regent. This proclama tion was received with good will by the people, with the exception o the disaffected around Paris. The soldiers of the army even shouted *"Vive Louis Dix-septième!"* in opposition to the *"Vive la Nation"* o the Communists. He was officially recognized by the governments o England and Russia. The best proof of Louis' right to the title i shown in the fact that upon the restoration of the monarchy afte Napoleon's banishment, the succeeding Louis is numbered the Eight eenth rather than the Seventeenth.

The power of Louis the Seventeenth's brief reign was small indeed In and for himself he exercised no rights whatever. But by his mer existence he had an influence on the history of the Republic. It wa to hold them for Louis the Seventeenth until the conclusion of peac that the English Admiral Hood seized the city of Toulon and the flee of the Republic. The Spanish government refused to come to a settle ment with the Republic while the royal children were imprisoned i the Temple. In France itself there was considerable disaffection amon those who were longing for repose and a settled government. Nin tenths of the citizens of Paris demanded the restoration of the Constitu tion of 1791 with such changes as the interests of peace and order migh require. They thought that it was a recommendation for Louis th Seventeenth that he was in the hands of the Revolutionists, because h could be made to agree to any proposals they might care to make. Ever

members of the Convention were on the side of a restoration of the monarchy, and proposed a republican form of government modeled after the American republic, with the Dauphin at its head as president, and a Council of Regency, made up of members of the Convention, instead of a vice-president. By the time a definite proposition had been reached, however, the imprisoned boy was in no condition to hear it, much less to rule even nominally. The long strain of confinement and ill-treatment had told upon him mentally and physically, and only a short time elapsed before his death.

It is a question whether the Republic would ever have assumed this semi-monarchical form. However that may be, it was never to come through the Dauphin. The next in succession was his uncle Louis, who was at the head of a large body of armed emigrants and could not have been persuaded to accede to the demands of a republican form of government. The feeling against him in France at that time was too strong for an opportunity to have been offered him.

The importance of the reign of the boy-king is seen therefore to have been only in the shaping of the affairs of the Republic, and slight in that. The greatest interest in this king of France, who was of little importance, either historically or politically, centers in the question of his fate. "Did he actually die in prison, or did one of the many attempts made to rescue and conceal him succeed?" The accounts of his life and death differ very widely, although all are based more or less on historical facts.

History, whenever it mentions the disputed question, favors the story of death in imprisonment. It is known that the Dauphin was confined in the Temple with his father and mother, his sister Marie Therêse and Madame Elizabeth, the sister of the king. The members of the royal family were together until the day of the king's execution. Soon after, their hard-hearted jailers, deeming it too great a privilege to allow the "Widow Capet" to have both her children with her, removed the Dauphin to that part of the Temple which had been his father's apartment. They refused to grant Marie Antoinette permission to visit her son at any time, and did not inform him when she was taken

out to be executed. The boy, bright, lovable, and very fond of his mother, they placed under the care of one Simon the Cobbler. Instructions were given him to educate the boy to be a "citizen." Doubtless the boy's life would not have been as hard as it was had not Simon learned that the Convention, not willing to kill the Dauphin, yet wished to be rid of him. Simon was a man well fitted for the accomplishment of such a purpose. Large in form, brutal in manners, and evil in life, he undertook the pleasant occupation of "getting rid of Widow Capet's son." Blows, harsh and obscene language, poor clothing and bad food, in a short time reduced the boy's vitality to such a degree that he soon sank into an obstinate silence, enduring as best he could the ill-treatment thrust upon him for the sole reason that he was of royal descent. Six months of solitude in a filthy cell, with scarcely enough food to exist upon, succeeded the six months tutoring under Simon. When Laurent a humane and gentle man in spite of his political tendencies, was appointed his jailer in July, 1794, he found the boy in a horrible state of emaciation and filth. Such kindness from succeeding jailers as was possible under the severe orders of the Convention, did not serve to strengthen the boy physically, though it aroused him slightly mentally and in July, 1795, he died, not as the result of poisoning, as was reported, but of ill-treatment and neglect.

Such in outline is the story as credited by history. To support it is the testimony of his last two jailers, Gomin and Lasue, who were with him when he died; the official accounts of the Convention may be accepted as true or false according to one's credulity.

The principal objection raised against this is that the story as told by Gomin and Lasue after thirty years of silence was probably elaborated. Also, if, as some believe, another boy was substituted for the Dauphin when he was given over to Simon, they, taking the care of him later on after he had been through much suffering, would not have been likely to question whether or not the boy was really what they were told he was—the Dauphin.

The first reason to doubt the fact of the Dauphin's continued imprisonment was given in July, 1793. The date is even stated to have

been the seventh of the month. In Paris, on that date, while the boy was still alive, the report was circulated that the conspiracy of General Dillon had succeeded, in spite of his discovery and death, and that the son of Louis the Sixteenth had been taken from his jailers and carried to Saint Cloud. He had even been seen in a carriage on the boulevard. The wildest excitement prevailed among the people, and they crowded to the Temple, where they demanded of the guards whether the boy was in the prison or not. Not having seen the boy since he was taken from his mother and given into the keeping of Simon, they replied that he was not. The members of the Convention were alarmed at the gathering, and, the following day, ordered the jailer to bring the boy into the sight of the people. The measure served to allay the excitement for a time. This report is the basis of the accounts of the Dauphin's escape; it is supplemented by the popular belief that the boy presented to the people by the jailer was one substituted by the jailer at the command of the Convention in its alarm as to the results upon the people of the knowledge of the escape.

On this question of substitution, Von Sybel asks what could have been the motive of the Convention, if another child had been substituted, in not telling of it in the face of the demands of the Spanish government and the constitutional party in Paris?

Whether or not the substitution really took place we have no means of knowing. That the people of that time thought so is evidenced by the large number of claimants to the throne on that ground, and the following each of them gained from the masses of the people. Each based his claim upon the possession of some heirloom of the royal family, or upon some characteristic feature of form, appearance, or nature.

The first to seek recognition was Jean Marie Hervagault, the son of a St. Lô tailor. He was born in 1781, and ran away from home when he was fourteen years old. He gained a large number of supporters from Brittany, Normandy, Champagne, and Burgundy, but was sentenced to prison in 1802, and died in 1812. Mathurin Brenneau, another claimant, was also subjected to imprisonment for seven years; he disappeared after the July Revolution. During this Revolution,

the impostor called Duc de Richmont came forward. His true name was François Henri Hébert. In 1828 the idea came to him that he was the real and only right king of France, and he immediately began a series of writings against Louis Philippe. He was sent to jail for twelve years, but escaped after eight months to London. The most interesting in the history of the claimants was Karl Wilhelm Naundorf who exhibited several characteristic traits of the Bourbons. After a long struggle for recognition outside of France, he gained entrance in 1833, only to be expelled three years later. So strong was his belief in his claim that his children assumed the surname of "Bourbon."

There is a little story by Mrs. H. P. Kane, which relates how the "Dauphin's Swiss,"a faithful servant, compassed the boy's escape and carried him to Switzerland. He hoped that the Dauphin would endeavor to assert his claim, at least with his mother's relatives in Austria but preferring the quiet uneventful life of the Swiss village, the Dauphin would not enter into the struggle for position and power. The story is interesting as a type of the many imaginative accounts of the escape of the Dauphin. Like the others, it has several defects from a historical standpoint. The place of imprisonment is given as a little shop near the Temple, rather than the Tower of the Temple. The guard is depicted as a kind and loyal friend behind all his harshness. Simon the Cobbler is "not so bad as he seems," and a firm royalist at heart We have no reason to believe from the historical accounts that the guards or jailers were any but the roughest "citizens," gaining their positions because of their known hostility to the royal family.

There is another story built on the same foundation of the report of the Dauphin's escape, which agrees more nearly with the facts. It is found in the annals of the Connecticut and St. Lawrence valleys. In both places are recollections of a man bearing a striking resemblance to the Bourbon family. From Canada comes the account of an old French woman's talk with the Dauphin, as she firmly believed him to be even before he showed her Marie Antoinette's snuffbox and told her its story in a voice broken with emotion. From Western Massachusetts

is the fuller relation of his boyhood days at school and the history of his subsequent life.

This story is intimately connected with Longmeadow history. The first pastor of the church in Longmeadow was Stephen Williams, who, with his father's family, had been taken captive by the Indians at Deerfield in 1704, but was returned soon after. His five-year-old sister, Eunice, was retained among the Indians. Growing to womanhood under the influence of the Indian customs, she would not yield to repeated persuasions from her brothers to return to civilization. One thing she kept of her old life; her family name was passed on to her children, who were known as Catherine and Mary Williams. The son of the latter, Thomas Williams, was urged to send one of his sons to Longmeadow to be educated. Accordingly, in January of the year 1800, Thomas brought his two sons, John and Eleazar, and left them in the charge of Pastor Richard Salter Storrs and Deacon Nathaniel Ely.

The two boys were very different in appearance and in mental ability. John was a typical Indian and never made as great progress in learning as his brother Eleazar. Dr. Storrs says of him: "He . . . learned to read and write and perform tolerably well most kinds of farming business. He then returned to his father's, where he is now, never having manifested any special regard for labor nor any abiding sense of religious things." Dr. Storrs finds a great difference in Eleazar. A letter addressed to Dr. Romeyn of New York and dated April the sixth, 1811, gives the following report from Dr. Storrs:—

"In the branches of our language they both made good proficiency, especially Eleazar. . . . He has at all times to this day been able to speak readily his native language. . . . He is now with Rev^{d} M^{r}. Hale, of Westhampton, in this country. When I saw him in Decem^{r} last he told me that he had read six books of the Ænead, several of Cicero's orations, and one or two of the gospels in Greek; he has spent much time on the Latin, he has found that the most difficult language, except his mother tongue, to pronounce. He is greatly desirous to obtain a knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew; for he says that when he pressed the Friars with a passage of Scripture as it stands in the English Bible,

they told him that it is not translated right, and he is unable to contradict them. I have heard it objected to Eleazar that he appeared fickle; but who would rationally expect that an Indian would at once become steady? I have heard it said that he is assuming; this no one will think strange who considers how much he has been flattered and caressed by many of the first characters in New England. For some time past, I must say that to me he appeared more stable, more meek, and in every respect more promising. His whole soul seems swallowed up in the idea of becoming a preacher of Christ among his own countrymen. . . . My dear friend, do not the designs of Zion's King, who is also Lord of Providence, in permitting the awful destruction of Deerfield, and in counteracting all subsequent exertions for the redemption of Eunice Williams from Indian captivity, begin to develop themselves?"

From this letter, particularly from the last sentence, it is evident that Dr. Storrs either had no knowledge of the disputed question of Eleazar's birth, or gave it no credence. There were many who believed it thoroughly. Mr. Williams was prominent in interest throughout New England and New York, both as a promising Indian and as the heir to the throne of France. Several offers were made by Episcopalians to educate him for what he wished to be his life work, missionary work among the Indians. Several times, when the Longmeadow people, even Deacon Nathaniel Ely who undertook Eleazar's education, were "difficulted to procure money for his support," clergymen of different denominations, including Catholics, by whom he had been baptized, came forward with financial aid. The liveliest interest was still manifested whenever he revisited New England, after his important service to the United States government in the War of 1812, in negotiating with the Indians, and even after he finally went out as a missionary of the Episcopal church to the Oneida Indians. Not only in New England was he known; in Philadelphia and Washington he gained attention quite as much because of his supposed claims to the French power, as because of his diplomatic ability and his knowledge of his own race.

Whether this Eleazar Williams was in reality the "Lost Dauphin"

cannot of course be settled. His chief claim lay in his appearance, for he possessed many Bourbon characteristics. He asserted also that he remembered details of his life in France. One of his best friends among Longmeadow people doubted the truth of this recollection, although he considered that Mr. Williams was himself sincere in his belief. It was his conviction that Mr. Williams was influenced greatly, although unconsciously, by his personal interest. He says: "He brooded upon it (his own possible historical importance) so long and intensely as to become at last apparently quite liable to mistake the unconscious cerebrations of his sleeping hours for actual reminiscences. Such wildly improbable stories as the alleged De Joinville interview in the cabin of a Western steamboat, with solemn deeds of abdication soliciting the poor missionary's signature, and very much else of his evidence, both subjective and objective, can hardly be explained except upon this supposition. . . . It was always interesting to listen to the story, literally ever new as he rehearsed it in these successive interviews, with ever-increasing detail of circumstance and dramatic illustration from his constantly growing collection of royal relics—a robe of Marie Antoinette, a Bourbon snuffbox, etc., etc. But every such rehearsal only left upon my mind a still stronger impression that I was merely listening to the excursions of a lively imagination into the realms of pleasant possibilities under the stimulus of a strong self-interest, rather than to the clear deliverance of memory, or the sober deductions of reason."

This evidence, coming as it does from a personal acquaintance, is of great value. When we add to it the conflict of dates, the story of the Dauphin's connection with Longmeadow becomes impossible.

The Dauphin was born in 1785, on March the twenty-seventh. Dr. Storrs expressly states that Eleazar Williams was twelve years old when he came to Longmeadow in 1800. If it were true that he was the Dauphin, he would have been fifteen years of age in 1800, though it might be urged that there is no definite way of knowing his age since he came among the Indians when he was eight or nine years old, and was broken in health from his imprisonment. Mrs. Catherwood's

"Lazarre" fails in this matter of dates. According to that account, Lazarre or Eleazar comes to Longmeadow in 1800 at the age of twenty, an age agreeing neither with the date of his birth, nor the statements of his age upon his arrival in Longmeadow. For the most part, in fact, Mrs. Catherwood's novel is a compilation of the history of the claimants and the Longmeadow tale, both abundantly modified to suit the requirements of an interesting story. The claim is made the most important part of the story; scars, a jewel-box, precocious memory, and alleged statements of Louis Philippe, are added to fill it out.

Even with allowance made for incorrect judgment of age, the only remaining evidence for the truth of the claim is drawn from the resemblance and the intellectual ability. The Potsdam watchmaker, Naundorf, had also a strong resemblance to the Bourbons; that there were two at least bearing it, shows how little proof can be adduced from the likeness. Indians who can master all branches of education as well as white men have since the beginning of the nineteenth century come into notice; the fact of Mr. Williams' mental ability need not point to his European descent.

There seems good reason therefore to doubt the story of Louis the Seventeenth's life in Longmeadow, dearly as we should love to keep it. Mr. Hanson's book, "The Lost Prince," and "The Story of Louis XVII," by Elizabeth S. Evans, bring forward no more definite proof than those which have been questioned here. The best evidence, in spite of the report of 1793, and in spite of the questioning which arose from Louis the Eighteenth's failure to find the remains of the boy who died in prison, seems to lead to the conclusion that Louis the Seventeenth instead of ending a peaceful life in Switzerland, America, or any other country, died in France at the age of ten, a victim of the Reign of Terror.

—Charlotte Edwards Allen, 1903.

THE FLIGHT OF THE FAIRIES.

Once when I was a little child
I never, never was alone;
In every spot some spirit smiled—
I never see them now I 'm grown.
In every tree a dryad hid,
Who, fearing to be found by men,
Yet came with joy whene'er I bid.
The world was full of fairies then.

On every bending blade of green,
That swayed so lightly to and fro,
An idle fay reposed unseen
And swung the dainty hammock low.
Sometimes a magic ring I found
Within some lovely little glen
And knew this was the elves' own ground.
The world was full of fairies then.

And to my chamber while I slept
Came, gliding on a soft moonbeam,
A sprite, who on my pillow crept,
And whispered in my ear a dream.
It puzzles me that they have fled—
Those dreams—so far beyond my ken—
Pray can the fairies all be dead?
The world was full of fairies then.

Naught stirs the grass now save the breeze,
The magic rings have faded quite,
No dryads dwell within the trees,
I 've dull and dreary dreams at night.

I did not know I ne'er should see
Such dear, such winsome days again,
For once I thought all life was glee—
The world was full of fairies then.

—Martha Tappan Webster, 1903.

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S SUMMER CONFERENCE.

Those to whom Northfield has meant much of love and helpfulness are slow to believe that any other place can hold such blessing as they have received there. It was with a little misgiving, therefore, that some who had formerly attended the summer conference of the Young Women's Christian Association at Northfield gathered for the same conference at Silver Bay. They feared that there might be a slight loss in power as well as in numbers because of the change of place. They were, however, compelled to admit—and they did it very gladly—that the "Northfield spirit" could be felt at Silver Bay as well as at Northfield, and that undoubtedly the change had made possible an even larger attendance than had been reported in other years. After all is said, the so-called "Northfield spirit" is but the atmosphere created by those who strive to follow Jesus the Christ and therefore can be found at any place where this purpose wholly controls the hearts and lives of the people present. The beauty of the surroundings at Silver Bay, the helpful spirit of those who served as well as of those who were served, and the courtesy and thoughtfulness of our host, Mr. Paine, did much to make up for the lack of the dear associations and memories of Northfield.

The change in the time of the conference, bringing it two weeks earlier than usual, evidently occasioned a larger delegation from the colleges. As compared with the three hundred and forty-one student delegates of nineteen hundred and one, the number four hundred and sixty-five shows an increase which was very gratifying to the leaders.

Eighty colleges of the eastern section of the United States and Canada sent representatives. Bryn Mawr, Vassar, and Smith had very large delegations, but Mount Holyoke led, numbering sixty-two. Six of these were from the faculty, and very proud we were of them. Besides the four hundred and sixty-five delegates, the secretaries, speakers, and other guests of the conference brought the total enrollment up to six hundred and nineteen.

There is inspiration in numbers certainly, but the greater inspiration came from the leaders and speakers. All were working with us toward the fulfillment of the threefold purpose of the conference. As Miss Price stated it at one of the opening sessions it was "to promote fellowship, to give practical suggestions for the work of the college associations in the coming year, and to exalt Jesus Christ in the personal life."

Surely there was never a better place to gain fellowship than that provided. Shut in by the lake and the mountains, shut in also by a common interest and work, the girls found the problem of becoming acquainted with each other much simplified. The morning with its round of meetings gave little chance for social enjoyment. Any time taken from the morning sessions was usually spent in rest or a quiet walk and talk. But the afternoons were left free for recreation. What delightful times the Athletic Committee prepared for those afternoons none but themselves can ever know, for it was as impossible to take all the walks and drives for which they made arrangements, as it was to attend all the services.

Only two afternoons were entirely appropriated by the committee. Both occasioned a friendly rivalry between the colleges: on Athletic Day, to gain the championship in the long list of events; on College Day, to impress all beholders with the merit of the individual college. The honor of championship in athletics fell to Mount Holyoke. Alice Cook, 1903, our member on the Athletic Committee, did good work on the field as well as in planning the day. How proud and grateful each Mount Holyoke girl felt when she heard ringing out again and again as one point after another was won, "Cook! Cook! Mount Holyoke! Mount

Holyoke!" College Day was very different in aspect from Athletic Day. Gymnasium suits gave place to white gowns trimmed with the daisies of Bryn Mawr, the dark blue sashes of the Wellesley girls, the broad red collars of the Radcliffe, or the pink and gray bows of the Vassar. The changing colors were very pretty as one by one the delegations marched across the lawn up to the "reviewing stand" to give the college yells and songs before passing on. The Mount Holyoke delegation came last, as befitted the largest in size. Behind the carriage in which were seated the faculty members of the delegation stretched our long line of girls under light blue streamers. As we drew together in front of the veranda, Gertrude Russell led us in "H-o-l-y-o-k-e" and "Long ago she rose and stood." "Gray shadows" ended the long afternoon as the sun was descending behind the mountains, and after a few words from Mr. Paine, Dr. McDowell, and Miss Price, the groups of girls broke up to go in to supper.

If fellowship was gained with girls of the other colleges in these afternoons of play and fun, no less was it gained among the girls of the same delegation. Eight o'clock in the evening was the time given over to delegation meetings. Since the majority of the Mount Holyoke girls occupied one of the cottages, "Oneita," it was in its hall before a blazing wood fire that almost all of these quiet meetings were held. Here we came to know each other better than we had at college, as one by one each gave a helpful thought from the words of the day, or as we listened together to a talk from some favorite speaker. And the talks on the way to and from the hotel, or on the water, led us to appreciate more than ever the girls whom we thought we had already known.

Practical work was discussed at as great a length as the limited time would permit, and many suggestions were given which are to be put into practice in the associations there represented. These were largely gained in the Missionary Institute and in the Student Conference. The first came at half after eight and the second at a quarter past ten every morning, Bible class intervening. The Missionary Institute was led by Miss Condé, one of the Young Women's Christian Association's student secretaries, who is also one of the Executive Committee

of the Student Volunteers. Each morning some phase of the work of the Missionary Committee occupied the attention of the Institute, while through all the discussion the question of personal responsibility and service was kept in the foreground. One of the first sessions was concerned with the subject, "Some of the reasons why every American student should be interested in Christian Missions." Members of the foreign delegation and two missionaries, Mrs. Waterbury and Miss West, gave as reasons,—the command of Christ, the great need of the various countries represented, and the advantages of this country over others. Mrs. Waterbury and Miss Sorabji spoke for India, Miss West and Miss Kawai, who is a student at Bryn Mawr, for Japan. Little Anna Stone, the Chinese girl who belonged to our Holyoke delegation, stated briefly as reasons, "Because we love Christ and desire to work for him," and "Because we love our sisters." On another morning Mr. Speer urged the cause of foreign missions on American women students because of the light and liberty they possess through Christ, which have not as yet come to other women, and which can only come through the same Christ. "Even our neglect and rejection of Christ is the gift of Christ himself." "The measure of your obligation is the gift of Christ to you."

The Student Conference discussed the best methods of work for the different committees of the association. Secretaries who have studied carefully this branch of association work handed over to us the results of their thought and observation. Requests were often made for a statement from a college where a method had proved valuable, and another from a college where it had failed; in this way both sides of the subject were canvassed. We gained knowledge not only of the working methods of a college association, but also of the organization of the Young Women's Christian Association as a whole, for Miss Price often introduced the conference to members of the American and Conference Committees and to national and state secretaries.

At the same time that the undergraduates were attending the Student Conference, the alumnæ had a separate meeting. This was called the Alumnæ Conference and took up the subject of church work

for the girls who, in their own homes or while teaching, would still have opportunity to be engaged in the Sunday school, or in other branches of church work.

The exaltation of Christ in the personal life—this was the third part of the purpose of the conference. Constant stimulus and very practical advice for this were afforded by the Bible classes, the platform meetings, and the quiet sunset services. Many of the girls who came there with doubts and questionings, or full of unrest and dissatisfaction, were helped to belief and rest, often by what seemed to be chance words. Dr. White's course in Old Testament characters was very inspiring as he traced the character of God himself in his dealings with his servants, and showed the unity of the Bible in Christ, the Old Testament being written because Christ was coming, the New, because he had come. Mr. Shelton conducted a more detailed course in both Old and New Testaments. Many points for personal work were brought out in his class, as were also in Miss Blodgett's, which was primarily for the training of personal workers. The thought of all three leaders seemed to be that only through communion with God in prayer and daily Bible study could the Christian grow. This same thought was emphasized by almost all the platform speakers. Dr. Taylor limited the statement by saying that not all prayer and not all Bible study could be the means of maintaining a healthy Christian life, but prayer alone with God preceded by a conscious effort, if need be, to attain the right attitude and Bible study, which is listening to the message God has for all in his Word.

Dr. Wilton Merle Smyth set us thinking on the first morning of the conference by asking the question, "Do you do much thinking?" and then proceeding to show that the mind of Christ is toward service, and toward service that costs, that hurts. "You will never know the joy and peace of God until you do things that cost—in the name of God." After Dr. Smyth had once started us on this great question of whether or not we were sparing ourselves, there was no way of putting an end to thinking over the great subjects opened up before us every day. Mr. Speer spoke to us twice, on the moral self-limitation of Jesus, and on

the importance of small things. There was no speaker, probably, whose words had more power than Mr. Speer's, and many of the girls received from him the greatest message of the conference. The little farewell addresses from Miss Price and Mrs. Howard Taylor were ones which stay with us. Miss Price spoke of the three crises in a college girl's life: the first, when she enters upon her college life and its opportunities; the second, when she wakes up and begins to ask "What is truth?" in the intellectual world and in the religious life; the third, when she has to say upon leaving college whether or not she will give herself to God for whatever service he wants. In all these three crises the question comes, "Lovest thou Me more than these?" Mrs. Taylor's talk on "Jesus only" rang with assurance, not simply for herself, but for each of her hearers. "All that Jesus was to the inner circle of his friends here below, all that will he be to us—and infinitely more." "The Holy Spirit, provided by Christ to meet our need of him, is your portion, your right, your inheritance in Jesus Christ."

The evening meetings were very interesting. One is ever tempted to call them Round Top meetings, after the custom at Northfield, but "Vespers" was the name given them by the Conference Committee. Except when rain prevented they were held on a sloping hill a little distance from the hotel. From this place a good view was obtained of the hotel with its long veranda, the adjacent cottages, and the few tents which accommodated the overflow of guests. The audience was so seated on the side of the hill that while workers in widely differing fields gave "life-work" talks, the eye could wander over the lake spread out below up to the mountains beyond. And as we were told of the opportunities for work by college women in this land or others, or were given little messages to carry away with us by girls of our own number, our minds went often to Mr. Paine's words at the close of College Day. He hoped that the lake would always remind us of that other lake on which Jesus walked, the mountains of those into which he withdrew to pray.

No one can measure the results of this tenth summer conference. The methods of work suggested may be put into actual operation in the college associations, but the deeper influence on the lives of those in

attendance cannot be shown except through the years to come, as Dr. McDowell's closing wish, which was indeed a prayer, is carried out,—"We are to go out from here; all of us, please God, to go his way."

—CHARLOTTE E. ALLEN, 1903.

IN SHORT.

My Books.

SOME of my dearest book friends and acquaintances I do not actually possess in book flesh, but they are all my own in so far as they become my associates in the mental life. For books mean people to me; sometimes it is the author and sometimes the hero with whom I strike up an acquaintance, but they are very polite about introducing each other, these book people, and I usually come to know the one, in some measure, through the other. There is Mr. Barrie, for instance; why, if it were not for the Dominie of Glen Quaherty and the affectionate son of "Margaret Ogilvy," yes, even gay, sad, bewitching Babbie, and all the rest, I should hardly recognize him if I met him in a dream. Again, it may be a real human being from one of the histories whose acquaintance I have made, but let them be historical or fictitious, ancient or modern, none seem entirely out of place in my thought world, and, living with them as I do, I come to understand them more and more.

These people who live between book covers are no less diverse than my other friends, and in fact I have a more varied acquaintance in the book world than in real life. Some are what we call home people; they are loath to forsake the corner of the world which belongs to them, and, if I would know them well, I must know them at home. Such are old Hepzibah and Clifford Pyncheon. They seldom intrude upon the whirl of my everyday life, and if by chance the poor, near-sighted old lady with her inevitable scowl or her brother with his all but vacant gaze look in upon me, they seem distracted and strange—really so unnatural that

I scarcely know them. But when I have followed my fancy to the "House of the Seven Gables," and peer through the shadows of the great tree into the shop windows, nothing seems more natural than that Hepzibah should lean out and place a gingerbread man in the window. If she should see me, it would probably jar on her nerves as badly as the tinkle of the shop bell, so I 'll step behind the tree, and from there, in perfect safety, I can watch the Judge come down the street, look curiously at the display in the windows, and finally go in, closing the door after him. But not before I catch a faint tinkle from the shop bell, that "little brutal disturber" of Hepzibah's peace.

The young Greek, Tito, too, is inseparable from the wonderful blue skies and sunshine of Florence, and the groups of gayly-bedecked and jabbering Florentines. Tito, however, has not the retiring disposition of Hepzibah; he is rather aggressive, and tags me around in a very uncomfortable fashion at times. If he would only keep on pretending all the time, and be forever the gay, amiable, careless, handsome Tito of his youth, I would not object, but he persists in thrusting his real self, the man he was to be, upon me, in contrast with the man he might have been, and so is often a gloomy companion.

Now Cyrano has neither a retiring disposition nor a disinclination to wander. He joyfully steps out of the Old World, and follows, or, rather, leads me boldly on even to twentieth century problems, and he is never ready to turn back, pressing forward, fearlessly, exultantly, even to the "threshold of God's House."

Lowell's Prometheus is not chained so fast to Caucasus, but that he sometimes looks in on our everyday life in America. His brave philosophy does not come amiss in our troubles, nor his earnest belief in the final triumph of the Right.

The gentle, tender, and inimitable "Monsieur Beaucaire" lives between the pretty, red covers of the book, and I always see him as he is pictured there, "wary, alert, brilliant," or standing with appeal in every line of his face and figure, before the cold scorn of Lady Mary.

Then, for a wild romantic mood, there are Richard Cœur de Lion, the Cœur de Lion of "Ivanhoe," and of the "Talisman," of England,

and of Palestine, and Robin Hood with all his merry men, riding gallantly through Sherwood; the Knights of the Round Table, too, gathered impartially from Sir Thomas Malory, Tennyson, and Wagner; Oberon and Titania, flitting with their fairy train through any quiet woodland, and, dearest of all, bright Rosalind, enchanting and bewildering Orlando, in the heart of the Forest of Arden.

Of the countless others whom I have known, in this dear, fanciful world of books, I beg that they will forgive me for omitting them, and remember that sometimes those we talk of least, we love the most.

—Helen L. Willcox, 1905.

'T is only a little picture,
Seven inches by four,
And the frame that I build about it
Increases evermore.

'T is only a frame of memory,
Yet a golden frame that 's cast,
And the eyes that smile from out it
Are smiling from out the past.

'T is only the past that is present,
The present seems far away;
The future is all forgotten
In dreams of yesterday.

—1904.

A Japanese Maiden.

There is a little Japanese maiden who stands on one side of my rose jar. Her hair is as black as ebony and is arranged in a high and very elaborate coiffure. In fact I think it must be surmounted by plumes, so very towering is it. Her face is china white with little black slits in it which are her eyes.

Her mouth is simpering and her chin is pointed and projects outward with an inquisitive air. She is clad in a strange and wonderful manner, in a pale blue inner garment, which is long and seems to be gathered about her ankles, no doubt the fashion in Japan. It has also broad lapels pointed like her chin. Over this garment is a pale green kimono, which appears much too large for her. She is barefooted and is standing with her heels together.

But the most striking thing of all about the maiden is the object which she is holding in her hands and apparently examining. It is long, reddish and curling, with a knot on the end. It may be almost anything, but I am inclined to believe that it is a water lily, a red water lily, which is doubtless a common variety in Japan. The more do I hold to this opinion because she seems to be standing at the edge of what one might conceive to be a pool of water. Over her shoulder she carries also a greenish, fluffy object with a long black handle, which I conclude is her parasol that she had shut down when she stooped to pick the water lily.

Soon she will have satisfied herself concerning the flower, will open her fluffy parasol, and with her chin still in the air will trip away to her doll house on the hill.

—Gladys Allen, 1905.

EDITORIAL.

The commonplace adage, "Haste makes waste," would seem to be too self-evident to need comment. Yet many who claim to realize its force persistently ignore it. We know the reputation of the American for the rapid rate at which he lives and works and we recognize that there is much justice in the imputation. In no instance is it more justified than in the case of the college student.

The haste in this instance is often caused by a desire to take advantage of every opportunity offered for development. This desire is

praiseworthy up to a certain point, but where it leads to the student crowding her time so that work must be done in a hurry, it ceases to be justifiable. It may be necessary to distinguish between haste and dispatch, for the ability to do one's work with dispatch is precisely the ability college training should secure. The hurry is sometimes explained by the fact that students not knowing how to use their time, waste the precious moments and so are compelled to make them up by haste. We do not mean that there should be no time left free for recreation and rest, for fun and frolic, for these have their place in every rational student's programme, but when the proportion of time allotted to them has passed, the student should give herself to her work and do it without wasting time.

The haste that is detrimental to work also draws too heavily upon the nervous force and is far more responsible for cases of nervous exhaustion than is hard work.

If the student would use her common sense and guard against this tendency to hurry, she would accomplish much towards doing away with the criticism against the impetuous rush of the college girl and her nervous struggle to keep up with her college duties.

DEPARTMENT NOTES.

CHANGES IN THE FACULTY.

Miss Nellie Neilsson, Ph.D., of Bryn Mawr and reader in the English department there for three years, is to teach in the history department. Miss Mary E. Trueblood, A.M., of the University of Michigan and a student at the University of Göttingen, is to teach mathematics. Miss Bertha Young, A.B., of Vassar, who has taught at Wheaton Seminary and has studied the past year at the University of Oxford, is the new member of the English literature department. Miss Nathalie Wipplenger, Ph.D., of the University of Freiburg, who has taught at Asheville College, North Carolina, will teach in the German department. Miss Minnie Graham, A.B., Mount Holyoke, 1900, will

assist in chemistry. Miss Anna L. Kelley is to be an assistant in the registrar's office. Miss S. Mabel Andrews, who received her training at the Springfield training class, and later was a library assistant in Springfield, is to assist in the library. Miss Harriet L. Barber is to be an assistant in astronomy. Miss Mabel A. Chase will take Miss Berry's place in the physics department. Miss Susan A. Bacon of New Haven will teach in the department of French. Miss Alice Stevens will take Dr. Hinsdale's place as the head of the German department. Dr. Hinsdale is spending a year abroad. Miss Berry of the department of physics has gone to be dean of the woman's division of Colby College. Miss Effie Smith, head of the department of mathematics, and Miss Anne Young, head of the astronomy department, who studied last year at the University of Chicago, have returned to resume their work here. Miss Jeannette A. Marks of the English literature department will spend the first half of the year studying at Wellesley, but will return to Mount Holyoke for the second semester.

ASTRONOMY.

EXTENSIVE changes have been made in the observatory. A large and well-lighted lecture room and a smaller room for portable instruments have been built on, and two porches, one on the front and the other at the rear of the building. Electricity and steam heat have been put in and the ground at the rear of the building has been leveled and a place made for the meridian stone.

ENGLISH.

A SECOND reader has been added to the department of English, Mrs. Henrietta Fangel of New York. Mrs. Fangel has studied art in the New York Art League and at the Academy Vitti in Paris. For more than two years of her seven years' residence in Paris, Mrs. Fangel was Paris correspondent for the Chicago *Record-Herald* and for a Brooklyn paper. Since her return to this country Mrs. Fangel has given much of her time to writing.

Lindsay Todd Damon, associate professor of English in Brown University, formerly in the same department at the University of Chicago, will lecture Tuesday evening, October 21, presenting the question, "In what sense is Rhetoric a college subject?" Mr. Damon and Robert Herrick, associate professor of English in the University of Chicago, wrote "Composition and Rhetoric for Schools," which is used in many secondary schools.

ZOÖLOGY.

THERE were six representatives from the department of zoölogy at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Holl during the summer session: Miss Clapp and Miss Elizabeth B. Wallace, Miss Blanche Hamson, Miss Gertrude Allen, Miss Edith Wallace and Miss Eunice Burbank.

Several former students of Mount Holyoke were also taking work in the different courses at the laboratory: Miss Abbie H. Turner ('96), Miss Emma Keith ('95), Miss Clara Hicks ('92), Miss Ella Briggs ('95), Miss Ella Erskine ('99), and Miss Annie O'Hara ('01).

Miss Blanche Hamson ('03) will continue to assist in the laboratory this year, and Miss Edith Wallace ('03) will assist in the work of Course I.

COLLEGE NOTES.

STUDY has once more become a reality to us. In spite of our extra week, vacation has passed and we are face to face with our work. The entering class, numbering 263, is larger than any preceding class. Twelve students have entered with advanced standing, making the total number of students 711. To accommodate this increase several changes have been made on the campus. A village house has been transformed into a cottage, making room for fourteen girls. The college post office has been transferred to the lower floor of Mary Lyon Hall, many new boxes have been added, and an office for general delivery and stamps has been opened. The change has increased the office room on the floor above.

Three dirt tennis courts are being laid out back of Wilder. This is the beginning of an extensive athletic field.

The reception given to the entering girls by the Young Women's Christian Association was held in the gymnasium on Saturday afternoon. During the reception the Glee Club sang several times, and at the close Miss Woolley gave a short welcoming address.

Miss Helen Calder ('98) has returned to college as the student secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association. On Sunday afternoon the first meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association was held in the chapel. After the service a chance was given the new girls to join the association. Sunday evening the first vesper service was held, at which Miss Woolley spoke.

The senior class has begun its course in a progressive way, appearing at chapel in cap and gown on Monday, September 22.

Professor James R. Angell of the University of Chicago gave an interesting lecture on Wednesday evening, September 24, on "Hypnotic Phenomena."

On Thursday evening an address was given in the chapel by Dr. Rockwell Harmon Potter of Hartford.

At the vesper service on Sunday, October 5, an address was given by Rev. Walter Rockwood Ferris of Brooklyn.

The senior reception to the freshmen was given Tuesday, October 7.

On Thursday, October 9, the college again had the pleasure of hearing the Kneisel Quartette of Boston.

At the first house meetings held, the following House Chairmen were elected: Brigham, Annie Tracy; Safford, Emily Esty; Porter, Louise Dodge; Pearsons, Ruth Ward; Wilder, Cora Dyer; Rockefeller, Josephine Belcher; Mead, Jessie Spaulding.

The Safford Hall gift book records three Commencement gifts: A picture from Mrs. Edith Parsons Greene, non-graduate of '83, framed by the Boston Mount Holyoke Club; a Venetian scene in colors from Miss Florence L. Adams ('93); and a pair of silver candlesticks from the members of 1900 who lived in Safford Hall their senior year. Mead Hall has also received two beautiful gifts: a Steinway upright piano, and a large picture of the Roman Forum.

The names of those entering the freshman class, and with advanced standing, are as follows:—

Abbot, Margaret B.	Plainfield, N. J.
Adams, Ida H.	East Leverett, Mass.
Altenkirch, Clara C.	Holyoke, Mass.
Andrews, Alice B.	Hudson, Mass.
Andrews, Edith E.	Dansville, N. Y.
Andrews, Edith H.	Springfield, Mass.
Anthony, Ethel C.	Ware, Mass.
Arms, Dora L.	Lexington, Mass.
Averill, Margaret C.	Brattleboro, Vt.
Babcock, Sydney M.	Paterson, N. J.
Bailey, Ethel M.	Paterson, N. J.
Baker, Lucy M.	Templeton, Mass.
Baldwin, Sarah S.	New Haven, Conn.
Barber, Grace E.	Athol, Mass.
Barden, Elmira I.	Gage, N. Y.

Barr, Jennie L.	Chicago, Ill.
Bartlett, Grace	Newburyport, Mass.
Barton, Bertha D.	Hathorne, Mass.
Barton, Marie	Paris, Texas.
Batchelder, Nellie S.	Salem, Mass.
Birdsall, Maude L.	Sidney, N. Y.
Bishop, Lottie G.	New Haven, Conn.
Blanchard, Mary W.	Weymouth, Mass.
Blood, Juliet F.	Milburn, N. Y.
Boughton, Laura M.	Norwalk, Ohio.
Bovie, Mary H.	Hoosick Falls, N. Y.
Boyden, Mary S.	Norwood, Mass.
Boyden, Ruth L.	Worcester, Mass.
Boynton, Edith C.	Passaic, N. J.
Braine, Donna L.	Knoxville, Tenn.
Brockway, Anna L.	West Hartford, Vt.
Brower, Lulu D.	East Windsor Hill, Co
Brown, Maria L.	Pittsfield, N. H.
Bruce, Willella H.	Lewistown, Penn.
Burdick, Catharine S.	Newport, R. I.
Burhoe, Mary E.	Rockford, Ill.
Burnap, Margaret M.	Fitchburg, Mass.
Burnham, Ethel E.	Holyoke, Mass.
Burwell, Cora G.	Stafford Springs, Conn.
Carpenter, Katherine M.	Rutland, Vt.
Caton, Jessie B.	Foxboro, Mass.
Cattanach, Henrietta	Newport, Vt.
Chase, Mildred A.	Plymouth, N. H.
Clare, Hazel	Watertown, N. Y.
Clark, Bessie M.	New Haven, Conn.
Clark, Josephine R.	Medfield, Mass.
Clement, Clara T.	Canandaigua, N. Y.
Clement, Lilla E.	Waltham, Mass.
Cobb, Edna M.	Braintree, Mass.
Cole, Alice S.	Plymouth, Mass.
Connor, Irene M. V.	West Brookfield, Mass.
Cook, Mary M.	Clayton, Mass.
Cowan, Eleanor R.	Allston, Mass.
Crook, Verna J.	Amherst, Mass.
Cruttenden, Elsie B.	West Hartford, Conn.

Cummings, Helen E.	Woburn, Mass.
Curtis, Alice W.	Spencer, Mass.
Curtis, Caroline A.	Adrian, Mich.
Curtis, Leila E.	Spencer, Mass.
Danforth, Helen E.	Salem, Mass.
Davis, Annie Z.	Orange, Mass.
Davis, Mabelle E.	Fall River, Mass.
Dean, Blanche A.	Holyoke, Mass.
Dillingham, Cora F.	Worcester, Mass.
Dunton, Florence E.	Belfast, Maine.
Durand, Adah	Rochester, N. Y.
Easton, Mabel	West Somerville, Mass.
Eddy, Alice C.	Attleboro, Mass.
Edwards, Edith M.	Dryden, N. Y.
Edwards, Mary S.	Adrian, Mich.
Elliott, Effie	New Britain, Conn.
Ely, Mary H.	Columbia, Penn.
Enman, Elsie B.	Winchester, Mass.
Evans, Lillian E.	Columbus, Wis.
Evans, Florence H.	North Easton, Mass.
Farrar, May L.	Springfield, Mass.
Fay, Beatrice A.	North New Salem, Mass.
Fernald, Mabel R.	West New Brighton, N. Y.
Firman, Dorothy	Oak Park, Ill.
Fisher, Blanche P.	Wrentham, Mass.
Foster, Helen P.	Beverly, Mass.
French, Lucy A.	East Weymouth, Mass.
Fuller, Leila M.	Plainville, Mass.
Fuller, Lulu H.	Plainfield, N. J.
Gamsby, Ruth S.	Bridgeport, Conn.
Gates, Marguerite L.	Holyoke, Mass.
Gates, Pauline	Holyoke, Mass.
Gibson, Mary E.	Holyoke, Mass.
Gilmore, Ruth	North Easton, Mass.
Gleason, Belle	Malden, Mass.
Goddard, Catherine A.	Salisbury, Conn.
Goodwin, Nina M.	Naugatuck, Conn.
Gretter, Jean B.	Detroit, Mich.
Griffin, M. Josephine	West Newton, Mass.
Griswold, Margaret B.	Wethersfield, Conn.

Guilbert, Charlotte L.	Holyoke, Mass.
Gutterson, Mildred D.	Winchester, Mass.
Hagerman, Edith M.	Chelmsford Center, Mass.
Hall, Katharine M.	Manchester, N. H.
Hanks, Mabel E.	South Hadley Falls, Mass.
Hanna, Ruth	Aurora, Ill.
Haskell, Ethel W.	Ashtabula, Ohio.
Haskell, Frances E.	Westbrook, Me.
Haynes, Florence	Maynard, Mass.
Heath, Alice C.	West Brookfield, Mass.
Heath, Gertrude A.	Wellesley, Mass.
Hellyar, Marianne	Palmer, Mass.
Herman, Maude F.	Winsted, Conn.
Herr, Helen H.	Jersey City, N. J.
Hicks, Emma S.	Spofford, N. H.
Hilditch, Isabella H.	Thompsonville, Conn.
Hilton, Belle F.	Foxboro, Mass.
Hooker, Elsie M.	Peacham, Vt.
Horter, Caroline	Chicago, Ill.
Howe, Bertha J.	Lancaster, N. H.
Howe, Bertha M.	Claremont, N. H.
Howes, Ella M.	Hopedale, Mass.
Hoyle, Elsie B.	Norwood, Mass.
Hull, Caroline A.	Madison, Conn.
Humeston, Lucy S.	Holyoke, Mass.
Jackson, Ethel	Wakefield, Mass.
Jarrold, Rachel M.	Westfield, Mass.
Jenkins, Helen C.	Atlanta, Ga.
Jenks, Fanny B.	West Brookfield, Mass.
Johnson, Josie E.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Joy, Linnie E.	Bangor, Me.
Kanter, Adele H.	Detroit, Mich.
Kennedy, Maude E.	Newton, Iowa.
King, Mary E.	Lynn, Mass.
Kline, Ethel	Streator, Ill.
Knapp, Ada G. H.	Penfield, N. Y.
Knight, Stella H.	Columbus, Ohio.
Knox, Mary B.	Knoxboro, N. Y.
Ladd, Maria S.	Springfield, Mass.
L'Amoreux, Alice	Binghamton, N. Y.

rth, Grace - - - -	Detroit, Mich.
tuth J. - - - - -	Holyoke, Mass.
irace L. - - - - -	Bradford, Mass.
Clara M. - - - - -	White River Junction, Vt.
idalene - - - - -	Walpole, Mass.
N. Mae - - - - -	Saxonville, Mass.
ia G. - - - - - -	West New Brighton, N. Y.
Ida L. - - - - -	North Cambridge, Mass.
riet O. - - - - -	Albany, N. Y.
Ethel B. - - - - -	Winchester, Mass.
line B. - - - - -	Gloucester, Mass.
aith E. - - - - -	Amesbury, Mass.
ry W. B. - - - - -	Binghamton, N. Y.
ah S. - - - - -	Bridgeton, N. J.
ary W. - - - - -	Bloomfield, N. J.
illian - - - - -	Plainfield, N. J.
on, Helen K. - - - -	Trenton, N. J.
ernice G. - - - - -	Haverhill, Mass.
ira M. - - - - -	Chicago, Ill.
Laura - - - - -	Norwich, Vt.
r, Helen W. - - - -	Lawrence, Mass.
. Helena - - - - -	South Carver, Mass.
i, Grace K. - - - -	Chicago, Ill.
Sarah E. - - - - -	Pomfret, Conn.
Emeline O. - - - -	Roxbury, Mass.
Mabel - - - - - -	Upper Montclair, N. J.
irace W. - - - - -	St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Marion H. - - - -	West Medway, Mass.
ay A. - - - - -	Rochester, N. Y.
len T. - - - - -	Greenwich, Conn.
ate M. - - - - -	Everett, Mass.
Agnes M. - - - - -	Amherst, Mass.
Fanny C. - - - - -	West Springfield, Mass.
Florence E. - - - -	Brooklyn, N. Y.
, Bessie L. - - - -	Catskill, N. Y.
i, Vivian A. - - - -	Readville, Mass.
Charlotte B. - - - -	Lakeville, Conn.
arjorie S. - - - -	Georgetown, Mass.
Amelia S. - - - -	Andover, Mass.
nna L. - - - - -	South Hadley Falls, Mass.

Parker, Winifred L.	Holyoke, Mass.
Peabody, Mildred	Danvers, Mass.
Pelton, Mona L.	Lenox, Mass.
Pettee, Anna H.	Okayama, Japan.
Pheland, Inez P.	Suffield, Conn.
Phillips, Clara W.	Auburn, Mass.
Pierce, Emma L.	Rutland, Vt.
Pillsbury, Nellie M.	Limington, Me.
Piper, Elsie A.	South Walpole, Mass.
Pollard, Emma L.	Lynn, Mass.
Potwin, Ruth E.	East Windsor, Conn.
Pratt, Helen A.	Williamsburg, Mass.
Preston, Alice G.	Wakefield, Mass.
Ramsburg, Josephine N.	Washington, D. C.
Reed, Flora B.	Acton Center, Mass.
Rhodes, Geneva D.	Toulon, Ill.
Rittenhouse, Alberta R.	Flemington, N. J.
Robertson, Jessie E.	Germantown, Ohio.
Rogers, M. Margaret	Woodbury, N. J.
Root, Ruth A.	Deerfield, Mass.
Rowell, Alice M.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Roy, Luella	Stillwater, N. J.
Runnells, Edna S.	Hyde Park, Mass.
Runnette, Ethel A.	Pittsburg, Penn.
Russell, Helen B.	Westfield, Mass.
Salter, Julia I.	Duluth, Minn.
Sanford, Marion C.	Unionville, Conn.
Schindler, Theresa E.	Gloversville, N. Y.
Scott, Annie E.	New Britain, Conn.
Scranton, Mildred M.	Durham, Conn.
Sevin, Ethel M.	Norwich, Conn.
Sewall, Mary B.	St. Albans, Vt.
Sexton, S. Augusta	Moodus, Conn.
Shaw, Ethel D.	Amherst, Mass.
Sikes, Clara P.	Conway, Mass.
Sikes, Florence C.	Suffield, Conn.
Simons, Andella M.	Sydney, N. Y.
Smart, Florence G.	Littleton, N. H.
Smith, Ella E.	New Haven, Conn.
Smith, Myrtie A.	Fairport, N. Y.

ıg, Hortense E. - - -	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
ı, Minnie R. - - - -	Chatham, N. Y.
'lorence E. - - - - -	Somerville, Mass.
, Ruth M. - - - - -	Washington, D. C.
Helen C. - - - - -	Damariscotta, Me.
Mildred - - - - -	Greenfield, Mass.
Harriet F. - - - -	Willimantic, Conn.
ll, Ruby G. - - - -	Claremont, N. H.
ſabel F. - - - - -	Freeville, N. Y.
ɜrace H. - - - - -	Scitico, Conn.
Lizzie E. - - - - -	Kingston, N. H.
ɹucy M. - - - - -	Hartford, Conn.
Eula S. - - - - -	Acton, Mass.
Ruth - - - - - -	Newton Center, Mass.
Mabel - - - - - -	Holyoke, Mass.
Vera A. - - - - -	New Haven, Conn.
ɐn, Jessie B. - - - -	Portland, Me.
ɾ, Leila V. - - - - -	Phillipsburg, N. J.
, Julia H. - - - - -	Dalton, Mass.
ıry, Evelyn W. - - - -	Stamford, Conn.
, Helen - - - - -	South Hadley, Mass.
ſargaret F. - - - -	Willimansett, Mass.
Marion D. - - - -	West Newbury, Mass.
Madeline A. - - - -	Springfield, Mass.
Viola A. - - - - -	Rockville, Conn.
ɣ, Helen L. - - - - -	Gardner, Mass.
, Helen E. - - - - -	Pottstown, Penn.
ıs, Annie E. - - - -	Hyde Park, Mass.
Caroline M. - - - -	North Amherst, Mass.
l, Ruth C. - - - - -	Wellesley, Washington.
, Amy P. - - - - -	East Machias, Me.
ıry, Alice C. - - - -	Salem, Mass.
rton, Primrose - - - -	Stockton, N. J.
Mary K. - - - - -	Clearfield, Penn.
, Mary T. - - - - -	Springfield, Mass.
ɜr, Laura M. - - - -	Sandusky, Ohio.

REPORT OF THE WORK FOR SPAIN.

THE Mount Holyoke Organization working for the International Inst tute of Spain reports as the result of its efforts last term $731 towards tl chapel of the International Institute.

The first five dollars came from a member of the faculty just before v went away for the Easter vacation. During the vacation a friend sent fif dollars as a tribute to Mary Lyon Page, one of the teachers in Mrs. Gulick school. Wednesday evening, April 9, the evening of our return to colleg came five dollars from an absent junior obliged on account of illness to rema at home yet wishing to be counted. Almost every day in April money w brought to the secretary. The gifts came more irregularly in May and Jun The report was read June 14, giving $671.95 as the total amount raise Money continued to be handed in until Commencement and even after th several sums found their way to the secretary.

The ingenuity which devises many ways of earning money is a we known evidence of the resources of the college girl. The methods used i behalf of Mrs. Gulick's school which have come to the ears and eyes of tl committee are stenography, typewriting, addressing envelopes and foldir circulars, work in a physician's office, canvassing for a book, plain and fanc sewing, embroidery, cleaning silk waists, laundering collars and handkerchief removing ink stains, making candy, a musicale, a reading, palmistry, massag shampooing, manicuring, blacking shoes, cleaning windows, selling belts, sel ing partly worn garments, and driving. Some solicited the money fro friends; one or two, from alumnæ; a few presented the cause to missionar King's Daughters, and Christian Endeavor societies. It is hoped that in tl future more will bring the Institute before these societies and Sunday scho classes not only because of the money which may be secured in that way bu because of the interest which may be awakened.

A summary of the gifts follows:—

From 32 members of the Faculty	$138.(
From 28 members of the Senior class	95.(
From 52 members of the Junior class	158.(
From 29 members of the Sophomore class	100.(
From 36 members of the Freshman class	116.7
From the Mandolin Club	10.(
From a table in Safford Hall	3.1

From Miss Hooker's Sunday school class	$5.00
From the Hawaiian Islands Alumnæ Association	6.00
From members of Eastern New York Association	10.00
From members of New Haven Association	5.00
From two members of Hampshire County Association	3.50
From a friend as a "tribute to Mary Lyon Page"	78.00
	*$731.00

While all rejoice in the sum secured, one cannot help thinking what the result might have been had the other 76 seniors, 88 juniors, 133 sophomores, and 165 freshmen responded as the smaller numbers responded. Money thus far sent by the alumnæ is recorded in the report except that it should be noted in addition that the sum given by the faculty includes several contributions from alumnæ.

As was suggested when the organization was formed, it is hoped that this work for the International Institute will continue year by year. The class of 1906 will doubtless wish to place its name on the list of contributors to the chapel fund, and it may be that the members of the other classes who did nothing last spring will be able during the year to arouse enthusiasm and secure money. The thought is not that the money should necessarily come from the students themselves, but from those outside the college whom they can interest in the cause.

The central committee of this organization are: President Woolley, chairman; Miss Hazen, Miss Hooker, Miss Stevens, secretary; Ethel Heywood (1902), Winifred Tilden (1903), Irene Horton (1904), Irene Jerome (1905); Mrs. Helen M. Gulliver (1857), representing Massachusetts alumnæ; Mrs. Clara Dodge Warner (1865), representing Michigan alumnæ; Mrs. Carrie Blanchard Carr (1899), representing Pennsylvania alumnæ.

The alumnæ of four other states, New Hampshire, Connecticut, New York, Illinois, also those in Washington, D. C., have been invited to appoint representatives on the central committee. Letters explaining the organization and asking for the coöperation of the alumnæ have been sent to twenty-three associations or to all except the European, Oriental, and South African associations.

CLARA F. STEVENS, *Secretary.*

*Just before commencement $1,000 was given in the name of the college for the Catharine Barbour Laboratory.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

THE date of Founder's Day has, this year, been changed to November 7. In the morning an alumnæ meeting will be held in Shattuck Hall, and in the afternoon there will be a social hour in Assembly Hall.

The quarterly meeting of the Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association of Hampshire County was held in the home of Mrs. Emily C. Boynton, Florence, Saturday, July 26. Miss Mary Scott of Amherst gave a report of the meeting of the General Alumnæ Association at Commencement time. Others who were present reported the meeting of unusual interest. Refreshments were served and a social hour followed.

The summer meeting of the Winnepesaukee Mount Holyoke Club was held Tuesday, September 9, at the home of Mrs. Dora (Keniston) Davis ('61), in Tilton, N. H. There were nine present from Meredith, Lakeport, Laconia, Tilton, and Franklin. Mrs. Davis was elected president in place of Mrs. C. F. Pitman resigned. Miss Abbie M. Sanger ('96) is secretary-treasurer. Some things were promised for the college infirmary, for which the New Hampshire association is working. Miss Bertha Blakely, librarian at the college, and two of the students talked of the present-day life at Mount Holyoke, and the alumnæ of different periods told of customs of other days. The whole company was seated at the dining table for the refreshments which Mrs. Davis had provided, and the hour and a half passed quickly.

After an extended trip in the Orient, Mrs. Mead has been spending the summer in England and Scotland. She sailed October 8 for home.

'55. Miss Mary Ellis is to have charge of the classes in History of Art in Mills College for the coming year.

'59. Miss Anna Edwards is still in Europe, and may spend some time with Mrs. Gulick in Madrid.

'66. (Non-graduate) Miss Melvina Howe is teaching at Miss Porter's school in Farmington, Conn.

'72. Mrs. Ella Spooner Brown and her husband are making their home for the present in South Hadley.

'77. Mrs. Harriet Richardson Billings has been making a tour through the mountains and canons of Colorado with her husband and children.

'92. Grace Berry has accepted the position of Dean of Women at Colby College.

Lottie Bushnell is a trained nurse in New York city.

'93. Mertie (Graham) Grover has moved out of Chicago to Highland Park, Ill.

Grace Knapp was obliged to leave her work in Bitlis, Turkey, in the spring on account of ill health, and is now with her mother at 1012 N. Wahsatch avenue, Colorado Springs, Colo.

'94. Elizabeth Bunnell is studying at Columbia University.

'95. Evelyn Davis is teaching in the high school in Amherst, Mass.

'96. Vernette Gibbons is teaching chemistry at Wells College.

Margaret MacDonald is at the head of the chemistry department of the normal school, Trenton, N. J. At the Bryn Mawr commencement in June, she received the degree of doctor of philosophy. She was a graduate scholar in philosophy and chemistry, Bryn Mawr College, 1897-98, and fellow in chemistry, 1898-99; Pepper fellow in chemistry, University of Pennsylvania, 1899-1900; graduate scholar and fellow by courtesy, Bryn Mawr College, 1900-1901. The subject of her thesis was "A New Class of Dualphones."

Mary Arnold Stevens has resigned from the instructorship in English in Denison University, Granville, Ohio, after five years of service. Her home address is 3838 Columbia avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Abbie H. Turner has charge of the department of biology at Northfield Seminary.

'97. Jane Carpenter is teaching at the Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.

Elizabeth Clark is teaching science in the Northampton high school.

Olive Hoyt sailed for Japan from Vancouver, October 6, 1902.

Mary F. Wilson is teacher in the fifth grade, Amherst, Mass.

'98. Harriet Barber is here as assistant in the astronomy department.

Helen Calder is student secretary of the Y. W. C. A. at the college.

Harriet Congden is teaching at the Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.

Mary L. Emery attended the summer session at Cornell University.

Caroline C. Stevens has accepted a position in the Glendale school, Glendale, Ohio, near Cincinnati, where she will teach Latin and Greek next year.

'99. Lota Clancy is working in the Home Correspondence School, Springfield.

Susie Dow is teaching in the high school at Bolton, Mass.

Clara Mallory, who is teaching at Straight University, has an article on "Music and Life" in the August *American Missionary*.

Lilla F. Morse, class of 1902, Hartford Theological Seminary, to the Turretin prize in Ecclesiastical Latin last June.

M. Eloise Schuyler is teaching in the grammar school at Sea Cl L. I.

'00. Alice Belcher is teaching in Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Ma She received an M.A. degree from Radcliffe in June.

Emily Bishop has a position in the Herkimer (N. Y.) high sch

Susan Bradley is teaching in the eighth grade in the school Ayer, Mass.

Clintie Curtis hopes her college friends in New York will look l up. Her business address is 320 Broadway, room 1210; her home addr 61 Summit avenue, Jersey City.

Minnie Graham is assisting in the chemistry department.

Eleanor Kimball is teaching in the Bancroft School, Worcester, living at home. Charlotte Leavitt has her old position in Newark.

Belle Mead has the Mount Holyoke alumnæ Bardwell fellowship t year and is studying at Columbia University.

Faith Sanborn is teaching in the Academy at Woodstock, Co where she has been for the past two years.

Edith O. Turner is teaching in the high school at Portland, Me.

'01. Eva Ammidown has returned to the position which she held l year at Antrim, N. H.

Grace Bacon is traveling abroad for a year. She will study Germany.

Alice Bell is teaching at Oahe, South Dakota.

Florence Berry is in the high school, Rockwell, Conn.

Helen Bowerman is at Rochester University.

Laura Chase is at home in Holyoke.

Jane Comstock is teaching biology at Schenectady, N. Y.

Alice Davenport has a position in Stamford, Conn.

Sarah Demarest is teaching in Hackensack, N. J.

Harriet Dyson is substituting in the schools at Norwich, Conn.

Eva Gay is teaching English in the Montclair (N. J.) high sch

Mabel Gilbert has a position in a grammar school in Springfield

Harriet Hazen is teaching in Colchester, Conn.

Edith Haskell is teaching in the high school in South Hadley F.

Clara Hirst is to return to Straight University for the year.

Ethelyn Hull has a position in the high school at Madison, Co to teach science, history, and English.

Mabel Judd is in the Holyoke high school.

Frances May is in New York with Belle Mead and Fanny Perkins.

Louise Parsons is teaching in the Lenox high school.

Florence Phillips has a position in New Britain, Conn.

Edith Reed is teaching in Stamford, Conn.

Annabel Roe has a school in West Upton.

Charlotte Rogers is teaching physics and chemistry in the high school, Chelsea, Mass.

Lavinia Rose will spend the year at home in Granville, Mass.

Celia Spencer has a position in the public schools at New Britain, Conn.

Edith St. John is in the Attleboro high school.

Ethel Stocking is in the Home Correspondence School, Springfield.

Ruth Thomas has a position in Perry, Iowa, as Supervisor of Music in the public schools.

Ruth L. Thomas is connected with the Y. W. C. A. in Holyoke.

Mabel Warren is teaching in Colorado Springs, Colo.

Caroline Whipple is in the high school, Gloversville, N. Y.

Irma Wieand is studying in Leipsic, Germany.

'02. Eliza Adams teaches German, French, and English in Malone, N. Y.

Maude Aldrich is teaching in Monson Academy, at Monson, Mass

Gertrude Allen is at home in Longmeadow, Mass.

Mary Ashton is teaching in Edgartown, Mass.

Josephine Belding teaches near Bridgeport, Conn. Her address is R. F. D., No. 3, care A. S. Burr.

Rose Bishop is teaching near Albany.

Nellie Blanchard is in a library at Ascutneyville, Vt.

Elizabeth Brigham is teaching the eighth grade, West Orange, N. J.

Mae Brock teaches the seventh grade in Easthampton, Mass. Address, Box 593.

Ruth Brockway is teaching in Thomaston, Conn.

Helen Broeksmit is at home in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Jane Caskey is teaching in Morristown, N. J.

Frances Cowles has a position in the high school, Hanover, N. H.

Annie Davies is teaching in Windham, Vt.

Emily Disbrow is at home, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Minnie Farwell is teaching science and mathematics in the high school at Baldwinsville, Mass.

Kate Fisher teaches in the Syracuse high school.

Edith Gates is studying in the Willimantic (Conn.) Normal School

Beth Gilchrist is at home in Rutland, Vt.

Bertha Gleason is teaching in a grammar school in Rutland, Mass.

Lilian Gordon has a position as substitute in the Brooklyn schools.

Anna Grice is teaching in Hampden, Mass.

Elizabeth Gulick is in Madrid, Spain.

Bertha Gysbers teaches in Easthampton, Mass. Her address is Box 593.

Margaret Hallock has a position in the Congregational Academy, Chadron, Nebraska.

Elsie Hammond teaches science and mathematics in Stamford, N. Y.

Lucia Hazen is in Y. W. C. A. work in Des Moines, Iowa.

Blanche Hellyar has a position to teach chemistry and physics in the Walpole high school.

Ethel Heywood is at home in Jackson, Ill.

Ruth Holmes is at home in Seattle, Wash.

Helen Hopkins is at home in Evanston, Ill.

Blanche Horton is at home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rowena Keyes is teaching Latin in the evening high school in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Elizabeth Langendorf is at home in Camden, N. J.

Charlotte Leavitt is teaching in Miss Townsend's School, in Newark, N. J.

Alice Little is teaching the ninth grade in Easthampton, Mass. Her address is Box 593.

Florence Locke is teaching in Colchester, Conn.

Lucy McClary attended the Amherst Library School this summer.

Frances Morgan is at home in Johnstown, Penn.

Bessie Palmer sailed in the summer for Constantinople, Turkey, where she has a position as head of the preparatory department of the American College for Girls.

Edith Peck has a position in the high school in Seymour, Conn.

Harriet Peck is in the library at home in Gloversville, N. Y.

Amy Peters is preceptress in a Quaker school in Vassalboro, Me.

Fanny Perkins is in New York with Belle Mead and Frances May.

Florence Polk is at home, Kennett Square, Penn.

Bertha Raymond is at college, assisting in the physics department and the post office.

Fanny Reed's engagement is announced to Harold Goddard of Worcester, Mass.

Mallian Reed is teaching at Riverhead, Long Island, N. Y.

Elsa Regestein is teaching in the Winthrop (Mass) high school.

Rachel Riley is at home in Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Gertrude Russell has a school in Amsterdam, N. Y.

Helen Sinclair is at home in Worcester, Mass.

Harriet Sleeper is at home in Methuen, Mass.

Ruth Smith teaches mathematics in Straight University, New Orleans, La.

Emma Southworth is at home in Hingham, Mass.

Janet Stevenson is attending the Portland Training School.

Harriet Storrs is principal of the high school, Norwich, N. H.

Charlotte Swinington is at home in Rutland, Vt.

Mary Talladay is teaching the fourth, fifth and sixth grades in Cayuga, N. Y.

Annie and Mabel Thresher are studying at Willimantic (Conn.) Normal School.

Isabel Thurston is at home in Whitinsville, Mass.

Laura Turner is teaching in Westhampton, Mass.

Jessie Vaughn is at home in Norwich, Conn.

Marion White is teaching a grammar school in Newport, N. H.

(Non-graduate) Margaret Whittemore will spend the winter abroad.

Annie Williams is teaching at home in Peacham, Vt.

Marion Woodward is teaching in the high school at Merrimac, Mass.

'03. (Non-graduate) Elizabeth Clark is studying at the Bridgewater Normal School.

'04. (Non-graduate) Grace Hayden is in the high school at Sandwich, Mass.

(Non-graduate) Fanny Mason is teaching in Chesborough Seminary, North Chili.

(Non-graduate) Mary Thomas is teaching in Ashburnham, Mass.

MARRIAGES.

'89. Harris—Ross. August 9, 1902, Charles A. Harris and Mary Etta Ross. At home in Oxford, Mass.

'96. Thurston—Calder. In Hartford, Conn., September 10, Rev. J. Lawrence Thurston and Matilda S. Calder. Mr. and Mrs. Thurston sail for China in October, the first missionaries under the new Yale mission.

'99. Cummings—Hillhouse. July 9, 1902, Arch Leigh Cummings and Sarah E. Hillhouse. At home in Cody, Wyo.

Cogswell—Nettleton. In Washington, Conn., September 10, 1902, Thornton Henry Cogswell and Amy Augusta Nettleton.

'00. Judd—Esleeck. In Holyoke, September 17, 1902, Clifford Kellogg Judd and Mary Lombard Esleeck.

Fiske—Gould. In Greenfield, Mass., September 10, Edwin Rust Fiske and Myrabel J. Gould.

'01. Chase—Watts. At Passumpsic, N. Y., in June, Stephen Chase and Helen Watts.

'02. (Non-graduate) Eells—Spicer. At West Winfield, N. Y., August 19, Burr Gould Eells and Elsie Eusebia Spicer. At home in Scottsville, N. Y.

'03. (Non-graduate) Pierce—Brown. At Brimfield, Mass., Charles L. Pierce and Mabel W. Brown.

'04. (Non-graduate) Potter—Waterbury. In North Stamford, Conn., Stanley Alexander Potter and Annie Waterbury.

BIRTHS.

'84. (Non-graduate) Anna (Cowles) Conant, September 14, 1902, at Oxford, N. H., a son, Louis Cowles.

'96. Florence (Pearson) Yarnall, April 9, 1902, a daughter, Sarah Little.

DEATHS.

'49. Amelia Danforth Stearns died June 30, 1902, in Boston.

IN MEMORIAM.

Whereas, it has seemed wise to our Heavenly Father to remove from us our beloved friend and classmate, Gertrude Hermione Ellison,

Resolved, that we express our appreciation of her earnest life and beautiful Christian character; of the power for good that she was in her chosen work, and of our sense of loss in her early removal from us to the heavenly home.

Resolved, that we offer to her memory this tribute of our love and esteem, and extend our sympathy to those who were nearest and dearest to her, upon whom this loss falls most heavily.

Resolved, that these resolutions be placed upon the records of the class, and that a copy be sent to the family and to THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

For the Class of '96.

ANNIE LOUISE POMEROY, *President.*

EVA THERESE MELLOR, *Vice-President.*

FLORENCE P. MOWRY, *Secretary.*

EXCHANGES.

THE June exchanges present a remarkable similarity in their tables of contents. They are, for the most part, of one of two kinds, either Commencement numbers, containing the Commencement programme, addresses, and essays, or reviews of the work of the year, profusely illustrated with photographs of editing boards, class officers, etc. Numbers of this character are interesting to the members of the particular college concerned, but hardly to the world at large, and it is difficult to find interesting material. One bit of good fiction is found in the *College Folio* of the Western Reserve University, "Parson Peabody's Wooing." Most of the fiction, however, is of the sketchy sort, and so very light that it is scarcely worth reading.

The strength of the prose work is in the essays, both on literary subjects and college problems. Among the best of the latter is one in the *Bowdoin Quill* (which, by the way, is a centennial number, and a very good one) on "Scholarship and the College," by a graduate of '92. The *Dartmouth Magazine* has a very interesting account of its beautiful Chamberlain book plate, with a splendidly engraved reproduction of it. There is also a colored portrait of the Earl of Dartmouth.

Attention should be called to the special number of the *Oberlin Review*, a memorial number, dedicated to their late president, Dr. Barrows. It is especially well arranged and well worth reading.

The verse of the month is largely confined to class and ivy songs, but a few exceptions follow:—

THE UNFULFILLED.

There was to be a song,
  A mixture of the bird, the wind, the sea,
    The bending tree;
  Laughter and sighs of changeful world to end
    In songful blend.

There was to be a picture,
  The world all beautiful to catch and pierce and show
    Its riot glow,
  To bare the doubtful soul, unmask the heart—
    This was my part.

There was to be a book,
A culmination, future, present, past,
For this the last.
And then I 'd grasp the star I would not name,
Attach it . . . Fame!
What is there now?

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

VISION.

'T was but a leafless tree, yet stood
Against a rose-red evening sky:
And this had made it beautiful, sublime.

So unto him did change a life's bare time,—
Homely it seemed; and yet how good
When glorified on love's eternity.

—*Wesleyan Literary Monthly.*

TO THE LION OF LUCERNE.

Thou fighting king of that free warrior clan
Which roves the tangled jungles of the East,
Which makes its prey of every wide-eyed beast,
And thwarts the force of human craft and plan
With yellow teeth,—feasted on blood that ran
Hot from many a large-thewed victim's heart.
How fierce and free and mighty grown thou art,
To weep and bleed unto the gaze of man!

And we, who publicly and privately
  Must goad ourselves to fight some frail-armed foe
Of evil, and in every victory
Replume ourselves, or through some vain belief
  Pity ourselves—I think we cannot know
The measure of this fettered warrior's grief.

—*Williams Literary Monthly.*

A TOAST.

Here's to this, a woman's college,
  Of woman born, by women led;
Where else is found a finer knowledge
  Than here in woman's mind is bred?

To her who now as President
  Shows life's ideal without alloy,
To her may Time his best present,
Each day bring forth a higher joy.

To students many, new and old,
  May this year realization bring
Of hopes which now your hearts enfold,
  Of songs which in your dreams you sing.

To teachers, students, one and all,
  We greetings bring and more,—
To every one extend, this fall,
The FREEDOM *of our* STORE.

Art, Books

Henry R. Johnso
Springfield.

THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

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ANNA GRACE MCGOVERN, 1903, *Editor-in-Chief.*

Editors.

MAY FISKE, 1903. IVA JUNE SMITH, 1903.

CHARLOTTE ELLEN FARNHAM, 1904. EDITH LILLIAN SMITH, 1904.

HARRIET MURDOCK MARCY, 1904.

HELENE MAUD POPE, 1904, *Business Manager.*

LOTTIE ROWE LANE, 1905, *Assistant Business Manager.*

A CORNER OF FIFE.

IT was a rainy day in Edinburgh that inspired us. That is, it was a rainy day which made it possible to stop indoors with a clear conscience and read aloud. It was not our first acquaintance with Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Penelope's Progress," but the real Scotch "haar" drifting in at our windows, and the idiosyncrasies of our own good landlady made it uncommonly vivid, so that when we laid down the book we longed for adventure. Why could not we, four instead of three, also Americans, also spinsters, find an Inchcaldee of our own? We could not hope that a Ronald MacDonald would fall to the lot of any of us—for we knew that Francesca had the only Ronald in the countryside; but we longed for a taste of "haggis" and "hodgepodge" and for a rest from the beaten round which was fast ruining our tempers and emptying our pocketbooks.

That evening at dinner we began to inquire. We were laughed at for our requirements in the way of solitude and primitiveness but

C. L. H.

our Scotch friends made suggestions. Here was a wee town close t Andrews and on the sea, but, alas! the haunt of fashion. There another with a fine old abbey, and a long list followed, but all had "found" already and we rejected them. It was close to the end of week and of our stay in Edinburgh when a little white-haired wo told us about Culross. A friend of a friend had been there, and thought it picturesque and uncomfortable enough to suit us. Our was sealed. We booked for Kincardine, which was to be the end of railway journey and the beginning of the long ride by stage.

As we departed our landlady warned us: "Write us how you for there won't be an inn and you must n't stop at the tavern." I was a proposition, Where should we stay? "Well, go to the postma and if he can't tell you, inquire of the curate." The curate was subject of our thoughts the rest of the afternoon.

It was late when we bundled ourselves and our luggage into stage at Kincardine. There was a fair with merry-go-rounds in swing, so we had plenty of spectators and some advice. We already several miles on the road, however, before the information wrung from our reluctant driver that the *Red Lion* was only a ta after all. But it was too late to turn back, and there was always curate. No anxieties concerning an abiding place could make us ob ous to the lovely ups and downs of the river road. At length a fine gray pile was announced to be the castle and Culross to be over the hill. We were visibly excited to the amusement of the two or t staid passengers. We crossed the village green bordered on one sid the town house and on the others by small cottages with dates as 1608, 1642, and 1656 on their lintels. Here was a dial which had told the hours for more than three hun years. There was a quaint old garden with a strong wall ag which the river must flow when the tide is in, and, could it be tru yes, there on an old bench under a gnarled apple tree sat the curate beside him a young lady in blue. We drove on and humbly accep our coachman's advice inquired at the grocer's for lodgings.

Mrs. Penny, who we were sure understood all our faults and vi

after one searching glance, recommended "St. Mungo's." It sounded well and we drove away, sorry to leave the village behind but stopping at last at its very edge before a long low plaster house with a fuchsia ringing its crimson bells even at the second story windows and with sweetbrier roses vying with it the other side of the door. We bargained with the shy little landlady for a sitting room and bedrooms for two days. She had never cooked for lodgers before, but she would try if we would do our own providing. We gladly acquiesced and decided that the beds, which were even harder than the same Presbyterian variety of Edinburgh, would do for two nights. But the two nights became seven before we reluctantly said good-bye to them.

That evening as one of us sat chatting with Mrs. McLane in her stone-flagged kitchen, she asked in an awe-struck voice, "Excuse me, Miss, but are you *real* Americans?" We had found the Eden of our dreams. Our species was unknown and we unpatriotically rejoiced that the stars and stripes had not waved there before us. It was that fact and one other which made us feel that we must stay a week. The second reason was that we dwelt on historic ground. Fourteen hundred years ago, St. Mungo or St. Kentigern, as he is sometimes known, had been born in our very garden. Though it was dark when we discovered this fact, we found our way out to the ruins of the chapel built on the spot of the miraculous birth of this fine old saint, patron of Glasgow, and an establisher of the faith on the Island of Briton.

It would make a long story to enumerate all the joys of Culross (pronounced "Cú'ross" by the way). How we took turns at the marketing and found that we could n't buy vegetables, or fruit, or fish, or roasts "until they killed," and how our delivery boy was an ex-provost with white hair and a strong taste for whisky. Fortunately for us our landlady raised beans in her sacred garden and a few hens scratched among the fallen stones of the chapel or we should have starved. But meals were an interruption at Culross and, moreover, the yellow jackets from the woods on the hill got most of them, so we saved our appetites and feasted on the past. Mrs. McLane had a charming fashion of serving stories with our meals and as we were asking about the Abbey

Kirk told us one day the history of one of its bells. Many, many y ago a beggar came to the village and asked at a cottage for bread. goodwife replied that she had none but that it was just ready to go the oven. "Yes, bake a bit," said the lad gratefully. A long w after a bell came to Culross from Holland. No one knew anythin its source until it was discovered that wrought into the metal was inscription, "From Bake-a-bit." It was hung in the abbey, where, its deep-toned comrades, it rings each Sabbath day the praises of k liness.

Culross lives in the good old fashion by its bells. It is at a si from the tower of the town hall that the people rise at six. At e in the evening the curfew calls them home. On Sundays the first is at nine summoning the village to prepare for church. On Sur morning we "sat under" the established minister, not so much bec he was established as that his church was built into the ruined ab that it was the burial place of the Bruces and that we put our cop on a plate which was hammered and wrought by monks a thousand y ago. It was a good Catholic plate with Adam and Eve and the of Knowledge fantastically portrayed upon it, but covered now Presbyterian pennies and guarded, as it stood on a table by the chu yard gate, by two stern elders in Sunday blacks.

We had been there several days before we discovered that t was a palace, Culross House. We had seen its carved stone gables the high garden wall, and at last summoned courage to ask admitta The owner, a rich and thrifty maiden lady, unlocked the gate, accompanied by her cat, led us up and down the rickety stairs, intc long low rooms still bright with the frescoes painted by artists bro from Italy by James VI. The house was quite unrestored except the filling up of some mammoth fireplaces, and as it was all very tum down and damp, it was good to get out into the garden, which clin the hill in stone terraces. The proprietress showed us with great p a shrub whose leaves turned to a brilliant red in the autumn. It been brought by a sea captain from a foreign land and was the orig

of all that might be found in Scotland. We were interested to find this exotic none other than our own sumac.

We spent one enchanted afternoon in the castle of Dunnemarle, where we were allowed to wander in a library full of rare old volumes of history and ballads. We saw among other treasures a bit of Prince Charlie's tartan, and an ancient lady-in-waiting told us in broad Scotch the story of its being given to the mother of her mistress by his own bonny hand. We climbed the tower and looked down the Forth to the sea, and we lingered long in the garden overlooking the cottage of the tenants and the little chapel where we had heard the blind vicar say prayers the evening before.

It was on a ride to Dunfermline that we passed through a weavers' village and saw "tirling-pins" on the doors. Though we were interested of course in the grave of "The Bruce" and admired the splendid Carnegie windows far more than did the croaking sacristan, who, with the rest of his countrymen, was only too ready with his sneers at the great philanthropist, we enjoyed far more the stories of witches which our stage driver told us with an air of half belief, half derision.

It was the irony of fate that we had in our cameras but six exposures. And we were so delightfully remote that we could n't get more on time. So we voted on six views, and as we could n't leave the other bits, two of us took madly to sketching. The red roofs, the mists over the meadows, the river at low tide, the leaded-paned, tiled cottages in their nosegay gardens, the curved doorsteps, glimpses of hollyhocks over garden walls, and always the grim castle towers in the background and the ruined arches of the abbey, were a temptation even to an indifferent brush.

We left some pleasant acquaintances in Culross. The curate was not among them! But there was Janet at the castle, who promised to look up a ballad book for us in Edinburgh and who hoped we might know her "Cousin Willie" in Chicago. There was the postmistress, who was kind enough to be interested in our goings and comings, and our pretty hostess with real kindness in her farewells, some unknown friends who greeted us always on the highway, the flesher lady, the baker

lady, the stage driver, who gave us at parting a book of Scotch proverbs to read when we were "far awa'," and last but not least Mrs. Penny, who was our adviser in all things. Not a native herself she confided to us her dissatisfaction with the poor slow little village.

"They 're a bit queer, you know, the people." But though we accepted Mrs. Penny as authority in all matters pertaining to tinned pineapple and cheese, we kept our own counsel respecting this little red-roofed village, and we now long to go back to that corner of Fife where "all the world is fules but thee and me."

—Bertha C. Bidwell, 1897.

THE NOTE OF HOPE IN MATTHEW ARNOLD'S POETRY.

From a first reading of the poems of Matthew Arnold it appears that his attitude toward life is hopeless, his policy destructive; and this first impression is with difficulty dispelled. The coldness of the atmosphere he has created chills us, and, though we realize that much he says is true, we feel that it is unmercifully true, and we are rebellious. Not only in the thought do we find this austerity, but in the expression. We feel that every word has been weighed before being used, and though beautifully correct and chaste, yet lacks that spontaneity which arouses us to enthusiasm.

The work of Matthew Arnold has been compared to Greek sculpture, artistic, pure, and chaste, clear in its outline; but, it is added, his work lacks life and animation, courage and hope. Is this statement justifiable?

There certainly is a background of gloom, an "eternal note of sadness." Why is he sad; why are we sad as a result of reading him? In the first place, there is mystery, the mystery of each man's soul to himself, and of every man's soul to every other man.

"In mystery our soul abides."

Every man has a longing to know himself, to understand his own passions, emotions, and thoughts. He has

> "A longing to inquire
> Into the mystery of this heart which beats
> So wild, so deep in us, to know
> Whence our lives come and whence they go."[1]

There is so much that is inexplicable, so much that baffles the most patient and self-sacrificing research, that one feels a strange sense of incompleteness. Even when a glimpse of the truth is gained, it is but a mockery, and the floating echoes convey

> "A melancholy into all our day,"

and we rebel against the gods

> "Who sway'd our choice and who decided
> What our gifts and what our wants should be."[2]

We wonder if at any time it can be given us to know anything in entirety, and we pray

> "That we should not see the buried stress, and seem to be
> Eddying at large in blind uncertainty,
> Though driving on with it eternally."

Here we find the chief element of mystery definitely named, that of uncertainty. It is this which takes away our courage and ambition and makes the future of life hopeless. That we may not know concerning our coming or going, or even know if our best endeavor avails, is what gives us the sense of sadness in not understanding ourselves. Even our thoughts will not remain.

> "They hurry by
> And never come again."[3]

But the sadness in our lives comes not only from not understanding ourselves, but from this, also, that no one else may fully

[1] Switzerland Lyrics. [2] Self-Deception. [3] Despondency.

understand us. It is the loneliness, the detachment of ourselves from all other human beings, that makes us discouraged. We find this theme elaborated in the Switzerland Lyrics, where two lovers, seemingly fitted for each other, cannot come together in perfect understanding because of their "different pasts," and so drift away from each other. One may try to talk to another about the mysteries of life and of one's nature, but even this comfort is rare, for it is difficult to find one who understands, and though one feels that a bolt has been shot back and restraint is gone, yet it is only for the moment.[1]

A second eternal note is that of strife. Life is a continual thirst for peace and a struggle for it. This strife is all the more noticeable because of the contrast found in the quiet and repose of nature.[2] The world is full of a throng

> "Of whom each strives, nor knows for what he strives,
> And each half lives a hundred different lives;"[3]

and chaos and confusion is the result. Dissatisfied with the results achieved in one line, men try many others, and so are unable to do the best work in any. In the "Scholar-Gipsy" we find a character who lived happily because he had *one* aim, not many. But this is not possible in this strange disease of modern life

> "With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
> Its heads o'ertaxed, its palsied hearts"—

and so we rush madly on, no man having "leisure to grow wise." It is freedom that Arnold longs for, a condition of life where one may have a chance to breathe freely and enjoy peace and calm. This is his idea of the future life. As suggested above, it is the more hopeless because although all men are striving, yet no two men have the same difficulties and so true sympathy is impossible.

Other elements enter into this background of gloom. We find a longing for what "might have been" in the Obermann poems and the "Grande Chartreuse," a restlessness arising from defeated ideals and from the changing condition brought on by men's folly.

[1] Buried Life. [2] Quiet Work. [3] Scholar-Gipsy.

The fatalism shown by Arnold adds to the hopelessness, the idea at although one may strive nobly yet it may not avail, since his life is been foreordained by fate. The Greek idea of fate is in "Sohrab d Rustum," but a more modern conception is found in the shorter rics, as in "Obermann Once More," and the "Buried Life."

Change is a disturbing element, too, for it is discouraging to realize at nothing endures, that not even the best of what used to be is pre-rved, and that all human effort, human love, must perish.

Even in nature the poet imagines that he sees this sadness flected. He feels that it, too, has a "silent pain," that it even "seems bear rather than rejoice," and that it reflects the grief and despair f mankind.

In Arnold's poetry, then, we find a background of gloom, caused rimarily by the elements of mystery and strife, but augmented by the leas of change, fatalism, and the longing for what might have been. it a wonder that the reader turns away feeling that Arnold has indeed ruck the "eternal note of sadness," and that the only thing to do is to od along, enduring with resignation, but with no hope of alleviation d no ambition?

But this is not the only note. Amidst the chaos and confusion and satisfaction in life there is a note of hope. Indeed, it may be said at from a great number of poems, only one[1] could be found, absolutely peless, absolutely despairing. Even in the tragedy of Empedocles detect at the end a note of hope in the song of Callicles.

In the first place, one can find hope in the processes of nature. ature is represented in these great processes, quiet, tranquil, and nd. When nothing else can satisfy, when nowhere else may peace found, yet men may turn with confidence to Nature and find in her t and peace. She is

> "To all always open,
> To all always true."[2]

ien vexed with the uncertainties of life, man can turn to nature, o in spite of change always remains.[3] We find the greatest contrast

[1] Dover Beach. [2] Switzerland Lyrics. [3] Youth of Nature.

between the hurried, perplexing life and the coolness and quiet of nature in the "Empedocles." Nature works, but in silence. Especially in the heavens does one find inspiration and help, and when man looks up into them in envious admiration, the poet cries,

"Would thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they,"

their merit being in their self-dependence and self-poise, which make possible effective work. Arnold finds the heavens

"A world above man's head to let him see
How boundless might his soul's horizons be.

. . . . . .

How fair a lot to fill
Is left to each man still."[1]

The second source of hope is in man himself. Strife is necessary and, since it is, it is man's duty to strive toward some end. This end must be the highest he can conceive, and he must work towards it in the noblest way he can. His salvation depends upon his own achievement, his own independent work, and though his contribution towards the solution of the life-problem may seem small, he is held responsible only for doing his share nobly and well. But where is he to find help in living this life required of him? Arnold replies, in the poem, "Worldly Place,"

"The aids to noble life are all within,"

and he tells the young man,

"Sink, O youth, in thy soul!
Yearn to the greatness of Nature;
Rally the good in the depths of thyself." [2]

He must pitch this life high and obey strictly the inward judge.[3] He himself is to judge his own actions and he himself is responsible for doing his part nobly.

This is to insist upon the self-dependent life, not to justify the self-centered life, for there must be an interest in others. Arnold feels

[1] Summer Night. [2] Youth of Man. [3] Better Part.

that it is a sign of better times that the poor, needing help, go to their own class, who will help in sympathy, rather than to the very wealthy, who do it mechanically.[1] The sympathetic entering into other lives Arnold finds in the strong, unwearied nature of his father; he feels that it is a sign of hope that at certain times of discouragement and perplexity such "beacons" appear, who help their fellow men to continue their march "on to the city of God."[2] The salvation of the age lies in this,—

"One common wave of thought and joy
Lifting mankind again."

Not only in nature and in man's endeavor is hope found, but also in the thought of a life hereafter. Arnold has been called an unbeliever, an atheist, but we find faith is a ruling spirit and belief in a reward for what is well done on earth. His is not a joyful faith, but it is firm nevertheless. In the sonnet "East London" he commends the preacher having faith in Christ, and says that so long as he

"Set up a mark of everlasting light,

. . . . . .

Not with lost toil thou laborest through the night!"

No matter how weary the search, how seemingly fruitless the labor expended, how incapable of being understood by his fellow men, he may hope to find

"Life in God, and union there."[3]

It is this that cheers him in his struggle. He may sometime reach a place where he can feel

"that nothing can impair
The gentleness, the thirst for peace."[4]

He may find there the calm and hush he has failed to find on earth, and there the friends severed by misunderstanding may know each other and know themselves.

[1] West London. [2] Rugby Chapel.
[3] Monica's Last Prayer. [4] Switzerland Lyrics.

"Yet we shall one day gain, life past,
Clear prospect o'er our being's whole;
Shall see ourselves, and know at last
Our true affinities of soul."

These three ways in which Arnold finds hope are expressed i lyric of the "Empedocles," where Apollo and his train a praises,—

"First hymn they the Father
Of all things, and then,
The rest of immortals,
The action of men.

"The day in his hotness,
The strife with the palm;
The night in her silence,
The stars in their calm."

Though the first impression from Arnold's poetry may gloom and sadness, arising from the chaotic condition of s final conviction is that a note of hope sounds through the disc is the clearer because a gospel is formulated whereby we may s and that gospel is: To find in the grandeur and self-dependenc of nature a lesson for one's own life; to use all one's powers wi of bearing and energy; to live daily according to the highes one can fix, rejoicing that the effort will avail and that son will find the goal for which he has striven. Here surely hopeful in its motive for activity, and in the nobility of standard.

—Florence Messe

THE LONELY CHILD.

Sometimes I play I 'm a princess
  Shut up in a castle old,
And my dresses have trains of velvet
  All embroidered with silver and gold.
But there 's no one to play at king and queen
  Nor the old witch ugly and glum,
And I 'm tired of waiting and waiting
  For the prince who will never come!

Sometimes I play I 'm a mermaid
  At my home in the depths of the sea,
And all the beautiful seashells
  And the corals belong to me.
But I 'd like a sister mermaid
  These treasures of mine to share,
On the rocks we 'd sit with our golden combs
  And comb out our beautiful hair.

Sometimes I play I 'm a gypsy
  And live out of doors all the day,
While at night I sleep in a gypsy tent—
  I 'm queen of the band in this play.
But nobody worships this gypsy queen,
  For there 's no one to play in the band,
There 's no brave young gypsy lover
  To claim his queen's heart and hand.

So I don't care to be a princess
  And live in a castle old;
And I don't care to be a mermaid,
  Though my comb were of purest gold;

And I don't care to be the gypsy queen
Who roams on the hills all day;
And I 'd just be happy to make mud pies—
If some one would join in the play!

—MARTHA TAPPAN WEBSTER,

HANNAH LYMAN'S SILK DRESS.

THE clear September sunshine glistened on the well polisl irons in the best room of Mistress Lyman's cabin, for Mistress had a best room of which she was very proud. In fact the p of a best room with brass andirons was something to be prou hers was the only cabin in the little settlement of South Hadle could boast of such an ornament in that year of mingled frivo severity, 1676.

The Sunday after Captain Lyman had made the additio best room, Minister Moody had preached from the text, "Pri before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall," and h Governor Winthrop's latest message to the Massachusetts legisl which he condemned in strong terms the growth of vanity and the colony. Timid little Mistress Lyman had felt most keenly at the time, but had been somewhat reassured when she glanced her husband, who sat in his seat on the opposite side of the cl upright as one of his own masts.

At the moment when this first sunbeam had fallen across firedogs, a young girl came out of the cabin door and gazed exp down the road which led to the historic Bay Path. As she stoc she seemed the very personification of youthful vigor and forc was fully expressed by her finely cut features, her clear gray e her reddish bronze hair, which the small Puritan cap in no v trolled.

"Hannah, Hannah!" called her mother, "come in, child. Don't stand there idly wasting thy precious time a looking for Master Bolton."

"Yes, mother, I know; but, oh, I do wish he would make haste! What do you suppose John has sent me? In the letter, you know, he merely said that he had purchased a gift for me in England and that he would send it by the next post. What do you suppose it can be?"

"Mayhap," said little ten-year-old Prudence Lyman, "mayhap 't is a beautiful lace ruff like Mistress Winthrop's in the picture."

"Tut, tut, child," said her sister smiling at the little girl, "John would not buy such great finery."

"The packet, mother, was to make John's welcome doubly sure, but there were no need of that. And then we are both anxious to decide upon the day of——"

"Nay, daughter, do not speak of thy marriage. Thy father does not wish it until John Church is better established in his ship trading."

"Here he comes, Sister Hannah!" exclaimed little Prudence, running back from the door.

"Hush! thee must not act so unbecomingly," cried Mistress Lyman, though hardly less excited than little Prudence herself.

Hannah had already hurried down to the road along which Master Bolton was slowly jogging, his great saddlebags heavily swinging about, and bumping into the lean sides of his patient mare.

Several people had now come out to see the post carrier and to gossip with him while he watered his horse before proceeding to the tavern at Hadley. Before these discreet people of the worthy congregation of Minister Moody, who considered all undue excitement ungodly, Hannah managed to control herself so that she said quite demurely after awaiting her turn to speak with the carrier:—

"Good day, Master Bolton, and have you aught for Mistress Lyman this morning?"

"Hoity-toity! Missey Hannah, and why so fast?" exclaimed the old post carrier with a twinkle in his eye. "Dost think, my maid, I 've naught to do but bring packets for thee all the way from Boston town, with Nancy lame and Injuns and painters lurkin' behind every bush?"

"Oh, but, Master Bolton, I know you must have something for to-day!" said Hannah, an anxious expression creeping into her eyes.

"Well, well, and suppose I have, little mistress?" And the old m began undoing the numerous buckles and straps with great deliberati all the time watching Hannah's controlled impatience out of the c of his eye, while Mistress White, the gossip of the settlement, looked with all the attention of which she was capable.

"Oh, yes, here is a goodly-sized packet indeed for thee."

It seemed to Hannah that she would never reach the little ca with the bundle.

"Here, mother, quick! a knife! Oh-h!"

"Why—why—daughter, a—a silk dress!"

"A peacock blue silk dress! Oh, is n't John good, mother?" A Hannah, forgetting all rules of decorum, danced around the room w glee, unrolling yard after yard of the dark blue silk. "What a gorge gown I shall have!"

"Just like Mistress Winthrop in the picture!" whispered lit Prudence.

"But, daughter, it can never be!" gasped poor little Mistre Lyman. "Governor Winthrop—the new ordinance—the selectmen——

"I care not for Governor Winthrop nor the selectmen. Even father has not an income of two hundred pounds a year, he did not p for the dress. John gave it to me, and I intend to wear it!"

Just then there came a sharp knock at the door. Mistress Lym turned pale.

"Quick, daughter," she whispered, rolling the silk together wi trembling hands, "put this in the cupboard."

Hannah was just closing the cupboard door on the dress wh Mistress White, impatient at being kept waiting so long, opened t door and walked into the room.

"Good morning, Mistress Lyman. I thought I would just co in a moment to see if you had any news from Boston town. Is Mas Lyman to be home soon?"

"No, Mistress White, I do not expect him for fully a month come."

"Truly! I saw Master Bolton give Hannah a packet and I thought perhaps there was some word from thy goodman."

Mistress Lyman glanced helplessly at Hannah, while Mistress White took the opportunity to make a rapid survey of the room.

"Well, I must make haste, for Minister Moody will sup with us to-night. I am going to prepare for his refreshment a meat pasty, but find that I am short of thyme. Mayhap you will lend me some, neighbor?"

Poor Mistress Lyman! The thyme was in the top of the cupboard!

Hannah turned quickly from the window at which she had been standing, and said decidedly:—

"I am sorry, Mistress White, but I think we are all out of thyme. I used the last of it yesterday in cooking the roast."

"Very well," replied Mistress White, sharply. "I am glad to hear, Mistress Hannah, that you are taking due interest in household affairs and are not too much taken up with the pleasures of this world."

After the door had closed upon Mistress White, Hannah brought the silk out of the cupboard and laid it out on the table.

"Now, mother," she said, "I am going to cut this out right away."

"But, Hannah, think what the selectmen and Minister Moody will say."

"I care not even for Governor Winthrop himself, mother. But if, mother dear," she added gently, "you do not think right to help me, do not do so. Nevertheless, I am fully determined to wear this dress when John takes me to the meetinghouse next Sabbath."

"Well, daughter, act according to your own conscience; but it seems so bold, and think what every one will say."

The next day, when the making of the dress was well under way, Mistress White came softly in through the open door.

"Ah, Hannah Lyman, you are making a new dress? A silk one!"

"Yes, Mistress White."

"Well, I cannot tarry; I have a large baking to do." And Mistress White was off to inform all the gossips in the settlement of her discovery.

Hannah worked steadily on her dress while the worthy commu nity talked. Mistress Lyman remonstrated now and then, but in vain By Saturday afternoon the dress was all done and Hannah laid it wit great satisfaction across a chair in the best room.

"Well, that 's all ready to wear to-morrow morning," she said wit a sigh of relief. "And now John will be here in an hour or two."

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear. The service ha already begun when the little party entered the meetinghouse. Mi ister Moody looked up sternly from his reading, and there was muc craning of necks among the younger portion of the congregation. Mi tress Lyman came first with timid and hesitating steps, little Pruden walking shyly by her side. Hannah's firm chin was held a little high in the air than usual, while John walked as proudly as King Phili himself.

The sermon seemed interminably long to several people in Minist Moody's congregation, but especially to Mistress White, whose tongu had been gathering energy for the last two hours. When at last th meeting was over her words flowed in streams. The selectmen stoc in a group about the door, so that as Hannah passed out she caught th words:—

"Two hundred pounds a year—the court——"

While Mistress White was saying, "The boldness of that your woman——"

That evening Selectman Bradford waited upon Hannah and i formed her that she was summoned to appear the next day before th circuit court at Northampton, to answer to the charge of misconduc

John laughed and said they would go over together, but Mistre Lyman and little Prudence were reduced to tears.

"You will surely be fined, Hannah, for your father has not a income of two hundred pounds a year," wailed Mistress Lyman.

"But the dress was given to me," said Hannah.

"Of course it was!" put in John, "and the giver purposed yo should wear it, too."

A roguish light shone in Hannah's eyes. "To prove to them th I think so, too, I 'll wear the dress to court, John."

"Hannah!" exclaimed Mistress Lyman, "hast lost thy senses?"

The next morning the settlement was electrified by seeing Hannah Lyman in her blue silk dress, mounted on the pillion behind John, on her way to court. Mistress White was for once silent from sheer astonishment.

When Hannah and John entered the court room there was some little stir among the townspeople. Judge Pyncheon looked sternly at Hannah as he said:—

"Hannah Lyman, you are accused of wearing silk in a flaunting manner, both on ordinary and extraordinary occasions, when, according to evidence, your father, Captain Richard Lyman, has not a yearly income of two hundred pounds. Is it not carrying thy impertinence too far to appear before the court in this apparel? What have you to say for yourself?"

"Your Honor," said Hannah, "this gown was given me and not bought by my father's money. I hold that each person should follow his or her own conscience in the matter of dress. Your father and my grandfather, Judge Pyncheon, came to this country for conscience' sake, that they might act according to their own judgment, and can you forbid me to act according to mine? As for my wearing this dress to court to-day, I did it to show that I thought it was right that I should wear it, and"— she added shyly,—"out of compliment to your Honor."

The Judge fumbled among his papers and then looked up as if surprised to see Hannah and John still standing before him. Turning to the clerk he said:—

"This case is dismissed. No cause for action."

When at last they were outside the Town Hall, where the session had been held, John caught Hannah's hands in his, and exclaimed:—

"Nobly done, Hannah. You pleaded your cause well, and—you wore your dress!"

"Of course I wore it, and I intend to wear it! I'll wear it——"

"You will wear it on our wedding day," said John triumphantly.

—Anita B. Ferris, 1905.

A GOOD NIGHT SONG.

Gwine tow sleep, youh lill' darky,
Cuddle down, youh sleepy head;
Buggah-man an' haunts ken't git youh
In youh lill' trundle-bed.

Jes a'cause youse brack, ma honey,
Dat 's no sign dat God don' care.
Laws! He lubs us niggahs shu'ly,
He am watchin' eberywhere.

In de dark night, still an' lonely,
Brack an' white am same tow Him;
He can't see a bit ob diffrunce
'Twix' Marse Tom an' lill' Jim.

Go tow sleep, youh lill' darky,
Shet youh shiny eyes up tight,
Stars am twinklin' in de heben,
Blinkin' tow youh, "Jim, good night."

—Alice Von Stein. 1905.

A QUESTION OF COLOR.

Two little girls came running down the garden path; from behin a rosebush a colored girl advanced to meet them.

"She 's come, Mirandy; Mary 's come," cried one of the childre excitedly. "But what shall we do? For she 's lost her doll, and sh must have one to play with."

Mirandy grinned, and, holding out to the visitor a dilapidated doll, said cordially:—

"Howdy, missey. I'se pow'ful glad tow see youh. Ef you'se pertic'lar, youh ken hab ma Lindy."

The girl addressed stared; then she smiled scornfully.

"Lucy, who is she?"

"Why, she 's Mirandy, and she 's goin' to play with us."

"Play with us! Why, she 's a nigger!"

Astonishment shone in Lucy's mild eyes; she was puzzled.

"Go 'way, Mirandy," she said reluctantly.

Mirandy's heart swelled; she felt hot and queer.

"Youh ole white trash," she said spitefully; then she ran with all her might.

She ran until she came to the brook; there, throwing herself down on the bank, she gave vent to her anger. She screamed and pulled the grass in her fury; gradually she grew calmer. For a long time she lay gazing into the water; two burning tears rolled down her cheeks; then she clutched blindly for her neglected doll.

"Pore Lindy, pore chile! We uns is niggahs. Nebbah min', honey, we'se gwine tow fix 'em, we is."

She heard a sudden rustle behind her.

"Shoo, who 's dat?"

"What ails youh, 'Randy?" the owner of the black face peering through the bushes queried.

"Oh, Joel," she cried; and as he stood beside her, Mirandy told the sorrowful story.

"I wish de good Lawd hed made me white," she wailed; "white like de odder folks."

Joel scratched his head meditatively.

"Lawd a-massy, chile! Hit 'pears like I'se done heard somewhare dat some mudders frow dere chilluns in de ribbah, an' de good Lawd 's sartin shure tow gib 'em what dey ask. Youh kin ask Him tow make youh white; 'pears like I 'd try hit, 'Randy;" and Joel disappeared without waiting to see how his suggestion was received.

For a long time Mirandy struggled with herself. Her desire t be like other folks and her love for Lindy were about equal. She ha infinite possibilities in her reach, and yet life without Lindy would b cheerless. At last she made her decision. Grasping Lindy quickl and swinging her by the arm, she began:—

"Oh, Lawd——" when she saw a white object almost buried in th deep grass. What could it be? Dropping Lindy, she ran to the spo There, face downwards, lay Susan, Mary's lost doll.

Mirandy was suddenly inspired; a wicked light gleamed from he eyes.

"Susan am de ram from de Lawd."

She snatched her up and, swinging her violently, began again:—

"Bressed Lawd, heah am Susan. Make me a white chile an'— an' "—the awfulness of the prayer frightened her,—"an' make Mar brack," she added softly.

Then she let go her hold on the doll; a white streak, a splash, an Susan disappeared beneath the water. Mirandy found herself watch ing the widening ripples. Suddenly the enormity of the deed flashe upon her. She grew hot and then cold; for the first time in her lif her legs refused to support her. Everything in the woods seemed t mock at her; the trees whispered of her crime; the birds sang of it the brook on its way to the sea told of it; soon the whole world woul know what a wicked girl she was.

Again she ran; this time even faster than before. As she neare the house she saw Lucy and Mary on the veranda. She tried to pus Lindy into Mary's arms, saying as she did so:—

"Heah am Lindy; take huh, Mary. I'se done frowed yoah Susa in de brook."

Lindy fell with a dull thud to the floor.

At first Mary did not understand; then she began to cry. Bu Lucy looked at Mirandy, frowned, and then gave her a resounding blo on the cheek.

"If you could do that, you *are* a nigger, 'Randy."

For a moment Mirandy stood there stunned; then slowly raising her arm she looked at it keenly. It was still black!

"I'se a niggah, shure nuff," she murmured bitterly. Then she picked up Lindy and slowly walked away.

—Alice Von Stein, 1905.

IN SHORT.

THE BROOK.

With a happy dash and splash,
O'er the broken rocks it flows,
While the drooping grasses bend
To ask it where it goes.

But the brooklet ne'er replies,
As it hurries through the dell,
Save to sparkle back a smile,
As if to say "farewell."

—Anna Belle Gilnack, 1905.

All for a Backsheesh.

It was an odd little party that found its way among the great cedars of Lebanon in the high Taurus mountains—a queer little caravan of three—the dashing young Turkish guard clad in all true Oriental finery, the placid, white-haired missionary with clear, blue eyes, and the stolid muleteer, who plodded beside his beast.

The Turk was in a fever of excitement. He darted back and forth, scanning every thicket and projecting rock; he peered down the mountain and glanced back over the road as if he expected brigands any

moment; he kept pulling out his revolver, and then felt to see if the sword were still hanging by his side.

The white-haired missionary, however, was little troubled by his antics. His eyes were filled with a holy light that cast a soft radiance over his features. Once in a while a far-away look came into them as though he were thinking of his loved ones in America, or of the little community he was striving to leaven with the purity and holiness of his own soul.

Just as the three were nearing a thick growth of bluish junipers, a man confronted them, and, seizing the bridle of the missionary's horse, cried:—

"Halt!"

He who was so rudely accosted glanced around for the protector he had hired at great expense. He saw only the bright blue of his coat disappearing among the trees.

"Why do you command me to halt?" he inquired gently.

The robber frowned, and answered roughly, "Get down from your horse!"

The missionary obeyed, able in no way to prevent the search of his person or of the load on his pack animal.

"My son," he began earnestly, "do you realize what you are doing! Are you going to take everything that I have away from me?"

The robber stopped, hesitated a minute, then went on stolidly searching the bedding and boxes of provisions. Pretty soon he gave a low call whereupon another man jumped out of the thicket and laid hands on the pack horse. The two were about to gallop away when the gentle voice detained them.

"Friend, think of the injustice you are doing me. Here am I, an old, white-haired man. You have taken my money, my food, my horse. I am still a three days journey from home, and the way is rough. Think of your father. My face will haunt you if you leave me thus."

Again the robber seemed irresolute, but his companion laughed derisively, and they galloped off.

Deprived of their horses, the old man and the younger one plodded n over the narrow, stony trail for an hour or more. It was slow work, or the missionary had to stop to get his breath every few minutes. ast as the sun was setting they came down into the plain, still four niles from the next halting place.

Suddenly the beat of hoofs sounded on the sandy plain. The two ooked around to see the robber riding up to them. The muleteer cov- red his face with his hands, but the missionary was calm and placid s before. The robber rode up close to him and said quickly:—

"Bodvilli, see, I bring you back your watch," and he pulled it out f his bosom. "And here is your horse. Ride on it; I would not have ou walk." He stopped short, breathing hard for a minute. "Here, even give your purse back again to you. See, all the money, every ara, is there."

"Thank you, my son. I am glad you have done so well." Then, s the brigand still seemed to have something on his mind, "Can I do ything for you?"

The robber apparently did n't hear these last words. Something till troubled him.

"What is it?" came gently from the old man.

"Bodvilli, I have returned all these things. I was at great trouble o come all this way. Will you not give me a backsheesh for my pains?"

"Certainly, certainly," was the answer in an amused tone, as the ecipient of all these favors took out a Turkish pound. "Now let me elp you in any way I can."

But already the space was widening between the two, and dark- ess was fast approaching.

—HARRIET A. LEE, 1905.

I KNOW a little twin, I do,
And he is seldom bad,
But when he does a naughty thing,
It does not make him sad.

Mamma looks down in mild reproof,
"My son, what have you done?"
He just looks up with witching smile,—
"Oh, 't was the other one!"

—A. E. P., 1904.

Running Away.

I was resolved; nothing could move me now; my destiny was in my own hands,—I would run away. Perched upon the projecting bough of an old apple tree, I was swinging my feet aimlessly and eating a crisp pippin. Belinda Jane hung from the limb above me by the skirt of her turkey-red gown. This fact alone must have indicated my frame of mind, for Belinda was never neglected. Indeed, as I often remarked with an air of triumph, Belinda was "spoiled more 'n I was." I watched the wind playing with the apple tree leaves, tossing them and Belinda up and down. I wondered whether she liked it or not, and felt a sort of savage hope that she did n't. The world was cruel to me. Never mind! I would have my revenge. I would run away—run away.

I slipped down from the bough, Belinda dangling under my arm, and ran to the house, bent on making preparations for my departure. In the kitchen I found my mother drawing from the oven a pan of rich brown molasses cookies. How good they looked! My heart warmed a little when I grasped the proffered one, but I did not smile. I put it in my pocket, saving it, I told myself, against the future.

I passed out from the kitchen door into the wood shed where "Kitty-blue" was playing with a dry leaf in the sunshine. How could she enjoy herself when I was so sad? I picked up a stick and chased her until she disappeared under a pile of boards. Then I trotted out of the yard, Belinda limp on my shoulder.

I had trudged, in half-frightened joy, a long way it seemed to me, when at last I saw a milepost pointing down a byway. So this was only a mile I had come. How far, then, was twenty? Some dusty ox-eye daisies tossed their heads in the meadow over the fence. I climbed it

d plucked them. Perhaps it would be easier to take a short cut ross-lots" than to traverse the endless road.

So I plodded on, through the deep tangled grass, and entered a ch of woodland. How dark it was under the trees! I clutched linda closer and ran stumbling over the bushes. A something, black, hing, darted from beneath my feet. A snake!

"Oh! Belinda, my poor child, are you so very frightened?" I bed, as I pressed her smiling lips against my cheek.

The wind blew fresher. The maple leaves rustled and turned pale ler its touch. A minute more—it was raining! Poor Belinda! r pink cheeks became a deathly white; her gorgeous gown faded and de upon my pinafore a blot of red. I put her under my dress. Then eaned against the trunk of a sturdy sycamore and hid my face and ed.

At last the rain ceased. I had picked up Belinda and was starting toward home when, all at once, I heard a cheery whistle and saw a l form parting the underbrush. It was my father. He had come look for the pony.

"What are you doing here, little girl?" said he as he picked me up his arms. I nestled my curly brown head against his big shoulder d put my arms about his neck. Then, softly, I whispered, "Running ay."

—Helen L. Paddock, 1905.

EDITORIAL.

For some time the need of an alumnæ-student building has been lt, but only within the last year has the question been agitated of eeting the need. A student committee was formed in the spring to ke active measures to arouse the interest of the alumnæ and students, d already a small nest egg of four hundred and twenty-three dollars s been secured through the gifts of various organizations in college. is sum is but a small nucleus, but it is hoped that it will grow rapidly.

The present accommodations for the various social, literary, and religious organizations are inadequate, and such a building will be invaluable not only in providing rooms for these but also in unifying the students, for it will be a common meeting place for all. The meetings of the Students' League are at present held either in the chapel, which is hardly the place for such gatherings, or in the gymnasium, which is most inconvenient; also, the executive staff has no headquarters. There should be offices for the president and executive committee and an assembly hall large enough to accommodate the student body, which now numbers over seven hundred.

The Young Women's Christian Association is working at a disadvantage in its present room in the basement of Mary Wilder Hall. It is anxious for a proper reception room and office, and both these wants can be satisfied only when the student building is a reality. The Student Volunteers also put in a plea for a suitable room in which to hold their meetings.

The musical clubs are at present homeless and are compelled to wander about in search of a place for rehearsals and to give their concerts in the chapel. Music rooms and an assembly hall would meet these difficulties.

THE MOUNT HOLYOKE board would also be most grateful for commodious quarters, for their one small office is totally inadequate to their needs. Their demands would be satisfied by a proper office and a room large enough for board meetings and editorial work. The *Llamarada* board is without a home of its own, and would add its plea for a room.

Such a building would benefit not only the students but also the alumnæ. There is great need of alumnæ headquarters and of a large room for alumnæ luncheons and banquets, and the assembly hall already designated would be a great convenience for their meetings.

A mass meeting of the students has been recently held and an attempt made to arouse their enthusiasm. The problem was definitely presented, and it is hoped that they will respond to the stimulus given by the committee by making every effort toward securing the building as soon as possible. This committee, which consists of Edith Richard

ma (1903), chairman; Cora Dyer (1903), Betsey Mann (1904), Helen Buck (1905), are making various plans for raising money,—one is the giving of an opera in the spring; and they also hope that the students will sign the pledges distributed at the mass meeting.

The alumnæ have considered the matter, as is shown in the report of the committee on the Income Fund, for one object for which it has been suggested part of the fund be used is this alumnæ-student building. The following is an extract from the report:—

"The alumnæ who have been present at recent commencements realize the great need of alumnæ headquarters, with an alumnæ office, a room of convenient size for the business meeting, a large hall for the luncheon, and for social gatherings or class reunions. The increasing number of students has shown the need of a building suited to their various interests. Among these needs are rooms for the work of the Young Women's Christian Association, rooms for the different college societies, and a large hall for lectures, concerts, and social gatherings, that the chapel may be kept for religious services only. For this end the students are already working. It will be desirable for many reasons to plan for one building that can be adapted to all these needs." A copy of this report is being sent to every former member of the college, whether graduate or non-graduate.

President Woolley is presenting the matter, as only she can present it, to the various branches of the alumnæ organization, on every occasion of meeting with them. If the alumnæ and students are as responsive as it is hoped they will be, the alumnæ-student building will become a reality in the not far distant future.

Among the many clubs in connection with the college departments, the Current Events Club may be mentioned as related to all departments and to the world. Regular attendance at the meetings of this club will save a student from ignorance of living facts outside the college halls.

The direct aim of the club is the intelligent presentation of subjects representing all phases of the world's work. With this in view

well known speakers are sometimes secured. Mrs. Kelly, Congressman Gillett, and Mr. Cowles of Farmington, Conn., addressed the club last year. Mrs. Kelly explained the effort of the Consumers' League, arousing so much interest in the cause that a large number of students became members of the League.

From time to time different members of the faculty speak upon events closely connected with their particular departments. The students themselves support the club by reporting upon various topics of interest. The committee in charge this year consists of Harriet Quick (1903), chairman; Rosetta Montgomery (1903), and Mabel Nims (1904).

The meetings are now held on the first and third Mondays of the month. Last week's programme is a fair sample of the usual proceedings. The subjects and speakers were as follows: "The Coal Strike," Gwendolen Jones and Alma Rose; "The Report on the Crops for the Year," Mary Hunter; "Congressional Elections and Party Platforms," Gertrude Palmer; "Foreign Affairs," Edith Mandell; "War in Central America," Edith Poole; "Death of Zola," Mabel Nims.

Other branches of college activity may need arguments in favor of their support, but the Current Events Club speaks for itself.

DEPARTMENT NOTES.

ASTRONOMY.

BEGINNING with Wednesday, November 5, the Observatory will be open to the students and their friends from seven-thirty to nine the first Wednesday evening of each month. When the evening is clear an opportunity will be given the visitors to see interesting celestial objects with the telescope.

ENGLISH.

TUESDAY evening, October 21, Prof. Lindsay Todd Damon, now of Brown University and formerly of the University of Chicago, lectured on "Rhetoric as a College Subject."

Professor Damon spoke of the essential difference between the "new" rhetoric and the old. The rhetoric of the past concerned itself with theory alone, while that of the present applies in composition the theories it teaches. It is no longer the study of "elegant extracts"; it is the study of a few fundamental principles with much practice in writing.

Students sometimes object to the study of rhetoric in college because it is hard work. That it is hard work should be urged in its favor, rather than against it. A second class say that they have nothing to write and therefore should not be forced to try. This objection may be answered by saying that the aim of rhetoric is not to make great writers, but to give the student the ability to express ideas clearly, together with a sense of form and correctness. Others again say that the secondary schools should teach lucidity and correctness. This is true, but as long as the schools fail to give necessary attention to form, the college must do much of the elementary training.

In college the student must learn to assimilate ideas, to develop a thought, and to make a composition a unit. Rhetoric is not a "science," not a "joy," but a "tool" by means of which the student may present ideas to others with as slight a veil as possible between ideas and recipient.

THE LIBRARY.

A LIST of the bound volumes added from June 1 to October 15 has been posted in the library. Of the 586 volumes, a few selected titles are given below.

Addams, Jane. Democracy and social ethics. 1902.
Archæological Institute of America. Investigations at Assos. pt. 1. 1902.
Baldwin, J. M. Development and evolution. 1902.
Beers, Henry A. History of Eng. romanticism in the XIXth century. 1901.
Bülow, Baroness von. Life of . . . Baroness von Marenholtz-Bülow. 1901.
Deland, Margaret. Old Chester tales. 1899.
Earle, Alice M. Child life in colonial days. 1899.
Home life in colonial days. 1900.
Stage-coach and tavern days. 1902.
Erman, A. Life in ancient Egypt. 1894.
Fiske, John. New France and New England. 1902.
Grenfell, W. T. Vikings of to-day; or, Life . . . among the fishermen of Labrador. 1896.
Haselwood, Jos., *ed.* Ancient critical essay upon Eng. poets and poesy. 1811.
Henderson, C. H. Education and the larger life. 1902.
Hopkins, E. W. India old and new. 1902.

Hugo, Victor. (Poems.) 7 v.
Jameson, M. Ethel, *comp.* Bibliographical contribution to the study of Ruskin. 1901.
Kidd, Benjamin. Principles of western civilization. 1902.
Larned, J. N., *ed.* Literature of American history. 1902.
Lowrie, Walter. Monuments of the early church. 1901.
Maspero, G. Dawn of civilization. 1901.
Struggle of the nations. 1897.
Massachusetts. Colonial laws . . . reprinted from edition of 1660. 1889.
Michel, Emile. Rembrandt. 2 v. 1895.
Rubens. 2 v. 1899.
Morris, William. House of the Wolfings. 1896.
Poems by the way; and, Love is enough. 1898.
Roots of the mountains. 1896.
Story of the glittering plain. 1898.
Well at the world's end. 2 v. 1896.
Müntz, Eugene. Leonardo da Vinci. 2 v. 1898.
New International Encyclopædia. v. 1-2 1902.
Phillips, Stephen. Paolo and Francesca. 1902.
Poems. 1902.
Reinsch, P. S. Colonial government. 1902.
Ritson, Jos., *ed.* Ancient English metrical romances. 3 v.
Royce, Josiah. World and the individual. 2 v. 1901.
Student Vol. Movement. World-wide evangelization . . . report of convention at Toronto. 1902.
Sturgis, Russell. Dictionary of architecture and building. 3 v. 1902.
Swinburne, A. C. Poems and ballads. 1901.
Toynbee, Paget. Dictionary of . . . Dante. 1898.
Van Dyke, Henry. Ruling passion. 1901.
Waldstein, Charles. Argive Heræum. v. 1. 1902.
Wharton, Edith. Crucial instances. 1901.
Wister, Owen. The Virginian. 1902.
Young, M. V. Les enseignements de Robert de Ho. 1901.

Mrs. Sarah B. Dewey (non-graduate) of '42, has presented a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica for the art library; and the Century Dictionary and Encyclopedia has been purchased for the same department.

A set of the Spenser Society publications, reprints of the works of sixteen English authors of the 16th and 17th centuries, was purchased last year for the department of English literature and has now been bound in 42 vols.

COLLEGE NOTES.

ENTHUSIASM was high at the mass meeting held in the gymnasium on ober 8, when the question of the Students' Building was first brought before student body. The committee reported on work that had already been e; the need of more room was spoken of by the heads of different organiza- ıs; and finally ways were suggested by which money for the building might aised.

Two excellent concerts were given at the college in October. The first given by the Kneisel quartet of Boston. Following is the programme:—

urtet in C minor, op. 18.....*Beethoven*

Allegro ma non tanto.
Scherzo (Andante scherzoso quasi allegretto).
Menuetto (Allegretto).
Allegro.

ito for violoncello (string accompaniment).....*Chopin*

MR. SCHROEDER.

ime and Variation—Death and the Maiden (from quartet in D minor).....*Schubert*

igio and presto from duetto, op. 39.....*Spohr*

MESSRS. KNEISEL AND THEODOROWICZ.

dante sostenuto and prestissimo (from quartet in C sharp minor, op. 17).....*Sgambati*

e second concert was given on October 28, by Theodore Van Yorx, tenor.

On Tuesday, October 21, Prof. W. T. Damon of Brown University lec- red on the subject, "Rhetoric, a College Subject."

The junior class entertained the freshmen on the afternoon of October 29. e first hour was occupied by an informal reception and dance, after ich the following scenes from "Hiawatha" were given in pantomime:—

1. Hiawatha's Wooing.
2. Blessing the Cornfields.
3. The Famine.
4. Hiawatha's Departure.

At the vesper service of November 2, Dr. Faunce, president of Brown University, gave a short address.

The first of the lectures in the course arranged for the year was giv November 4, by John Graham Brooks. The subject of the lecture was ury as a Private and Public Problem."

The members of the Debating Society from the class of 1904 were a reception by the society on October 18, in Assembly Hall. Miss president of *Τὸ δέ* chapter, gave a welcoming address, after which Miss told of the early years of the society, Miss Stevens spoke of some of the a tages to come from membership, and Miss Tracy gave some words of sent from Olympus to the new members. The society then adjourned other part of the hall, where refreshments were served and a short rec was held.

On Wednesday evening, November 5, Psi Omega entertained some friends with a reading by Miss Brann. Selections from the poems of Gabriel Rossetti supplemented the course of study with which the soci engaged this semester. The following is the programme:—

The Blessed Damozel.
Rose Mary.

Songs. (Words by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.)

(*a*) Three Shadows.
(*b*) Adieu.

MRS C. A. NEWELL.

Sonnets from the House of Life.

Silent Noon.
Love's Lovers.
The Heart of the Night.
Without Her.
The Song-Throe.
Soul's Beauty.
Lost Days.
The One Hope.

Lyrics.

The Portrait.
Alas, so Long!
The Woodspurge.
The Sea-Limits.
World's Worth.
The Cloud Confines.
Sudden Light.

Ave.

Founder's Day was observed on Friday, November 7. The forenoo occupied by an alumnæ reception and tea. The customary exercises held in Mary Lyon chapel in the afternoon, when an address was deliver President Hopkins of Williams College. In the evening an organ recita given by Mr. Hammond.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION NOTES.

CALENDAR OF MEETINGS.

Thursday, October 2.

A meeting in the interests of the Finance Department of the Association. Subject: "Fellowship in Christ's Work." Leader, Sue MacWilliams.

Sunday, October 12.

A service in charge of the Missionary Department of the Association. Subject: "Africa—the Colossal Interrogation Point." Leader, Iva Smith.

Thursday, October 16.

A regular prayer meeting of the Association. Subject: "The Gift of a Day." Leader, Charlotte Allen.

Sunday, October 26.

A service of reception to new members of the Association. Subject: "I will go in the strength of the Lord God." Leader, Elizabeth Colby.

Sunday evening, November 9, reports from the annual summer conference of the Association at Silver Bay, Lake George, were given.

The week of November 9-16 has been observed as a week of prayer for the work of the Young Men's and Young Women's Associations all over the world. Special meetings were held Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings in the different houses.

The plan of meetings for the year is as follows:—

A vesper service the first and third Sundays of the month.

In charge of the Faculty,—the midweek prayer service following each vesper service.

In charge of the Y. W. C. A.,—all other Sunday and midweek services, with the exception of the preparatory service for Communion, which is held on the Thursday evening preceding the first Sunday in every other month.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

The Mission Study Committee offers this year five courses of study, as follows:—

Comparative Religions. Leader, Miss Ruth L. Parker.

Home Missions. Leader, Charlotte Root.

Current Events in Missions. Leader, Miss Helen Calder.

Medical Missions. Leader, Cora E. Dyer.

History of Missions. Leader, Iva J. Smith.

Seventy-six girls are enrolled as members of these classes. In additio many girls attend the class on Current Events, as listeners. This class meet every Friday evening at nine o'clock in the Student Volunteer room, in th basement of Safford Hall. Every one is cordially invited to attend.

The work of the Bible Study Department of the Young Women's Chris tion Association has been, during these first weeks of the year, th forming of classes, that all members of the college might have an opportunit to study the Bible in a systematic manner. The purpose of the work is, no only that students may be allowed the privilege of systematic study, but als that through this study all members of the classes may be influenced to greater knowledge of the Bible with a deeper devotional and personal interes in its teachings.

At an afternoon service in the chapel September 28, Mr. Robert Spee made an earnest and impressive appeal for the Bible, and the value an necessity of its study among college students. At this service pamphlets wer given out which contained an outline, as given below, of the courses offere this year. During the next week a canvass of the college was made whic resulted in an enrollment of about two hundred and seventy students wh desired to join Bible study classes.

Courses and leaders for the year 1902-1903:—

1. Biographical Studies in the Old and New Testaments.....*Shelto*
   BERTHA SNYDER, MARTHA NORTON.
2. Old Testament Characters.....*Whi*
   EDITH TORREY, MARION LANSING.
3. Study of the Bible by Books.
   MISS CROWTHER.
4. Studies in the Life of Christ.....*Sharm*
   MISS CALDER, HELEN WOOD, ALICE EATON, HARRIET LEE, WINIFRED TILDEN.
5. Sunday School Lessons.
   DR. CLAPP.
6. Prayer—Principles and Examples.....*Goodm*
   RUTH WARD.
7. Studies in the Gospel of John.....*Whi*
   MISS SNELL, ANNIE TRACY.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

THE Springfield Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association met in Holyoke, October 4, at the Second Congregational Church.

Many thanks are due Mrs. W. W. Ward, chairman of the Entertainment Committee, and her assistants, Miss Ely and Miss Merrick, for an especially enjoyable meeting.

An unusual number were present at the opening of the business meeting, and eighty-one partook of a chafing-dish lunch served by the ladies of the church.

Miss M. A. Averill, president, presided at the business meeting, which was opened with a selection of Scripture read by her, followed by prayer by Miss S. E. Ely. Miss Averill alluded in a few well chosen words to the deaths of two members since the April meeting, Miss Gertrude Ellison, secretary of the Y. W. C. A. of Springfield, and Miss Harriet Hinsdale of Blandford.

The chief business of the meeting was the discussion of the revised constitution of the association. It was accepted, a few changes only being made. One concerned the name (Article I), and it was voted that the association should hereafter be known as The Springfield Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association.

Through the energy of the membership committee the number of members has been increased. The treasurer reports nearly one hundred paid members at this date, and it is confidently expected that the secretary's list of nearly one hundred and twenty names will represent the full membership in the future.

An adjourned business meeting followed the lunch, Mrs. H. W. Bosworth, honorary president, presiding, as Miss Averill was obliged to leave, finished the discussion of the constitution, after which the meeting was adjourned.

The annual meeting of the New Haven Alumnæ Association was held at Mrs. Thera West Fairchild's, 213 Crown street, on Friday afternoon, October 17.

The former officers were re-elected. Miss Perkins (1902) of the Worcester association presented the subject of the new alumnæ-student building most interestingly. The matter of the Income Fund was also discussed, and Mrs. Fairchild will represent the association on the Income Committee.

Letters were read from Miss Sarah Clark ('76), who is spending the year in Europe.

It is always a pleasure to welcome the younger alumnæ,—at this meeting several of the recent graduates were present.

Bouillon was served during the social part of the afternoon.

The proposition of uniting with the other associations of the sta under discussion. Most of the alumnæ seem to favor such a union once a year.

'47. Mrs. Lucy (Martindale) Lamb of Greenfield lately visited th

'50. Mrs. Augusta (Green) Greene visited college during the last

'68. Miss Emily W. Reed and her sister, Miss Anna S. Reed, "A Single Strand" and "Mount Holyoke Days in War Tim have their home in Amherst for the winter with Miss Sabra class of '66.

'75. Mrs. Frances (Hazen) Gates lately returned from India. remain in this country a year.

'77. Miss Emma Demarest is private secertary to Mr. Gilder, t of *The Century*.

Mrs. Mary (Wilcox) Freeman is assistant in the Mount Ic for Girls recently opened in Newton.

'84. Miss Mary Averill of Springfield was one of the recent visitc

'85. (Non-graduate) Mrs. Lissa (Hatheway) Keigwin is now livi Vernon, N. Y.

'87. A memorial of Catharine Hayden Barbour, who died in S 1901, after a life work for the girls of Spain, has been printed and distributed by a friend whose name is withhel

Mrs. Alice (Carter) Cook has moved out of Washington to Md.

The address of Mrs. Helen (Cobb) Goldthwaite is 871 Ced Alameda, Cal.

Mrs. Ellen (Crane) Miller is teaching History and Pedagog Moines College. Her address is 920 College avenue, Des M

'89. Clara L. Brown of Niigata, Japan, has published recentl Flakes; a Collection of Songs for Children," in Japan music.

Maria Westcott is at home in Hopedale, Mass.

'93. Olive (Sprague) Cooper has moved from Jersey City to Her address is 476 East 18th street.

(Special) Agnes (Bemis) Coxe visited the college recently.

Evangeline (Bloomfield) Robinson is spending a year with band in Tombstone, Ariz., where they have gone for Mr. R health.

'95. Eva (North) Craves visited the college in October. Her address is Ogdensburg, N. Y.

Letitia (Thomas) Pitkin visited college lately.

Martha Sargent is teaching in the Winchester high school.

Grace S. Welles has been spending the summer abroad, traveling in England, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France.

'96. Abbie M. Sanger is teaching in the high school at Saugus under the same principal with whom she has taught in two schools in Maine.

Stella Smith is seceretary in the French and German department of D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

Matilda (Calder) Thurston was a recent visitor at college.

'97. Christine Hamilton has been obliged to give up her kindergarten work in Boston on account of her health.

Harriet T. Haynes is teaching in the Northampton high school.

Olive Hoyt visited college on her way to Vancouver, whence she sailed for Japan, October 6.

Julia H. Stickney's address is Care Rev. J. E. Cummings, Henzada, Burma.

'98. Mabel Eaton spent the summer in Nova Scotia.

Sarah Lovejoy and Natalie Roeth were recent visitors.

Lillian Pettengill, who is staying for the present in South Hadley, is engaged in some literary work.

'99. Lota Clancy's address is 69 Massasoit street, Northampton.

Cornelia Edwards is teaching science in the high school, Jersey City, N. J.

Lilla Morse visited college in October.

Ethel Williams is teaching in the high school, Franklin, Mass.

1900. Alice Brown visited college lately.

Clintie Curtis is working for the A. P. Gardiner Publishing Co., Jersey City.

Harriet Dodge is teaching in Belmont, Mass.

Gertrude Gaylord is teaching in Sherborn, Mass.

Elizabeth Nims has resigned her position as assistant principal of the Ashland high school, and her engagement to Lawrence Ladd of Springfield is announced.

Mabel Warner is teaching in a private school in Colorado Springs.

Marie Welles is pastor's assistant in Lowell, Mass.

'01. Eva Ammidown has resigned her position in Antrim, N. H., and is teaching science in the Deering high school, Portland, Maine.

Among the recent visitors were Lena Annis and Susie Watson.

Josephine Belding is in Mr. Rodgers's private school, Manchester, Vt.
Alice Durward is teaching in Littleton, N. H.
Nan Evans, who is in the library at the Waverley Hospital, Waverley, Mass., lately visited college.
Minnie Farwell is teaching in the Wakefield high school.
Faith Foxcroft is in a private school in Norfolk, Va.
Helen Hassler is teaching German and mathematics in Lake Erie College, Painesville, Ohio.
Ethel Osgood is doing graduate work in English at the Western Reserve University.
Florence Rogers has the position at Antrim N. H., which Eva Ammi down has just left.
Janet Sinclair is private secretary to D. C. Heath, Boston.

'02. Some of the recent visitors were Mae Brock, Bertha Gysbers, Elizabeth Langendorf, Alice Little, Fanny Perkins, Florence Polk, Charlotte Swinington, Laura Turner.
Abbie Aldrich is assisting in the College Bookstore.
Clare Allen is spending the year at home in Winchester, Mass.
(Non-graduate) Anna Bliss is teaching in the New Hampshire School for the Feeble Minded.
Gertrude Garland has been obliged to give up teaching in the Nutt high school, Milton, N. H., on account of poor health. She has been given leave of absence for one year.
Grace Gilman is teaching in Proctor, Vt.
Grace Hull has a position in Newington Junction, Conn.
Elizabeth Jelliffe is connected with the editorial department of the A. P. Gardiner Publishing Co., Jersey City.
Lucy McClary is assistant librarian in the public library at Windsor, Vt.
(Non-graduate) Eleanor Oliver is in the Kalamazoo (Mich.) high school.
(Non-graduate) Mary Osgood is teaching in the public schools, Montpelier, Vt.
Grace Smith is studying at the Bridgewater Normal School.
Eleanor Parsons is teaching in Enfield, Conn.
Jennie Tuttle is high school assistant in Conway, Mass.
Mary Wheeler is tutoring in Latin at her home, Lincoln, Mass.

'03. (Non-graduate) Alice Cook, who is at home this year on account of her father's illness, recently visited college.

'04. (Non-graduate) Ruth Foxcroft is teaching in the public schools at her home, Cambridge, Mass.

'05. (Non-graduate) Kate Holmes is at home in Seattle, Wash.

The following freshmen have grandmothers or mothers who attended Mount Holyoke:—

Margaret C. Averill; grandmother, Sylvira A. Carpenter ('48, non-graduate).

Clara T. Clement; grandmother, Clara H. Torrey ('54).
mother, Clara M. Fitch ('81).

Mary M. Cook; mother, Emma F. Fitch ('64, non-graduate).

Mary H. Ely; mother, Eliza G. Burr ('68, non-graduate).

May S. Farrar; mother, Mary S. Chaffee ('76, non-graduate).

Mildred W. Gutterson; grandmother, Abby T. Linsley ('48, non-graduate).

Elsie M. Hooker; mother, Mina K. Merrill ('70).

Lillian Maclay; grandmother, Henrietta Sperry ('45, non-graduate).

Helen W. McAllister; mother, Almeda N. Tirrell ('66).

M. Margaret Rogers; mother, H. Elizabeth Slack ('71, non-graduate).

Alice Rowell; grandmother, Malvina Chapin ('41).

Clara P. Sikes; grandmother, Hannah Jones ('48, non-graduate).
mother, Clara A. Dickinson ('79, non-graduate).

MARRIAGES.

'87. Cooper—Bruce. In the summer of 1902, George Cooper and Harriet Bruce. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper have gone to India under the Christian Alliance.

Fobes—Edwards. In Chesterfield, Mass., September 25, 1902, Hiram Fobes and Carrie May Edwards. Their address is 951 St. Mark's avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

'88. Gill—Walker (non-graduate). At Warsaw, N. Y., July 16, 1902, Clayton E. Gill and Frances E. Walker. At home, 307 West 139th street, New York city.

'91. Bishop—Lyman (non-graduate). In Des Moines, Iowa, June 24, 1902, Supreme Judge Charles A. Bishop and Alice Lyman. At home, Ridge Road, Des Moines.

'93. Coxe-Bemis (special). In Shrewsbury, Mass., June 28, 1902, Dr. Dorran B. Coxe and Agnes T. Bemis, who had been superintendent of domestic work at the college since '94. Her address is Riverside, R. I.

'97. Bailey—Tiffany. In South Hadley, October 7, 1902, Rev. Arthu Ward Bailey and Jessie Tiffany. Mr. Bailey is pastor of a Congre gational church in Syracuse, N. Y.

'99. Hurd—Dyer (special). In Fair Haven, Vt., October 9, 1902, Charl Van Voorhis Hurd and Harriet Cornelia Dyer.

1900. Davenport—Taber. In Holyoke, Mass., October 15, 1902, J. K. Wa ner Davenport and Pearl Taber.

'01. Hawkes—Bancroft. In Millbury, Mass., October 1, 1902, Ralph W Hawkes and Georgia Mabel Bancroft.

Scott—Steimer (non-graduate). June 26, 1902, Harry E. Scott an Bessie Steimer. Their address is 61 Bertram street, Cleveland, Ohi

'05. Bacon—Stebbins (non-graduate). In August, Rev. W. A. Bacon Park Church, Springfield, and Lucy Annette Stebbins. Mr. an Mrs. Bacon went abroad on their wedding trip.

DEATHS.

'40. Mrs. Mary Cady Davis, July 21, 1902, at Somers, Mass.

'47. The death of Mrs. Amelia Danforth Stearns was noticed in the la issue. The following appeared in the *Transcript* for June 28:—

One of the few remaining pupils of Mary Lyon last week passed aw at the home of her daughter in this city. Mrs. Stearns was bo July 2, 1828, in Southampton, Mass., being the daughter of Bela Jones, M.D., and Sabina White of Longmeadow. Dr. Jones was physician afterward well known in Springfield, from which city removed to Hudson, Mich. After her graduation with high sch arship at Mount Holyoke in 1849, Miss Jones taught in Hollist Academy, till her marriage in 1852 to Rev. George I. Stearns, w was a Congregational pastor in Windham, Conn., till his death 1862. Though thus early widowed, Mrs. Stearns was successf in educating her two children at Wheaton Seminary and Amhe College. Having drunk deeply at the fountain of Mary Lyon's i spiration, she was influential in aiding several other students to th education in Wellesley and elsewhere. Until a year ago she wa welcome and frequent attendant at local gatherings of the Mou Holyoke alumnæ, and at the semicentennial celebration of the c lege in 1899 she was one of the specially honored guests. Notwi standing physical limitations, for her health was increasingly de cate in later life, she maintained an active interest in affairs.

her youthful accomplishments in music she added some literary labors, being an occasional contributor to the *Youth's Companion* and other periodicals. She was an enthusiastic student of genealogy, being often consulted by other students of the subject in remote towns and the valuable results of her studies will doubtless sometime become available to the public. Some twenty years ago she learned, and ever since has used, shorthand for her private use and for correspondence with a little circle of her near relatives, who did the same. After the age of sixty she took up the study of the Italian language. Her death occurred June 20, from neuritis, which was the painful sequel of a surgical operation which was performed last September. The funeral occurred at Union Church, Monday, where she had been for many years an honored member, Rev. Dr. Loomis officiating, with the assistance of Rev. Charles L. Noyes of Somerville. She leaves two children, Mrs. E. L. Sparks of Boston and Rev. George W. Stearns of Middleboro.

'60. Miss Lucy G. Hills (non-graduate), in August, at Rockland, Me.

'79. Mrs. Evelyn Metcalf Clapp, June 6, 1902, at Greenfield, Mass.

Harriet L. Ellsworth, July 8, 1902, at Worcester. She had charge of the department of vocal music at college for seven years.

OTHER COLLEGES.

VERY few of the October exchanges are at hand as this number of the magazine goes to press. Those which have arrived, however, report larger entering classes and greater enthusiasm along all lines of work than ever before. Everywhere gifts have been received, new buildings started, and additional instructors enrolled upon the lists. Among the many institutions of learning to inaugurate new presidents this fall are Princeton, Northwestern, and Kansas Universities, Clark, Rockford and several smaller colleges.

Harvard has been the recipient of $10,000, to be added to the fund already established by H. W. Wales for a Sanskrit professorship.

The Teachers College of New York has received gifts amounting to $600,000 during the last year.

The announcement has just been made that Mrs. Stanford has approved

plans for a library for Leland Stanford, Junior, University, the building to furnish accommodation for over 1,000,000 books.

Brown University has received from Edgar L. Marston of New York money for the founding of two $5,000 scholarships.

The University of Montana has in process of construction a woman's hall, to cost $35,000; this they expect to have ready for occupancy by January. The foundations for a gymnasium, which is to cost $10,000, have also been laid.

At the recent centennial of Washington and Jefferson College, Penn., gifts to the college amounting to $400,000 were announced.

As a step forward in the study of languages it is interesting to remark that Johns Hopkins University now has a class in the study of Tagalog, the principal native language of the Philippines; also that Columbia has a course in which the Chinese language, both written and spoken, is taught.

EXCHANGES.

In the exchanges which are accumulating rapidly there is a general note of greeting for the new year. The *Oberlin Review,* with others, tries to present worthy motives for the work of the coming months. The necessity of quiet effort is particularly emphasized in *The Dartmouth.* Still a third magazine, while recognizing the value of effort, lays stress upon sincerity of spirit. The seriousness of these editorials augurs well for the standards of the publications in which they appear. Seriousness is not, however, a characteristic of many of this month's exchanges, consequently good narratives and good poems are few. A certain maturity of work naturally to be expected of college students is conspicuously lacking, except in a few cases, one of which is the *Minnesota Magazine.*

The Muhlenburg has an article on "Labor and Capital," in which many "oughts" are prescribed for the capitalist and workingman, but its conclusion that questions between labor and capital should be submitted to a board of arbitration, is not accepted in an editorial of the same magazine as applicable to the coal strike. It will be interesting to note the next editorial upon the subject.

The following are among the best verse of the month:—

DREAMS.

Here in this little work of life, sweet dreams
  Delight my vision, while the world about
  Goes on its 'wildering way. Oft I look out
And catch a glimpse, through glamouring mist, that seems
    To veil my sight, of many a mountain peak,
  Steep ladder for toiling feet that climb
  Adventurous toward the summit in the time
    When noon is at her hottest. I, too, seek
Far heights to sun my soul on, where, 't is said,
  Men breathe the air the stars breathe; now in thought
The joy of looking down from high o'erhead
  Stirs me like music. Yet I know there 's naught
    Can rouse me from the valley where I lie
    Idle as yon slow clouds that track the sky.

—*Minnesota Magazine.*

NATURE'S MINOR CHORDS.

The song of the brook as it dashes on,
  The river's quiet rune,—
The voice of the birds as they swiftly pass,
  Are caroling nature's tune.

To the listening ear there comes a sound,
  Fair nature's undertone,—
'T is heard in the lonely forest deeps,
  In the ocean's ceaseless moan.

The roar of the cataract as it falls
  Re-echoes the minor strain,
The roll of the distant storm's approach
  Takes up the note again.

These rich and varied minor chords
Give color to life's strain;
Were their insistent cadence lost
'T would mar the sweet refrain.

—*St. Mary's Chimes.*

A SEE TRIP.

A bright little Holyoke Freshman,
One day put forth to see
The towns of which she 'd heard so much,
The scenes of celebrity.

She hastened first to Mt. Tom's height,
And viewed the fruitful valley;
Thence by electrics, with all speed,
On Springfield made a sally.

She wandered through the Art Musee,
She climbed the Armory Tower,
Not one of Springfield's many sights
Escaped her vision's power.

"Pleasures *doubled* are pleasures shared,"
This maid to herself did say;
"At eventide to a chosen few
I 'll tell what I 've seen to-day."

Of one thing only did she speak,
Then lo, could say no more;—
She 'd exhausted all her adjectives
On the HENRY R. JOHNSON STORE.

THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

Vol. XII. DECEMBER, 1902. No. 4.

ANNA GRACE MCGOVERN, 1903, *Editor-in-Chief.*

Editors.

MAY FISKE, 1903. IVA JUNE SMITH, 1903.

CHARLOTTE ELLEN FARNHAM, 1904. EDITH LILLIAN SMITH, 1904.

HARRIET MURDOCK MARCY, 1904.

HELENE MAUD POPE, 1904, *Business Manager.*

LOTTIE ROWE LANE, 1905, *Assistant Business Manager.*

FOUNDER'S DAY ADDRESS.

THE POWER OF PERSONALITY AS ILLUSTRATED IN MARY LYON.

REV. HENRY HOPKINS, D.D.

THE evolutionary trend of all our thinking is bringing in a new era of enlightenment and blessing. We are, however, in continual danger of being swept away by this current from established truths and vital principles. Having, for instance, been made aware of the great, irresistible, universal, impersonal causes that are moulding and changing human society, the present thought of our time is coming to minimize and almost to count for nothing the individual and personal element as a factor in these changes. As the seasons march their round, so civilizations dawn and darken; cities, empires, rulers, and races of men rise and fall as the tides ebb and flow. The forces that lift and lower humanity, that bring on and hinder the better day, are cosmic forces. So be it, but it is not true that in the grasp of these we are

C. W. H.

powerless; it is not true that in the presence of these it is idle to seek to change anything, and that we are ourselves swept on helpless by the mighty current. It is true that these very forces, if they cannot be set aside or ignored by us, can be made, and are being made, increasingly co-operative with us. It is even true that the intelligent foreordaining and creative will of man, working of set purpose with God, is moulding the form and determining the direction of evolution, the evolution of the individual and the evolution of society. It is indeed well for us to comprehend the sweep and movement of the cosmic forces, and to be mindful always of the limitations they impose upon us; but it is our special business to understand the might of personality, and the creative energy of the human will.

Professor Henry Churchill King has given us a whole philosophy of history in these words: "I count it an axiom that the great facts of the world are persons, the greatest facts the greatest persons, the supreme fact of history the supreme person of history; and I count it indubitable that that supreme person is Jesus Christ."

Having in mind, then, this personal element in the history of the world, we may surely say that it is a salutary thing to remember the lives of those who have been thus great, and have been the instruments of bringing great changes into the world's life. To keep the birthdays of the worthies, of patriots and leaders; to listen to the lengthening roll call of the heroes of the faith; to remind ourselves of the toils and trials, the tears and temptations, and of the triumphs of those who have walked the earth where we dwell, and have looked upon the scenes that are familiar to us, this is an education. Nothing is finer than homage shown to a great, noble, forceful human soul. Nothing is more worthy than to remember and honor a pure and strong and beneficent human life.

I congratulate you, therefore, upon the observance of Founder's Day; and in the spirit of what I have said invite you to some thoughts connected with Mary Lyon herself rather than to the consideration of any abstract theme.

The skylark's home is on the ground; her first glimpse of the blue heaven is through meadow grasses from a lowly nest, but she soon learns

climb the skies. The free air is her element; far above the earth she rs and sings, mounting higher and still higher on tireless wing. The ging never ceases, and long after the little speck in the zenith has n lost to sight there still falls through the blue vault upon the en- nted listener, in globules of ecstatic song, rainbow showers of melody ffable. The singer has gone up on high, but the singer is not silent; singer has passed within the veil, but the song goes on.

Mary Lyon began life in an humble farmhouse among the Massa- setts hills. While she walked in lowly paths of service, her spirit red. She early learned that she could climb to where the earth ked far below. She knew how to work in the world and live high ve it, and it was her joy from heavenly heights to shed down sweet uences. Although she disappeared against the blue fifty-three years , the music of her life falls upon thousands of open hearts to-day. can gather up and bring to you some broken fragments of that song, object this morning will be accomplished.

Who was Mary Lyon? It would be inappropriate in this place, re all the facts concerning her must be familiar, to give more than briefest outline of her history. She was a teacher for thirty-five rs of more than three thousand young women; a pioneer in the higher cation of women; an originator of new methods; a Christian of ible spirit and flaming zeal; a devout student and a constant teacher he Bible; a great promoter of revivals of true religion; a leader in sions; and withal a specimen of the noblest type of womanhood. name is especially associated with Mount Holyoke Seminary, out hich, in 1888, this college grew. She was the founder of the semi- y and for twelve years its principal. The place of her birth was kland, Mass., a little mountain farming town. The year of her h, 1797, was one of deep and general religious feeling. Her mother a woman of intense religious nature and convictions. The Bible almost the one book, and the little red schoolhouse and the church e the only institutions.

In that mountain region she passed twenty years, and there gained vigorous health which characterized her. On that "wild, romantic

little farm made," as she says, "more to feast the soul than to feed t body," she learned by youthful experience the maxims of economy, s denial, good taste, and benevolence which she taught her pupils. S was trained to spin and weave, to dye and to arrange the autumn sto for winter use. At fifteen years she was housekeeper for her broth At seventeen she was teaching school, "boarding around," at three doll a month. She overcame obstacles, she mastered herself. From sch to school she passed up to high attainments and usefulness; alw unselfish, always aspiring, always eager to learn more and to do bett Her teaching made arithmetic, grammar, and geography great studi The Bible as she taught it excited deeper and more universal inte than any other study. Sometimes she herself studied twenty hour day. She performed the feat of committing the Latin grammar memory in three days. She calculated eclipses, and made an alman It is evident that she was unusually gifted, but she had also a high a a strenuous purpose, a remorseless industry.

To place the possibility of a thorough and a Christian educat within the reach of young women at length became the controlling absorbing motive of her life. For this she sacrificed and planned; this she prayed and labored through the years; for this her enthusi was quenchless, and it won. Her purpose, expressed in her own wo was to provide "a permanent institution, consecrated to the work training young women to the greatest usefulness, and designed to be nished with every advantage which the state of education in this cour will allow; to put within the reach of students of moderate means s opportunities that none can find better ones." Of these words it been truly said that they need no change to make them embody advanced thought of to-day.

In 1836 the corner stone of Mount Holyoke Seminary was l Upon this corner stone, stooping down, she wrote, "The Lord hath membered our low estate." In 1837 the institution was opened v eighty young ladies, eighty others being refused for lack of room. the second year one hundred were received, and four hundred tur away. She raised for it $70,000. This was the first institution

signed exclusively for the higher education of women in this country, and, so far as I know, anywhere in the world. It was two hundred years after the founding in this country of the first college for men. She was certainly the leader in the distinctive movement for the higher education of women under direct Christian influences. Her intense devotion to this end is expressed in her saying, "Had I a thousand lives to give I could sacrifice them all in suffering and hardship for the sake of Mount Holyoke Seminary."

This, in briefest outline, was her life. Notice in like manner the wonderful results of this life. These are of course seen first in the school out of which grew directly the magnificent institution in whose midst we are to-day. From that school there were two thousand graduates. Eight thousand students were for a time under its influence during the sixty years of its life. Concerning the college I have no need to speak.

Results of her life are to be seen again in the influence exerted by her pupils. From under her care went Mrs. Dascomb, for seventeen years lady principal of Oberlin. The first lady principal of Vassar was also her pupil. Miss Shafer and Miss Morgan at Wellesley transmitted through Oberlin her influence. The first president of Wellesley, Miss Ada L. Howard, was also a graduate of Holyoke. Mr. Durant, the founder of Wellesley, said that he got his first impulse toward the founding of the college from Mary Lyon and her teaching. Mr. Moody traces to Miss Lyon the establishment of his seminaries at Northfield and Mt. Hermon. In many places, in our own country, in far away Africa and other lands, there are schools modeled after her plan, and shaped by her ideals. Hundreds of missionaries, of teachers, and of Christian women in remote places went out, carrying with them the ideals and principles formed in the school of which she was the head.

How do we estimate any woman's rank? Surely the criterion must be effectiveness for good, rather than culture for culture's sake. We do not judge a person as we would a statue, by pose, by lines and curves, but primarily by the power to do. The highest beauty is based upon, and must be subordinate to, use. This may rule out from the first place

the charming, accomplished, versatile woman of the club, or the brilliant and graceful modern literary woman; and it may be that this would put in her place the quiet mother of a family of boys and girls whom she has given to the world physically vigorous and in the whole range of their faculties well endowed, whom she has trained so that they are intellectually balanced and strong, morally earnest and sound, and spiritually vital and aspiring. That is noblest achievement. This would surely place in the first rank the gracious, forceful, patient teacher of whole generations of youth.

It has been said of Mary Lyon that hers "was the most fruitful life lived by any woman in the nineteenth century." How can we account for this permanent and far reaching influence? In part by the personal characteristics of the woman herself. There were certainly in her a rare blending of qualities. She was not angular, strong-minded, and cold, but sweet and lovable. She was possessed of a penetrating intellect, but also of a large, warm heart. She had a perpendicular conscience, but also a genial nature. Her life overflowed with personal sympathy. With a most buoyant temperament she had also intense feeling and intense energy of body and mind. She certainly combined traits which are seemingly opposite, for she had abundant practical talent and abounding spiritual power. She was characterized by sterling common sense and mystical piety,—common sense and piety, a combination that made the Pilgrims and the Puritans successful; that made the missionary Oberlin in the Vosges successful; that is needed in every home missionary church, in every city mission, and every foreign field; also in every school where personality counts for anything.

We find a reason for her influence in the character of her ideal. "Rightness" was a great word with her. The legend carved over her grave, "There is nothing in the universe that I am afraid of but that shall not know and do all my duty," is the keynote of her great life. Her benevolence was also the greatest, for it was intensely personal and yet as broad as the world. She lavished her thought and kindness upon the weakest and most unworthy of her pupils at the same time that she sent her thought and efforts abroad to distant races. The shafts of scor-

cast against missions fall shattered at the feet of such a representative as she of the true Christian spirit. Some one has called her the heroine of altruism. This seems to me a weak and inadequate expression to characterize her most Christlike love. She was the representative of Him whose love burned low as the dust, and who yet embraced a race in his redemptive purpose. She was a true follower of Him who sought the one lost sheep on the dark mountains, and who also sent out his followers to disciple all nations.

Her methods also account for the influence which she possessed; one only I mention, entirely philosophical and profoundly Christian. She believed in and used the positive method. She would not allow a father to tell her that his daughter had a single fault. She used to say to her school, "I usually find young ladies worth a great deal more than I expected; when I am disappointed once for the worse I am ten times for the better." She had great success with sensitive girls; her whole policy was the opposite of criticism and fault-finding. In her precepts to teachers she said, "Never be in haste to believe a pupil has done wrong; never make contemptuous remarks about scholars; when children have been accustomed to bad habits, it is better to keep a record of what is right than of what is wrong."

All greatest teachers have practiced this method. Arnold found Rugby in a frightful condition. It was considered clever and manly to do the basest things and deceive the master about them. Dr. Arnold never appeared for a moment to believe that he had been cheated. He said practically, "Boys, I will not believe in your depravity." Presently the boys were all saying, "What a shame it is to lie to Arnold when he always believes you." His faith in them burned up all of the faithlessness in their hearts.

Mention has been made of the singleness of Mary Lyon's aim. With her it was an entire devotion; it was perfect consecration. One wonders whether Mr. Moody could have thought of her, or of himself for that matter, when he said, "The world has yet to see what God can do with a fully consecrated person." It was Martineau who said, in

effect, "The mightiest instrument in this lower world is a human soi cast into God's hands, without doubt or fear, to be used at his pleasure.

As crowning all, the Spirit of God dwelt in her as the informin power. The life of God was the life of her life. Body, mind, an spirit were surrendered to the moulding and energizing presence of th Spirit of God. She was a God-inhabited woman. This without a shado of fanaticism she realized, and this without a shadow of fanaticism w may believe. The possibility of this is the foundation of all true reli ion. Omitting the distinct mention of this in any account of her wou be inadequate and misleading. The supreme power of her life lay ju there: she was consciously and really a worker together with God. S was thus in correspondence with the central force of the universe. W should be unfaithful to the supreme fact in this wonderful life and Christian truth if we did not say that Mary Lyon was in living conn tion with God through living faith in Jesus Christ. She was what electrical science is known as a "collector." The lines of a force r her own were gathered up and transmitted through her, just as by thousand wires or on wireless lines electrical energy is sent abroad to t ends of the earth as light, heat, and power.

We are in no danger of exalting too highly such a character, doing excessive honor to such a woman. The aureole of saintship h been placed upon the head of many a one far less worthy of it. We not kneel to pray at her shrine, nor do we invoke her protection and int cession for the seat of learning she founded; but we thank God for l strong, holy, and beautiful life; for her wise, courageous, and abidi work; and for the perpetual influence, sweet and gracious, but alwa positive, powerful, and penetrating, which is to-day purifying and mou ing human lives.

Mount Holyoke College, enlarged and ennobled beyond the high thought of its founder, can yet find for its glorious expanding life loftier and truer ideal than that which allured and inspired her, and c build its great unfolding future upon no surer basis than the fixed pr ciples to which she was faithful.

Mount Holyoke College is the product, not of the *Zeitgeist,* not any impersonal evolutionary influences, not of merely cosmic forces, l

is rather the vital, personal embodiment of the thought, life, and love of a multitude of thinking, living, loving persons of whom Mary Lyon was first and chief.

THE POWER OF SOUND IN SWINBURNE'S POETRY.

Some one has said of painting, that it should give us by its impressions on the eye what could not be expressed in words; that in so far as it tells a story, it is not pure art, it is trespassing on the realm of literature. Just so we demand of poetry what prose cannot give us,—some inexplicable, subtle, evasive quality which, if we could definitely express, would make poetry unnecessary. It is not enough that a poet should have beautiful thoughts, and lofty ideas and ideals; not even enough that he should feel within himself a power urging him to speech; all this could have its complete expression in prose. He must need also to speak in poetical language, in word-music.

That word-music, as all others, should vary is natural and inevitable. A man may, from the necessity of his temperament, be a musician, without, however, being sufficiently endowed by nature to be a great musician. There must always be degrees of power. And while one man may be capable of composing exquisite melodies, and utterly incompetent to conceive a harmony, another may fail utterly in the writing of a tender ballad tune, though he may be capable of a soul-stirring sonata.

How long one should study a man's music before saying, "Just this is his forte; he can write best in this key and this mood; he is a melodist, not a harmonist,"—who can say? In all this life it is a difficult matter to be sure of any one thing. And to try to understand another man's soul, even to attempt to comprehend a single phase of it, is as much as one can hope to be able to do,—more, for the most of us, is impracticable. Yet we have circles of friends; some are on the extreme horizon of our acquaintance-world, and some are almost near enough for us to see their

thoughts. So we dare say, after a while, here is one whom I know, a least, in part.

Even so, with poetry. I have been making shy advances this lon time towards a more intimate acquaintance with Swinburne, and a hardly sure that I have seen all or even one phase of his genius as ye It does seem possible, however, to proceed with a process of eliminatio and to venture occasionally on a "surely he is not that." Working i this way, I have come to the conclusion that his work while "good art is not "great art" according to Pater's distinction; that his "reach do not exceed his grasp" or at least that he never tries to see how far he ca reach. His technique, however, is exquisite to the point of making on intoxicate with the sweet wine of words. Keats once said a perfe phrase had this effect on him, and though perhaps he did not mean th sound element, yet that must have been part of the charm for him, a least subconsciously.

In fact it is this power of sound in Swinburne's poetry which seem to give his writing such an overpowering fascination. He has a nativ love for soft-bosomed words, full of sweet, rich color, a natural gift fo the use of them enhanced by a conscious artistic method. There is tunefulness to the separate notes of his music, and a sustained connectio of sound, as though he were pulling back a violin string strongly, an having waited till its vibrations had almost ceased, had then graduall merged that tone in a new one, and so drew on the melody with no shar pauses or cessations in the music.

It is a half-sad, wholly bitter strain which comes most easily an frequently, a languid weariness of earth and its fruitless stretch of thorn strewn ways; and a passionate regret for beauty that is past, beauty un attainable, freedom that would make life a song, where every phrase i a joy, and every movement of new exquisiteness to be indulged in with out fear or wrong.

And because there is this predominant strain, because so seldom comes any other element at variance with it, needing to be attuned to i because even his defiance of Heaven's ways and Heaven's God is afte all but the bitterest part of the sad theme, there is not much room fo

harmony, there is an appropriateness in his use of melody. One finds almost no chords in his music, rather a delicate, insistent use of the same note, as in the air of some old Irish ballad with its recurrent minor strain:—

"Swallow, my sister, O sister swallow,
How can thine heart be full of the spring?
A thousand summers are over and dead.
What hast thou found in the spring to follow?
What hast thou found in thine heart to sing?
What wilt thou do when the summer is shed?"

The very use of the long soft vowels, the *ou* and the *o*, the *w* with its woe content, conveys the sadness with a power whose effectiveness is as marked and yet as unobtrusive as the fragrance of a flower, is as natural a part of the poem as the sweetness is of the blossom.

But it is not merely the beginning notes of the measure, not only the first touches which strike the alliterative note, and sound over and again in the line the key tone,—yet more subtly interwoven in the words, half-hidden, there resounds, though more faintly, yet with equal effectiveness, the resonant tone of the theme. The liquid song is almost made incorporate, realized, when he tells us of the "*br*own *br*ight night-*ing*ale amo*r*ous" amidst "*l*isp of *l*eaves and *r*ipple of *r*ain."

It is strange that this sensuous, passionate, beauty-loving, beauty-filled verse should have an almost hymn-like tone occasionally, should fit so easily to the spirit and music of the old Psalm themes as in "A Litany," where the Old Testament God is conceived powerfully, and we are thrilled with some such feeling as the Old Testament characters must have had, all by this wonderful power of sound.

"All the bright lights of heaven
I will make dark over thee;
One night shall be as seven,
That its skirts may cover thee;
I will send on thy strong men a sword,
On thy remnant a rod:
Ye shall know that I am the Lord,
Saith the Lord God."

The feeling grows, the tone swells to organ depth, as the wrath of a God incensed by a wicked people is poured forth. Notice how the very vowels show this: *"I will send on thy strong men a sword."* The strength of these men in their wickedness excites more anger, needing a deeper note, and so the *o* in strong and in sword after the thinner, shallower vowels.

That is another power he has, he does not always touch the note again in the same octave, the melody would grow monotonous. He rings the changes of the bells, but always in a minor key. There is no joy untouched with pain in all his poetry.

He is a master hand at binding his phrases and measures together, and with a return to tone that makes his rhymes strike one as a new and unusual element in poetry. There is a closeness in the resemblance of the sounds made to rhyme, that creates a wonder as to whether any other poet has really used this instrument of music before, or whether all previous players have but drummed on the strings without having learned how to bring out their real beauty.

"I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep,
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap:
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers,
And everything but sleep."

There is a recognition that even the same sound of a vowel is longer in certain words through the combination with other letters, and he is almost never inexact in using assonant sounds to take the place of pure rhyme.

"Though one were strong as seven,
He too with death shall dwell,
Nor wake with wings in heaven,
Nor weep for pains in hell;
Though one were fair as roses,
His beauty clouds and closes;
And well though love reposes,
In the end it is not well."

Here every undertone, even, is perfectly attuned, not merely the same fundamental struck again.

Swinburne is not content to bind phrases together with a delicate chain; he often fastens them with a double jewel, as in the "Hymn to Proserpine":—

Thou art more than the day or the morrow, the seasons that laugh or that weep;
For these give joy and sorrow, but thou, Proserpina, sleep.
Sweet is the treading of wine, and sweet the feet of the dove,
But a goodlier gift is thine than foam of the grapes or love.
Yea, is not even Apollo with hair and harp-string of gold,
A better god to follow, a beautiful god to behold?"

The music is true here, but it is well not to demand of it a very connected or plain tale—yet music need not tell a story, one must not ask of a fairy to be a mortal. And fairies are fond of byways full of blossoms, sweet with shadows and flower scents, where bird notes penetrate faintly. Who would think of chiding them for leading one away from the dusty straightness of the highway?

The feet of the muse trip lightly, march slowly, or drag wearily according to her mood, and ever the beat of the words comes echoing rhythmically after.

"Waste water washes, and tall ships founder, and deep death waits."

Ah, but the water comes in slowly, coldly, cruelly, and

"There is an end of joy and sorrow;
Peace all day long, all night, all morrow,
But never a time to laugh or weep.
The end is come of pleasant places,
The end of tender words and faces,
The end of all, the poppied sleep."

The poppies seem to be exerting their narcotic charm as one reads. They are bending rhythmically, regularly,—there is a fascination in counting their bowing heads. One's eyes grow fixed, still—and then comes a long

breath of relief, and the poppies are quite gone, and there are, after all, just words staring at one from the page.

Can it be words have an individuality separate from the ideas that suggested them as a translation of the immaterial to the material? Is there some spiritual power in them quite apart from their meaning? How else explain their effect in many of Swinburne's poems, where the thoughts they voice have neither power nor charm?

Swinburne is at home in many meters. He is a vagrant rather than a citizen, though going from one to another as a bee goes from flower to flower, and bringing a little pollen from one to the other, too. Out of one flower he takes the honey it can give and adds it to the honey of another, and so we have a new nectar, foreign to our taste, and not always so sweet as the first. He gets fantastic mixtures occasionally, though always there is a certain daring that lends interest to them, and an evidence of power. It is the joy of doing what others have not dared do, it is a reckless extravagance, it is an unrestrained hand even though that hand belong to a genius, that shows in his meters. Yet even in the forced march of a twenty-syllabled line, the music never falters, and a two-beat measure sings with a smoothness that one could hardly expect of it.

There is one predominating time scheme in all the poems. It slips in unconsciously sometimes, but it is seldom absent altogether,—the lyric anapest, that has such a languorous sweetness about it. A frequent combination of iambs and anapests is found also in some of the most lyric poems, as the "Forsaken Garden," "Ballad of Dreamland" and the "Garden of Proserpine."

Where the rhyme is excluded and the poem depends on the meter and intimate word-music for the sound power, he is still master. The very classicism of the verse-form brings with it a simpler, colder, somewhat more severely pure melody, just the difference between his two sorts of verse, as between Bach and Beethoven.

> "As flower is graffed on flower, so grief on grief
> Engraffed brings forth new blossoms of strange tears,
> Fresh buds and green fruits of an alien pain;

For now flies rumor on a dark wide wing,
Murmuring of woes more than ye knew, most like
Hers whom ye hailed most wretched; for the twain
Last left of all this house that wore last night
A threefold crown of maidens; and to-day
Should let but one fall dead out of the wreath,
If mad with grief we know not, and sore love
For this their sister, or with shame soul-stung
To outlive her dead, or doubt lest their lives too
The gods require to seal their country safe,
And bring the oracular doom to perfect end,
Have slain themselves, and fallen at the altar-foot,
Lie by their own hands done to death; and fear
Shakes all the city as winds a wintering tree,
And as dead leaves are men's hearts blown about
And shrunken with ill thoughts, and flowerless hopes
Parched up with presage, lest the piteous blood
Shed of these maidens guiltless fall and fix
On this land's forehead like a curse that cleaves
To the unclean soul's inexpiate hunted head
Whom his own crime tracks hotlier than a hound
To life's veiled end unsleeping; and this hour
Now blackens toward the battle that must close
All gates of hope and fear on all their hearts
Who tremble toward its issue, knowing not yet
If blood may buy them surety, cleanse or soil
The helpless hands men raise, and reach no stay."

This is a fair example of his use of blank verse. There is absolute fitness in its grandeur, to its tragic contents and theme.

In stanzaic structure there is bewildering variety. Every combination is tried that a fertile brain could devise. Themes occur periodically, as in some of the ballads. Movements vary in length and charcter. A favorite scheme is an eight-line stanza of three or four beat nes. There sounds through all the poems a central, controlling, musical nception, proving Swinburne in this as in all other points of technique, artist, a sound artist, of wonderful impressiveness and skill.

So our analysis comes to an end. We have done little to interpret

the reason why this sound element exerts such a charm over us. Yet w know that all music has its enchantment, and that the greater the mus the greater its magic. The delicate nerve organism of the human bein adjusts itself expectantly to rhythm, and everything that adds to flo and to melody, adds to the pleasurable motions. But even science finc it an easier matter to describe than to explain this phenomenon of soun power. Fortunately one need not understand to be able to enjoy, an every lover of poetry must realize that while often the themes are paltr and the subject matter worthless, with Swinburne the sound-glory never absent.

—ELIZABETH M. JELLIFFE, 1902.

IDENTITY.

THE poppies swing their torches low,
And the glow
Runs like wildfire through the grass
Where you pass
Down the shimmering summer ways
'Mid the blaze,
In your pomp of silken grace
With your face
Flower-tinted, dreamy, sweet.
At your feet
Stretches far and wide the same
Field of flame
As you stand there tall and fair
By my chair,
And your delicate proud life,
Laughter-rife,
Lights the weary winter gloom
Of the room,

Till the ledgers fade away
In the gray
To grim ghosts of toil that stand
On each hand.
What a mockery you seem!
Do I dream
Your gay heart was mine? I cry
Were you I?

—Beth Bradford Gilchrist, 1902.

COMING TO HER OWN.

"Debby, you must go; it 's the swellest event of the year at Yale and there are but a few girls in college that have the chance. Besides, I 'm going, and some one has to take care of me," said Kathleen Johnson, waving a note frantically in the air.

There was a general laugh at the last remark, for Kathleen Johnson, handsome, tall, and usually full of dignity, was quite capable of taking care of herself.

"I guess Mr. Barton can see to you all right, Kathleen," drawled Sue Holmes lazily from the couch; "but do leave that note alone. You 'll demolish it entirely, and Debby 'll want it for her memory book, even if she does n't go. But you will go, Debby, won't you?"

Deborah Maule leaned forward from the Morris chair and regarded Sue with a puzzled smile.

"Thee knows, Sue, that it is quite impossible."

"Well, I know that if Mr. Smedley asked me I should shout for joy. My child, do you realize that he is the president of the senior class and practically the whole thing at Yale? It 's an honor to be invited by him; you 'll be the most talked-of girl at the Prom. I think it 's your positive duty to accept."

"Thee knows, Sue, that I appreciate the honor," said Debby, gently, "but it really is impossible."

"Nonsense! Why?" asked Kathleen, impatiently.

Debby looked at her in amazement. "Well, Kathleen, if thee wants me to enumerate the 'whys,' I will. In the first place it is n't at all suitable for a Friend to attend a dance; my father and mother would think that I was doing very wrong; probably I should be put out of Meeting. Then, thee knows that I can't dance; and, besides, what should I wear? My plain gray gown would look as much out of place as I should feel. Does n't that answer thee, Kathleen?"

"Not a bit of it; you 're not consistent, Debby. You know that it is n't at all suitable for a Friend to go to concerts or to sing, and yet you do both continually. You have the best voice in college and you work hard all the time to improve it. You thought music was wicked until you heard it, and now you fairly worship it. You don't know whether you can dance until you try it; you did n't know you had a voice until you sang. I know I can teach you to dance in an hour. As for your dress wear my pink silk; we 're about the same build."

"I never wore anything but gray in my life," objected Debby, "I could n't wear pink."

"Well, what 's the matter with my new gray *crêpe-de-chine*?" volunteered Sue.

"Just the thing," said Kathleen; "now, Debby, it 's settled, is n't it?"

"Mary, thee has n't said a word in all this discussion. What does thee think I ought to do?"

All looked eagerly over to a quiet, brown-eyed girl sitting by the fire. She was a fine combination of the brilliant student and the sensible, practical, all-round girl so greatly admired in college. As Kathleen put it, "What Mary Barton says usually goes."

"It seems to me, Debby, that this is something which you must decide for yourself. You have come to the time when you must have your own convictions of right and wrong and act accordingly. You can't always let the fact that you are a Friend by birth decide everything

for you, unless you truly hold their beliefs. Unless you think it really wrong, and if you want to, why don't you go this time anyway, and see what it all is like? Perhaps it will help you to decide in the future."

"That 's the idea; now come on, my child, and I 'll give you a dancing lesson. Wake up, Sue, and play us a two-step on your mandolin," and Kathleen pulled laughing, half-reluctant Debby from her chair and swung her breathlessly around the room. "No, this way; one, two, one, two, that 's right, just go to the music and you 're sure to come out all right. You 're doing finely, I should never know that you had n't danced before; but I was sure you could. We had better stop now; this room is a trifle too crowded. Come on in the bedroom and I 'll dress you up the way you 'll look at the Prom. Where is your dress, Sue?"

"In a box under the bed; want any help?"

"No, thanks; when I 'm through I 'll bring Debby out to be admired."

Left alone the two girls sat in silence. Sue's glance wandered about the large, pleasant study, which had the air of comfortable luxury one finds in the rooms of college girls who have both taste and money.

"Do you remember when Debby first came how beautiful she thought our pictures were?" asked Sue.

"Yes; but how little the rooms seemed to her. I never understood it until I went home with her last year. She lives in a great big, old house, where Maules have lived for I don't know how many generations. The rooms are simply immense. Debby's own bedroom is twice as large as this study. The whole house is furnished in antique rosewood and her mother has the loveliest old silver and china! but there is n't a picture anywhere. At first the walls seemed perfect blanks to me, but in a few days I grew to rather like the severe plainness. What impressed me most of all was the general effect of elegant simplicity, not only of the house itself but of the people in it. After seeing her father and her mother I understood where Debby got *her* charm of manner. Even in his picture you can see how calm and kind her father's face is, with just a touch of sternness, but it does n't show his quiet dignity of

bearing. Her mother has the most delicate and spiritual face I hav ever seen. The atmosphere of the whole place was very restful, but never could live my life in it. I wonder if Debby 's going to."

"I tell you, Mary, I 've thought a good deal about that lately. don't see how she can. She 's outgrown it. Now that she 's had taste of music and pictures and the beautiful world in general, she can be happy without them."

"I sometimes wonder if she is happy now. She certainly h changed during the last months, for she 's lost that beautiful serenit that to me was her greatest charm. Now she 's sad and gay by fits an starts, and last night she was actually cross. I am afraid that she troubled over many things, but in particular herself."

"Mary," Sue lowered her voice carefully, "has it ever occurred t you that perhaps Dick Smedley might settle the whole question?"

"Oh, Sue, I hope not!"

"I don't see why it would n't be just the thing. He is certainl irreproachable as far as family and position and all that go, and beside he is educated and awfully wealthy. He could give Debby just the lif that she 's best fitted for. I know he 's terribly in love with her an I think she likes him pretty well."

"Possibly you 're right, I don't know," but Mary wondered if sh were mistaken in Debby and if that was the life for her, and she thoug with a bit of sadness of the grave, quiet man whom she had met i Philadelphia, and who she knew loved Debby with all the love of h big heart.

The door of the bedroom opened and Kathleen led Debby to th center of the room. It hardly seemed possible that the quiet Quak girl with her plain gray gown and her smoothly parted hair was th beautiful, stately creature, with the slender neck and white should and her hair of reddish-brown twisted in a thick coil on the top of h head.

"Sue, please hand me that white rose. There! that 's the finishin touch. Does n't she look stunning, from the rose in her hair to th

bottom of her skirt?" and Kathleen, stepping back, gazed with admiration at the result of her labors.

"You 're so beautiful, I hardly know you, Debby. Come here and let me pinch you."

"Does thee know, Mary, I am not at all sure that this is myself. I shall have to get acquainted with this new person."

"You 'll soon know her, all right, for you 'll have to be her for the next two weeks until the Prom is over. Then, if you like, you can turn back to Deborah Maule, Quakeress. But you won't want to, honey. Come on, now, downstairs and I 'll teach you to dance and manage a train where there 's more space. Sorry to disturb you, Sue, but you 'll have to come and play. Good-bye, Molly; keep the fire burning," and Mary was left with her thoughts for company.

Two weeks later, in the same study, two girls clad in gorgeous kimonos, waited impatiently for Kathleen and Debby, who that night were coming back from their two days' frolic at New Haven. Presently quick footsteps sounded in the corridor, the door opened, and in came two weary looking girls.

"Well, we 're glad to see you once more, but don't ask us to talk to-night. We 're so sleepy that we can't sit up; but we certainly have had the time of our lives. Oh, I guess I 'll have to tell you some about it," said Kathleen, all in a breath, as she took off her hat and jacket and sank wearily into a chair.

"Thee can talk for me then, for I 'm going straight to bed; farewell," and Debby left them.

"It was the finest dance I ever went to," began Kathleen, "everything about it was just perfect; and Debby was the loveliest thing there. I wish you could have seen her; you know how stunning she looked that afternoon here when I dressed her up. Well, last night she was twice as pretty, for excitement gave her the loveliest color and her eyes were fairly dazzling. She was without a doubt the most beautiful girl there; and how she danced! Never missed one, and ten of them were with Dick Smedley. She was so excited when we went to bed that I don't believe she slept at all. And, girls, I *know* he proposed, though she

won't own up to it. She 's acted awfully queer and quiet all day. Probably she 'll tell you, Mary, for she thinks you 're her guardian angel. Come on, Sue, I must get to bed. Sweet dreams, honey."

Mary went into the other room as quietly as possible.

"Thee need n't be so quiet, Mary, I 'm not asleep."

"You ought to be, Debby; you 'll be tired enough to-morrow."

"Mary, dear, will thee come here?"

"What is it, dear?"

"Thee can't know how troubled I am. Thee knows about Richard Smedley, how kind he 's been to me, and how well——"

"Debby," interrupted Mary, "how about John Bennington? I've been thinking of him lately."

"So have I, and that 's the trouble."

"It is very hard, for I know how much depends on your decision; it means two very different lives for you. Don't try to think it out to-night. Wait until you are rested and I am sure that you will do just what is best."

"I know that thee is right, Mary, and I 'll try to sleep," but the sleep would not come, and for hours Debby lay awake thinking of the past years in her Quaker home and of the contrast between that life and the last few weeks at college. She remembered that last morning before she started out for college; how in hushed silence they had sat around the breakfast table until her father knelt and prayed that she might ever have serenity of life and peace of soul; that she might hold very dear the faith for which her fathers suffered; above all, that she might never lose from her heart the promptings of the Divine Voice. Debby could almost hear her father and at last, like a comforted child, she fell asleep.

The following days were always a confused nightmare in Debby's mind. When the awful telegram came telling of her father's death, she was too stunned for action. It was the girls who packed her things, who dressed her in her plain gray gown, and who finally sent Mary home with her to help her in the saddest days of all her life; and it was the girls who loved and missed her and who sorrowed for her in that last year of college life which she must miss.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Two years later Debby stood talking with the man whom in a few eeks she was to marry. He was tall and broad and good to look at, id his clear, gray eyes spoke of truth and strength and gentleness.

Debby was very like the Quaker girl who five years before had arted out for college, except that now her beauty had matured and from er eyes shone the peace and joy that were very real within her heart.

"John, there is something that I want to speak to thee about."

"Well, Debby?"

"I never told mother anything about it, for I did not think it neces- ry since it all had passed by, but my last year in college, especially st before father died——"

"Thee was a very gay young lady for a Quakeress, was thee not?" id John, smiling, "and thee was the most beautiful and the most popu- r girl at the Yale Junior Prom, and——"

"Why, John! how does thee know?" faltered Debby.

"Has thee forgotten that it was only a few years before that I was ere? Of course the boys wrote me all the news."

"Does thee know about——"

"About Richard Smedley? Yes, dear, I know about him, too, and at was why I stayed away from thee so long, when thee first came me. I thought if he was the kind of man thee cared for, that thee ver could love me. It was very hard for me, and I wronged thee eatly in my mind, for I thought that thee was just a butterfly, and ot the girl thee is. But it is all right now, is n't it?" and Debby with happy sigh realized that that chapter in her life was finished.

On the morning of Deborah's wedding the old Arch street meeting- ouse was full to overflowing. It was a splendid Quaker gathering, uch as one never sees except in Philadelphia in that very meetinghouse. ll the older women wore the plain silk bonnet that makes a homely ace look saintlike, and a lovely face look lovelier. In the gallery enches facing the rest of the meeting sat the ministers, for the most art men and women who had the especial gift of prayer or of preaching

acceptably. On the lowest seat sat Debby's mother, as calm, ethe and saintly as in the days gone by.

All was hushed and quiet as, without music, the bridal party c slowly down the aisle, the ushers, bridesmaids, among whom were M Sue, and Kathleen, and last the lovely bride in soft white, with J She took her place beside her mother, John next to her beside his fa

Outside the street cars and the wagons rumbled by, making stillness in the room seem more intense. An elm tree swayed its g branches past the window, and a little bird sang its clear note of while the sunshine flooded the whole room as John and Debby rose with clasped hands repeated the words that bound them to each ot John's voice was clear and strong, but one never could forget the sw ness and the tenderness of Debby's voice, nor the beauty of her fac she said, with never a regret but with the truest peace and joy in thought of the life she was to lead, "In the presence of the Lord, and assembly, I take thee, John Bennington, to be my husband, promisin be to thee a loving and a faithful wife, until death shall separate u for indeed she knew that his people were her people, that his faith her faith, and that his God was her God.

—Lois Ellen Roberts, 190

EVENING.

A blaze of glory in the distant west,
A stream of gold across the trackless sea,
A lonely bird that, all day flying free,
Now seeks the shelter of its greenwood nest;
A sweet, low voice that softly lulls to rest
A baby fretting on its mother's knee,
The lingering kiss of a day that soon must flee,—
And twilight falls upon earth's breast.

Gray shadows stealing o'er the fading sky,
A whispering in the pines along the shore,
A sweet voice hushed, a baby's last faint sigh,
The ocean's sob repeated o'er and o'er,
A thousand twinkling star-eyes looking down,—
And twilight softly falls upon earth's breast.

—JEANE F. TAYLOR, 1903.

IN REGARD TO STEVENSON.

A SHORT time ago, in a report concerning my literary likes and dislikes, I made the honest confession that Stevenson had no charm for me. I emphasize the fact of its honesty, for this statement caused me to blush with shame. It was a fact I had long concealed even from my family and only a strict sense of duty compelled me to drag it forth to be exposed to the gaze of an unsympathetic public. When once committed to paper it seemed humiliating in the extreme, and I now eagerly embrace the first opportunity of announcing that I have found Stevenson's charm, or rather his charm has found me.

A few years ago I met for the first time a bright and breezy young lady, who immediately besieged me with questions which I found rather embarrassing. Having ascertained that I was neither musical nor artistic, she said with conviction, "Then you must be literary!" and before I had recovered from the shock of this discovery, she inquired with enthusiasm, "Don't you adore Stevenson?" She evidently decided that I did, for—allowing me no time for the mortification of confessing I had never read his works—she proceeded to dwell with rapture on the pleasure she had found in that popular author. Her praises were so genuine that I resolved I, too, would join the ranks of the lovers of Stevenson.

The next week I procured a copy of "Treasure Island" and felt very happy at the prospect of visiting a country new to me—a pleasure which no rereading of an author can ever give. But, alas! instead of

waiting to find out for myself I had asked one older and wiser than I why Stevenson was enjoyed and had been told that it was on account of his "charm." I read "Treasure Island" through from cover to cover with the sole idea of discovering this charm, of catching the intangible, and to the end of the book was only disappointed. Nowhere had I been able to discover anything on which I could seize with the triumphant announcement, "This is charm!" Not yet baffled I went through "Kidnapped" keener than ever in my search for charm, reading every word that this subtle element might in no way escape my analysis, and again my search was fruitless. In both cases I had heroically kept myself from being carried on by the narrative that I might not let slip some opportunity of accomplishing my aim; for this reason I had sacrificed all my interest in the story and my labors were unrewarded. With a sigh of shame over my unfortunate mental defect I laid the book aside.

So the matter might have ended had not my literary conscience been aroused by the written statement of mine to which I have referred. After having placed Stevenson among my dislikes, I decided that the youthful perusal of two of his books was hardly a fair test and again I took up the author I had so long neglected. This time "St. Ives" was my choice, but although I had read many praises of it I did not scan it with the eye of a connoisseur seeking for beauty. Perhaps I was less in earnest than in the earlier days when I read Stevenson, or perhaps I had learned from some similar experience that a good book is always able to speak for itself; at any rate that is what I let this book do.

It was early in the afternoon when I began, and a pile of long unanswered letters lay on my desk demanding my attention. But the afternoon passed and still I sat forgetful of everything except the fascination of the story. As the light began to fail I sat in the dusk straining my eyes, for I could not bear to stop long enough to light the gas. The darkness increased and at length I was obliged to lay the book aside, which I did very reluctantly. I was all on fire with life and enthusiasm; still I felt the breeze of Scotland fan my cheeks, still I

ard the sound of the sea, and saw the flash of sands. I had been eathing a fresher, freer atmosphere and I was loath to leave it. That ening I finished the story, that is, as much of it as Stevenson wrote. ie ending, which Mr. Quiller Couch has written and which I doubt not an excellent one, I could not read, it seemed a sacrilege then. I had arned to know the master artist and in this creation of his cared to see o other hand. I have never glanced through those last few chapters o learn the final outcome of the hero's many adventures. I did not ven exult over the fact that I could no longer say I found no charm in Stevenson, though certainly he had held me closely in his spell, but I ould rejoice in the many delights that lay in store for me.

David Balfour, an old acquaintance, soon became something more, nd he brought with him one who has a still warmer place in my affec- ions, Alan Breck. Alan and I are good friends now and we often smile -not without regret—to think that when first we met I only gazed on im with an aspect of cold criticism and demanded sternly, "Show me our charm!" But Alan did not know he had any such thing, and if e had known it he would not have had half as much.

Stevenson's frank and winning personality, his quaint and enial humor, made me, as soon as I discovered them, his warm ad- nirer. In his easy way he took me into his confidence, promising that ur friendship should be a pleasant one. So far he has kept his promise. To be sure our acquaintance has been brief; in all I have read only five f his novels, only three since I learned to know him. I cannot yet pre- tend to be a Stevenson scholar, much less a critic; I am only a loving student now, and a beginner at that, yet one of the initiated who can honestly say that Stevenson has charm.

—Martha Tappan Webster, 1903.

LULLABY.

Softly now the day declines
Over shadow-painted pines,
And the breezes moaning, weeping,
Through the nodding grasses creeping,
Steal to thee from out the west.
Baby, rest!

Where the purple water gleams
Lies the mystic land of dreams.
Lo! the moon, pale queen of stars,
Strews thy path with silv'ry bars.
Thou shalt reach the port of rest,
Baby blest!

—Helen L. Paddock, 1905.

THE TORY MARCHANT.

I sat down upon the back doorstep of the old house to rest a moment before starting for home. My dog Max lay upon the ground near me, lazily waiting until I should move. The freshness of spring was in the breeze which blew over the meadows from the river, now touched with the last beams of the setting sun. Behind me rose the walls of the house, which would have been still good if any care had been taken of it. But for over eighty years it had been left in the same condition as when the son of the old Marchant had lived and died in it. My thoughts wandered away from the hopeful woods and fields before me to the rooms through which I had just passed. There were in them the beautiful old mantels over the great fireplaces; the chairs left in the same positions

years; the closets full of quaint old clothes, of laces, of kitchen uten-
or even of preserves, just as the last occupants of the house had
ed them. How would the old merchant feel to see his grand house
uin? How would his wife feel to find neglect where she had kept
ything in order and cleanliness? I wondered about these queer old
le of long ago.

A gentle touch on my shoulder aroused me. I looked up half
led. On the threshold behind me stood an elderly woman in a gray
, the material for which, I felt sure, had been woven in the loom
h was built into the little room off the kitchen. The face under the
le white cap seemed at once familiar to me, as was the quiet voice
she said, "Child, come in; it groweth late, Deborah."

It was natural to answer, "Yes, aunt," to rise, and to follow her
the house. But the expression on her face, I instinctively felt, I
never seen there before. Mingled with the sadness, without which
ow I should not recognize her, was a look of strain and suppressed
ement. The glance, too, which she sent out into the twilight was
st one of fear. It made me turn quickly to see what she saw, but
I looked I was glad that she had moved on up the passageway.
a hand that trembled so that I could scarcely fasten the bar, I shut
oor and hastened after her. For I had seen advancing stealthily
gh the thickening gloom up the wagon track by which only that
noon had been brought a load of molasses barrels and boxes of mer-
lise, the figure of a man. He looked like an Indian, but what
Indians be doing around here, near as we were to the town? I
that my mother had seen them when she was a girl, but that was
y thirty years ago, and now it was well along in seventeen hundred
eventy-six, and Indians were not frequently seen in the Connecticut
. Striving to put back my fear I entered the living room.

Here a fire was blazing in the large fireplace, and before it sat my
He looked up as I came in, but immediately turned his gaze to
e again instead of greeting me in his gruff tones as usual. Chilled
reception in addition to my fear, which would otherwise have led

me to a seat upon his footstool, I crept into the chimney corner and sat there still trembling.

My aunt, forgetful of the evening meal ready on the table, was moving softly around the room, closing the shutters and barring the door. It was early yet for that. Did she possibly suspect danger of any sort? Could she have seen that man, that Indian,—if indeed he was an Indian?

I looked again at my uncle. He was sitting leaning slightly forward, with his hands clasped in front of him and his elbows on the arms of the chair. It was not a listless attitude; rather one of deep thought and purpose. Such was often his position, but to-night his eyes gleamed so fiercely at times that I felt nearly as afraid of him as I knew all my girl friends did, and even the grown men of the town. I had often wondered why they should fear him; his great rough beard and his harsh voice had never made me forget the kind heart beneath. But to-night I thought that the others might really have some reason to dread him, if he glowered at them as he did at the fire, or ignored them as he did me, his favorite, now sitting alone in the chimney corner.

My meditation had reached this point, and my aunt was just coming to take the steaming water kettle from the fire to pour it over the tea—for we had tea; none of our neighbors had; I never could find out why not except that maybe they were not as rich as uncle,—when we heard a commotion back of the house.

My aunt dropped into a chair and her face went white all at once. Uncle rose and turned towards the door, as if he expected that some one would push in past the bars. It was as if they had been waiting for just this to happen. I wondered what could be the matter. There came a loud knock on the door which opened directly into the living room, followed by sounds of blows against the door. My uncle called, "Who is there?"

There was no answer except the continued knocking.

"What are ye after?" he shouted.

The knocking ceased suddenly and we heard a murmur of voices. Then one voice rose clear above the rest:—

"Open ye, Marchant Colton! Open ye! Give up the goods ye ought this day up the river."

My uncle groaned and then retorted fiercely, "Begone! 'T is my own property!"

"Nay, but smuggled," the calm voice answered. And among the wild yells which followed we distinguished such phrases as "Open ye!" "Open ye!" "Give up the goods!" "Smuggled!" Above them all rose a shrill cry, "Tory Marchant!" "To-ry Mar-chant!"

Ah, now I knew! I knew why the men hated and yet feared him, why the girls pitied me because I lived with him. I had learned from them all about the king's tyranny and believed as thoroughly as any of them in the rights of our colonies. And now was uncle a hated Tory, my dear uncle? He had never said anything about it to me; had never discussed it in the house. Light broke upon me. Aunt's sympathies were with the colonists, her brother was an earnest advocate of our rights. That was why uncle never spoke of it at home; why aunt's face had become so sad these last few months.

These thoughts passed quickly through my mind. The battering of the door was still going on, and uncle stood still before it motionless. But before I knew what was happening, he had flung open the door, and had reseated himself before the fire with his back turned to the intruders. I scarcely raised my eyes after a first glance, for that showed me what seemed a multitude of Indians, their hands full of staves and hatchets. The first rank stood in surprise for a moment, but were pushed away by the ones behind them, and soon into the room and down the cellar stairs flocked from twenty to thirty men, torches in hand.

I discovered that they were the younger men of the town dressed as Indians, for, as they passed me, one looked down at me, and I glancing up in terror recognized John Keep's blue eyes in spite of his painted skin and cap of feathers. So I, though shamed, felt my fear gone, for John would not allow anything to be done but what he considered right. I felt sure of that, although the others pushed him on so fast that he only smiled and dropped a few beads from his costume into my lap. He knew that I would keep them, not only to remember the night, but

because—well, because I wanted to. Then my heart misgave me Uncle was being injured and he had been kind to me.

In a little while all the pretended Indians had slipped away, th last leaving stains of molasses from their moccasined feet on aunt polished floor. That told me that they had broken open all the molass barrels and let the molasses run out on the cellar floor. It told the sam thing to uncle, too. When he turned and saw the stains, he rose i great anger, and shouted curses after those who had done him wron But soon he dropped back in the armchair and sank into a posture o helpless grief. I crept up to him and laid my cheek against his har to comfort him.

. . . . . .

It was Max licking my cheek to rouse me to a realization of th lateness of the hour. The sun was down and the night had closed arou me. With thoughts of tramps and Indians wildly mingled in m mind, I hastened towards home; with me, chiefly, the picture of the ol "Tory Marchant," sitting listlessly before the fire, broken in spirit b the events of that spring evening over a hundred years ago.

—Charlotte Edwards Allen, 1903.

IN SHORT.

Evening on the Pacific.

Suddenly the grayish-green waves sank and the ocean became cal as an inland lake unruffled by the wind. As the sun we down the smooth water stole away its bright color un the whole ocean was a vast sheet of liquid gold. Myria of tiny yellow lights danced on the surface while luminous fishes dart about below. A big jelly fish, which might have been the missing mo floated lazily past, rocking gently in the water. Then a flying cro of shadows, the porpoises, which had accompanied the ship through t

day, rushed by with sudden leaps that splashed drops of dazzling liquid high into the air. After a while a breeze sprang up and the ship began to forge slowly ahead. Little golden waves lapped along her sides and melted behind into a foaming golden path.

—Mary R. Stolz, 1905.

Unseen to human eyes, the lordly wind
Sweeps, stately, up the hill, and all the trees
Murmur, and toss their boughs, and bend, and sway
At his approach. The slender saplings bow
Before his majesty. The grasses tall
Prostrate themselves in lowly reverence,
But scores of rabble leaves attend his march,
Whirling and dancing in the maddest glee.

—Louise Payson Stowell, 1903.

A Christmas that is Worth While.

Christmas it truly was, yet the sunshine poured warmly down on the orange groves surrounding the king's palace. I cared not for the magnificence of the king, I cared not for the modern buildings before me, though they were a part of the first European city I had seen, and full of wonder and resplendence. I was a child, standing on the rocks of the old Acropolis of Athens. History I had not yet studied, and could understand but vaguely the splendors of that ancient citadel. I had mounted the steps of the Parthenon, and seated myself on broken and fallen pillars while, with silent wonder, I had listened to my father's tales. Now he led me beyond the temples to the edge of the great cliffs that overlooked the city. There below me lay the ruins of old temples and, beyond, the plain stretching away to the blue of the Ægean. I do not know now the names of what I saw; I did not then comprehend the historical significance of the scene. But even to a child, there comes an understanding,

never to be defined in words, inexpressible, yet leaving an impression never to lose its power. And now, when I read of Athens, I am again as the child who stood on the Acropolis, the warm sunshine gleaming on the Ægean, while the grandeur and silence of a thousand years filled my heart till it could hold no more, and I turned away to meet my father's eyes.

—Annie C. Tracy, 1903.

EDITORIAL.

The value of perspective in a college course cannot be overestimated. Unless a student can plan her work with a larger end in view than preparing herself for some particular vocation, or occupying herself with subjects of most interest to her, she misses the real aim of a college education, which is, to teach the student how to work that she may gain breadth as well as depth. To accomplish this she must have power to see in perspective what lies before her—the possibility of a strong, forceful life no matter what the particular field of work may be. That the student considers the preparation for a vocation important is commendable, but she should not allow herself to lose sight of the value of general culture.

It is a difficult matter so to plan a college course that it may be comprehensive yet thorough. For many students there is more danger of narrowness than of too much breadth. Correlation is excellent up to a certain point, but when it leads a student who is doing major work in one subject, to plan all her work along that particular line to the exclusion as far as possible of all others, it is time to point out to her the lack of wisdom in such a course. Often the student who has narrowed her work with a particular end in view has been called upon to use some part of her resources which she has not developed as she had opportunity to do.

One danger, then, arises from the mistaken idea that the first aim n a college course is preparation for a special vocation. Another dan- er is due to considering education practically completed with the college ourse. This leads to the student's distributing her course over so much round that she has but superficial knowledge, a smattering of many ings. Here again the ability to see in perspective will be a safeguard.

We sometimes hear the memory of the younger generation con- asted with that of their parents, often to the discredit of the sons and aughters. We shall not attempt to prove whether or not this opinion justified, but let us consider why a student, in a comparatively short me after completing a course of study, remembers so little of the sub- ct. Some possible causes suggest themselves immediately. Are we physical health? Do we study properly? Or is there some other ause for our lapses of memory?

"It does seem," says a tired student, leaning her head on her hand, as if every new fact I put into my head crowds out some item put there arlier." Such a student is not in physical health. Perhaps her weari- ess comes from carrying too heavy outside work, or perhaps she oes n't walk enough; for exercise in the open air is a wonderful tonic or exhausted mental powers. We cannot say that the frail students, hom we sometimes think too frail for college life, forget more easily an stronger ones except as they tire more quickly.

In regard to methods of study we venture to say that the student ho has not learned the art of concentration need not wonder that she as a poor memory, for branches of study, even isolated facts, which are t learned in a serious manner, are retained with difficulty. In this nnection we might note that the time used for study makes a great fference in results. Concentration is much harder after we have en a hearty meal.

We may find an unwise combination of courses another cause of ble memory. It is an old story that too many one and two hour

courses "dissipate one's energies"; but have we realized that the dissipation of energy means loss of memory? The general movement in the common schools has been toward a "broad" knowledge, a little of many subjects being introduced into the lower grades. Some of us in college have blindly continued the method in our great desire to embrace all knowledge at once. We never seem to think that the more courses we have the oftener we thwart our own endeavor to retain knowledge. Having tried to hold all details incident to one recitation firmly in our minds, we deliberately turn these out as we pass on to the next, summoning other details as we go, these in turn to be banished, for a time. If this occurs many times in a day, a few facts at least wander too far to be recalled. The ability of each person to assimilate knowledge fully is limited, and the greater the variety of subjects the harder this process becomes, especially if the time required for assimilation remains constant. Is it not clear, then, that too many courses weaken the memory by making it send out tiny tendrils in many directions?

There is another cause. The rush of the American people that makes itself felt in business, in professional and social life, enters into our student world as well. It is useless to oppose this irresistible force with rebellious spirit; the scholarly world like any other will cast us out, leaving us far behind. Again and again a student has the desire to do collateral reading with her regular work, but for lack of time she inhibits the impulse that would have fixed the desire in her mind. She would like to know the meaning of the unfamiliar words in the lesson, but she will not have time to gain a general idea of the whole if she does not skip them. More impulses inhibited, and more ways of strengthening her memory by association prevented!

These, then, are some of the possible reasons for the failure of a student to remember much of a course completed a year ago. From the very statement of most of the difficulties, we may infer their remedies.

If it is not possible to move on our academic pathway with calmness and deliberation, it surely is possible to make judicious elections, to study while we study, and to keep well.

DEPARTMENT NOTES.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

During November three much desired casts, representing the best period of Greek sculpture, were added to the collection in Dwight Hall; the Hermes of Praxiteles and the Artemis of Gabii from the class of '99 and the Victory of Samothrace from the class of 1902. After the arrival of the boxes, early in November, the work of unpacking and properly mounting the new casts was carried forward as rapidly as possible in anticipation of Founder's Day. The beautiful group of Hermes with the child Dionysus found at once an appropriate place in the gallery near the Niobid Chiaramonti. When the statue was discovered at Olympia by the German excavators in 1887, both legs were broken off below the knee. Later one sandaled foot was unearthed, the model of which, secured for the college in Germany a year ago, has been placed on a bracket at the side of the pedestal.

Another similar group, also the gift of '99, the Eirene and Plutos of the Munich Gallery, the cast of which is already ordered, will in time take its place beside the Hermes.

The Artemis of Gabii, attributed to Praxiteles, represents a young girl, who fastens with graceful action the mantle at her shoulder, the original now in the Louvre. This figure, about life size, seemed well-adapted to the small reception room, opening from the entrance hall near the library, where thus the statue stands charmingly outlined against the soft yellow of the tinted walls—as if quite "at home" to welcome all who come.

To mount the cast of the Victory of Samothrace, of heroic size, more than eight feet in height, was not so easy a task. The morning that this was accomplished, the day preceding Founder's Day, the final enthronement of the Nikê was awaited with an air of expectancy by interested groups of students who came and went through the halls. The original, commemorating a great naval triumph, stood with outspread wings as if just alighting on the prow of a boat—a figure designed to be seen from below. It seemed only fitting that in Dwight Hall the Victory should have as lofty a perch as possible, placed high on a pedestal four feet above the floor. Thus mounted near the Venus of Melos at the end of the gallery the superb figure shows splendidly, as seen from the entrance, against the green background of the interior.

Some "original material" has recently been received at Dwight Hall, adding interest to the study of ancient art: several antique vases, Egyptian

ushabtis, terra cotta figurines, many vase fragments from Troy, Mycenæ, Knossos and elsewhere, a handsome piece of floor mosaic from Delos—objects gathered by Miss Caroline L. Ransom ('96) during her sojourn in the East last year.

With these things came a number of large carbon photographs illustrating various historic sites in Greece and recent finds in Greek sculpture, with a series of smaller views of the prehistoric palace, newly excavated at Knossos in Crete.

On her return journey from Constantinople, Miss Ransom further selected in Vienna two very interesting casts for the college, the lovely Tralles head and the group of Hecate surrounded by the Graces, treasures of the Vienna Gallery. Until recently no copy has been allowed of the unique Hecate group, this one of the first reproductions to be brought to this country.

The valuable collection of Greek and Roman coins made and classified by Dr. D. H. Nutting and purchased by the college in 1884, has been set within a fine new oaken case prepared especially for the purpose. A second case is likewise provided for still other valuable coins, as yet unclassified, which have come at various times as gifts to Mount Holyoke, largely through the efforts of Miss Anna C. Edwards.

The coins are exhibited in the pleasant middle space of the side gallery opening at the left of the hall of casts. This room is further made attractive by the fine collection of "Japanese lacquers" generously loaned by Dr. Adaline H. Kelsey ('68), for which the trustees at their recent meeting Founder's Day voted an appropriation, thus securing its permanent possession to the gallery.

At a recent meeting of the Archæological Club of Mount Holyoke College the following officers were appointed for the year: President, Miss Anna C. Tracy ('03); vice-president, Katharine W. Dwight ('04); secretary and treasurer, Sara W. Sears ('03). Miss Boalt was asked to represent the club at the annual meeting of the American Archæological Institute to be held at Princeton, December 31, and the two days following.

ENGLISH.

Miss Margaret Ball (1900), who has been assisting in the department of English since September, 1901, received the appointment to the new fellowship given last month by a member of '86. Miss Ball went at once to Columbia. Miss Emma D. Sandford, Geneva, N. Y., class of '92, is taking Miss Ball's work. Miss Sandford taught in a private school at Mt. Holly, N. J., 1892-1893, then from 1893-1899, with the exception of five months abroad,

was a private tutor. The year 1899-1900 was spent in study at Columbia, after which Miss Sandford was head of the English department in the H. Thane Miller School, Cincinnati, Ohio.

LATIN.

THE Latin department usually offers to the students in its courses at least two lectures during the year from speakers outside the college. Professor F. A. Gallup of Packer Collegiate Institute, who has recently returned from a year of study and research in Italy and Greece, was secured as the first lecturer of this year.

Professor Gallup is a very entertaining speaker, and presented a series of instructive slides on Roman private life as depicted in the ruins in and about Pompeii.

Of special interest to students in Latin were the views of the interior of Lydia's house at Rome, of the atrium and peristyle, of several ruins at Pompeii, and a diagrammatic view of the Forum at Pompeii. The views of Mount Vesuvius were also very fine and included one glimpse of the crater itself.

Interspersed among the more scientific views were many pictures of peasant life of Italy, giving one a very realistic conception of the genuine Roman of to-day.

Two important works for the department have recently been added to the library, a more extended notice of which will be found under Library Notes.

BIOLOGY.

PLANS have been made for a new Biological building which it is hoped the college may have at some future time. The building as planned is three stories high and has very fine modern laboratories and lecture rooms for physiology, zoölogy, and botany. The situation would be the spot where Hitchcock cottage now stands.

A committee of the trustees has been appointed to have charge of any money that may come in for this building.

HISTORY.

MISS NEILSON, Ph.D., Bryn Mawr, 1899, will offer the second semester a new course in French History. This will be a four hour course and will cover the history of France up to the fifteenth century. The elective work in English constitutional history will be changed from a two to a four hour course.

Miss Soule's class in political history has presented the following books to the library: two copies of Von Holst's "Constitutional History," Vol. I, and two copies of Burgess's "Middle Period."

LIBRARY NOTES.

SEVEN numbers of the *Thesaurus Linguae Latinae* have been received the library and are now on the shelves with the other dictionaries. This mon mental work will be to the Latin language what Murray's *New English D tionary* is to English. The need of such a Latin lexicon has been under co sideration since 1858; the work was undertaken by the five great educatio foundations of Berlin, Göttingen, Leipzig, Munich, and Vienna, in 1893, a begun in 1894. It is to include the history of the usage of all Latin wo up to the middle of the second century A. D., and partial material has been c lected up to the sixth century. Necessarily the pay for the mechanical coll tion of material was very small, and the work would hardly have been prac cable in any other country than Germany. The recognition of all co-work by name in the first volume has been a further incentive to young scholars aid in a work of such magnitude and such significance to scholarship.

The process of preparation is as follows: the text of each author is ca fully read and revised by a recognized scholar, who rejects all doubtful re ings. Next the words themselves are transcribed, each with enough cont to determine fully its meaning and usage. The cards on which these extra are fill huge presses, each word in its own box or boxes. These are turned o to the writers of the articles. The final writing could not be begun until 18 and will require twelve or fifteen years for its completion, but the product w be a veritable "treasure-house."

The *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum* has also just been purchased by t library. This work embodies all the Latin found on stone or bronze, hea actually written by the Romans and not having passed through the hands copyists as manuscripts necessarily have. It contains much historical inf mation in numerous official documents of all sorts, many of which are of g length and give authoritative knowledge on questions of public procedure a government. Among other inscriptions the epitaphs are of great interest, we get from them many details of the private life of the family and the ho of dependents, clients, freedmen, and slaves. The *Corpus* gives decision a as to questions affecting the form of a word at any given period, as a large p of the material can from its very nature be dated. Thus in these and ot ways it is of the greatest service in helping us rebuild in a vital way the gr Roman civilization which so greatly affected our own. The library is for nate in securing a set of this work complete up to date, since it is not o a valuable work now, but one which will increase in value.

other acquisitions of the past month deserve especial mention, a
of the first folio edition of Shakespeare, 1623, reproduced by photo-
hy under the direction of H. Staunton in 1866; and *Niles' Weekly* from September, 1811, to August, 1823, the most important source olitical history of that period.

files of the *Journal of Hellenic Studies,* the *American Journal of ogy* and the *Philosophical Review* have been completed.

periodicals newly added to our subscription list are: *Transactions of rican Mathematical Society, Comptes Rendus Hebdomadaires des de l'Academie des Sciences,* the *Elementary School Teacher and f Study,* the *Hibbert Journal, Jahrbuch des Gaiserlich deutschen gischen Instituts, Journal of Hygiene, La Romania,* and the *Sanitary nd Journal of Sanitary and Municipal Engineering.*

Cowles of Ipswich has presented the full set of the Delphine edition classics which belonged to her father, Professor Cowles.

e volumes of the *New International Encyclopaedia* have been received emaining fourteen are expected at the rate of one each month. This work, edited by Daniel Coit Gilman, and seems the most satisfactory edia of its type. It contains many new subjects and many not usually an encyclopædia, such as titles of books, names of characters in d the drama, and the explanation of idiomatic phrases. It is espe-ong in biography. The bibliographical material and the dates are nd the illustrations, paper, and type attractive. The articles are n a pleasing style.

of the doctor's theses just received from Bryn Mawr College are those ret B. McDonald, Mount Holyoke ('98), on "A New Class of Disul-and of Elizabeth Rebecca Laird, of the physics department, on the ion Spectrum of Chlorine."

historical material edited by Mary Frances Farnham, class of '68, and l serially by the Maine Historical Society to form two volumes of umentary History of the State of Maine," was received as a gift from r and has been bound.

Sarah Parke Morrison, class of '57, has sent to the library her two "Among Ourselves," records of family history and genealogy.

astronomy library has been recatalogued and moved to the observatory. w are a few titles selected from the additions of the month.

A. F. Sea-beach at ebb-tide. 1901.
er, F. W. A. Atlas des nordlichen gestirnten Himmels. 1899.
C. S. College manual of rhetoric. 1902.

Ball, Sir R. S. The earth's beginning. 1902.
Canby, H. S. The short story. 1902.
Douglas, Langton. Fra Angelico. 1902.
Ellinwood, F. P. Oriental religions and Christianity. 1899.
Franklin, Benjamin. Life and works. 3 v. 1889.
Graham, J. A. Missionary expansion since the Reformation. 1900.
Grote, George. Aristotle. 2 v. 1872.
Hedge, F. H. Hours with German classics. 1902.
Hope, G. H. Till the doctor comes. 1901.
Hughes, R. E. Making of citizens. 1902.
Hutchinson, Robert. Food and the principles of dietetics. 1900.
Jacoby, Harold. Practical talks by an astronomer. 1902.
James, William. Varieties of religious experience. 1902.
Jastrow, Joseph. Fact and fable in psychology. 1901.
Jessopp, Augustus. Coming of the friars. 1901.
Jordan, D. S. Footnotes to evolution. 1902.
Kroeger, A. B. Guide to the . . . use of reference books. 1902.
Massachusetts. Colonial laws . . . reprinted from the edition of 1660. 1889.
Morley, M. M. Wasps and their ways. 1901.
Parkes, L., and Kenwood, H. Hygiene and public health. 1902.
Paulsen, Friedrich. Immanuel Kant. 1902.
Phillips, Stephen. Herod: a tragedy. 1901.
Smith, Alexander, and Hall, E. H. Teaching of chemistry and physics in the secondary school. 1902.
Soule, Richard. Dictionary of English synonyms. 1902.
Tufts, J. H., *ed.* James Tufts, a memorial. 1902.
Washington, Booker T. Character building. 1902.
Wright, G. F. Asiatic Russia. 2 v. 1901.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE first of the lectures for this year under the auspices of the Students' League was given Tuesday evening, November 4, by John Graham Brooks of Cambridge. Mr. Brooks is a sociologist of wide reputation and holds the positions of expert on the United States Labor Commission and president of the National Consumers' League.

In speaking on the subject of "Luxury as a Private and Public Problem,"

Brooks said that it is difficult to formulate a definition of luxury, because, he first place, luxury is relative. Things which were once luxuries, because essed only by the few, are now held to be necessities. In the second place, line between expenditure considered legitimate and that considered itimate cannot be exactly determined. There are two principles which guide us, however, in the determination of this line. If the ex- liture helps in any way to strengthen the person, to make him e effective in the world, it is legitimate, and if so, as justifiable a poor as for a rich man. Expenditure is illegitimate when it tes a demand for bad, unwholesome things of any sort. Here the great il question of spending an income enters into the discussion, for, eco- ically, when we spend money we make the objects we buy, and make and erve the conditions under which they are produced. The aim of the Con- ers' League is to maintain only good conditions by creating a demand for the articles made under good conditions. The supply of sweat-shop goods it is believed, decrease with the lessening demand, and those working in ealthy, overcrowded quarters will be gradually transferred to factories ch, through careful inspection by experts, are managed in accordance with requirements of law and society.

The same principles apply to public expenditure as to private. In the ner centuries, the great art has been successively sculpture, painting, ic; the art of the coming age will be the making of a splendid humanity, giving a noble and equal human life, not to the few, but to all.

The annual Founder's Day exercises were held on Friday, November 7, mencing with a service in Mary Lyon chapel at eleven o'clock. Following he programme:—

lude, Magnificat Anima Mea Dominum.....*Enrico Bottazzo*
cessional, O God, Our Help in Ages Past.....*Dr. William Croft*
tival Te Deum in D.....*Oliver King*
yer and Scripture Reading,

By the Reverend J. L. R. Trask, D.D.

hem .....*Sir John Stainer*
dress

By the Reverend Henry Hopkins, D.D., president of Williams College.

mn, Ein Feste Burg.....*Martin Luther*
yer,

By the Reverend Henry A. Stimson, D.D.

hem .....*Dr. J. Varley Roberts*
ediction,

By the Reverend J. J. Woolley.

Recessional, Jerusalem the Golden.....*George F. Le June*
Saint Ann's Fugue.....*Johann Sebastian Bach*

The afternoon was occupied by an alumnæ meeting at two o'clock, and an alumnæ tea at four o'clock to which the senior class was invited. In the evening Mr. Hammond gave a delightful recital, the first of a course of six to be given during the year. He was assisted by Miss Dickinson, whose voice it is always such a pleasure to hear, and by Mr. Harry Kellogg, pianist. A very pleasing addition to the programme was the violin obligato to the Angels' Serenade, played by Miss Josie Edna Johnson(1906). Following is the complete programme:—

Sonata in E flat, op. 6, No. 2.....*Fink*
I. Allegro moderato.
II. Andante.
III. Allegro risoluto.
Andante from the Symphony in E.....*Sullivan*
Arranged for the organ by WILLIAM CRESSER.
Song, Angels' Serenade.....*Braga*
Violin obligato by MISS JOHNSON.
Concert piece in E major.....*Merkel*
Caprice in B flat major.....*Guilmant*
Serenade from Suite in D minor.....*Volkmann*
Songs—
The Daily Question .....*Meyer-Helmund*
Mighty Lak' a Rose.....*Nevin*
A May Morning .....*Deuse*
Romance in D flat major.....*Lemare*
Chorus and Dance of the Elves.....*Dubois*
Fantasie on a Welsh March—"Gohroffeod Gwyr Harlech".....*Best*

The senior class gave a vaudeville entertainment in the gymnasium Tuesday evening, November 18. The principal feature of the programme was the farce, "A Box of Monkeys," given by several seniors of Porter Hall.

On Wednesday, November 19, Miss Woolley gave a reception and dinner to the faculty in honor of Miss Irwin, dean of Radcliffe College, who was Miss Woolley's guest on Wednesday and Thursday. The dinner was progressive, each guest changing her place between the courses, according to numbers which were given her. The parlors and tables were beautifully decorated with pink and white chrysanthemums and ferns.

The Thanksgiving recess began Tuesday, November 25, at 4.30 P. M., and ded at noon Friday of the same week. The girls who spent the days at home id those who remained at college gave reports of no rest but of very good mes.

Porter Hall entertained a large number of friends at a fancy dress dance ven in the gymnasium on the evening of December 2. Masks were worn ring the first part of the evening, and there was much fun over the unmask-g, which took place at the middle of the dance.

On Sunday, December 7, President Hyde of Bowdoin College spoke at e vesper service, which was held at 4 P. M., instead of the customary time.

The annual Christmas concert was given in Mary Lyon chapel on Decem-r 12. The vested college choir was assisted by the choir of the Second Con-regational church of Holyoke. Several of the favorite selections of former ars were repeated.

The College Equal Suffrage League takes great pleasure in announcing at the prizes offered by the League in favor of suffrage have been awarded s follows: First prize of $75.00 to Miss Beth B. Gilchrist, Mount Holyoke ollege; second prize of $25.00 to Miss Esther W. Bates, Boston University.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION NOTES.

CALENDAR OF MEETINGS.

hursday, November 20.

Subject: "Every Man's Life a Plan of God." Leader, Marion Barry.

unday, November 23.

A service in charge of the General Secretary.

unday, November 30.

A service in charge of Mr. Brewer Eddy (Yale, '98), former traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer movement.

hursday, December 11.

A service in the interests of Christian work among the seamen, in charge of Rev. Charles P. Osborne.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

The Membership Committee reports that two hundred and thirty-nine new members have been received into the Young Women's Christian Associa-

tion this fall, one hundred and seventy-nine becoming active members and sixty associate members.

This year the Young Women's Christian Association has been giving small receptions to the freshmen at 4.30 on Tuesday afternoons in the Association room in Wilder Hall, the purpose of these informal teas being to bring the association into closer touch with its new members. About twenty freshmen are invited each week; the President, the Cabinet, the General Secretary, and Reception Committee receive. On December 2, it is expected that Miss Woolley and the Advisory Board will be present. It is hoped that before Christmas all the freshmen will have been received in this way.

The World's Nickel, the contribution taken during the World's Week of Prayer, amounted to about twenty-six dollars. This goes to the executive committee of the World's Y. W. C. A.

The Student Volunteer Band is fortunate in having a gift from Dr. Parry of a new map of the world, which supplies a long-felt need in college. The map, which is made by Samuel E. Mann of Methuen, Mass., is 7½ by 13½ feet in size, and is drawn on cloth in India ink. It has been hung in the Volunteer room in Safford basement. The band are now preparing a list of the names and stations of all the Holyoke women now on the foreign field, and all mission stations now occupied by our alumnæ are to be marked on the map with blue stars.

The seniors are to enjoy a rare privilege this year; President Woolley has kindly consented to conduct a special Senior Bible class. The subject to be considered is "Difficulties Arising in Bible Study." The class will meet once a month the first meeting having been held on November 30. This subject is one that appeals to every college student, and the class cannot fail to be helpful.

On Tuesday evening of the Thanksgiving recess the Reception Committee had charge of a frolic in the gymnasium for the students who remained at college over the holiday.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

THE ninth annual meeting of the Maine Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association was held on Wednesday afternoon, October 8, at Lewiston, the president in the chair. Representatives were present from many different parts of the state. The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Miss Nettie C. Burleigh; first vice-president, Miss Julia H. May; second vice-

sident, Miss Annie Hunter; third vice-president, Miss Emma S. Day; sec-ary and treasurer, Miss Amy Flora Peters. Mrs. Mary Tuttle Bourdon, sident of the General Alumnæ Association, was elected an honorary mem-r of the Maine Association.

A letter from Mrs. Bourdon concerning the Income Fund was read, also very cordial note from President Woolley. Miss Grace E. Berry, Dean of lby College, spoke in behalf of the Endowment Fund. The usual appro-ations to the Athens Scholarship and the general fund were voted. In dition to the regular October meeting it was voted to hold three special etings this year, one in December, one in May, and one in the midsummer son, time and place to be decided by the executive committee.

At the meeting of the Boston alumnæ held Saturday, October 18, a brief ount was given of the life and a tribute to the memory of Mrs. Stearns melia D. Jones, '49), who died the past summer.

Mrs. Phipps read tributes to Mrs. Tyler (Delia M. Wells, '65) and Mrs. bee (Lucy A. Rankin, '47), who also passed away during the summer.

A nominating committee was appointed to prepare lists of names to be ed on for alumnæ trustee, Mrs. J. Frederick Hill being elected for one year d Mrs. G. W. Bail for two years.

A pleasant word of welcome was given to our alumnæ trustee, Miss East-n, who has just returned after an absence of fifteen months in Europe, and ocial hour and tea closed the afternoon.

The Hampshire County Alumnæ Association met in Amherst on Saturday, tober 18, with Mrs. B. H. Williams. In the absence of the president, Mrs. D. Morse, Mrs. Williams presided. This being the annual meeting, the lowing officers were elected for the coming year: President, Mrs. A. D. rse; vice-presidents, Mrs. Aldrich of Granby, Mrs. Williams of Amherst, s. Sawyer and Miss Maher of Easthampton, Miss Babb of Northampton, s. Grace Howe Smith of Hadley; recording secretary, Mrs. Sarah Parsons Northampton; corresponding secretary, Miss Clara Dwight of Amherst.

Miss Rebecca Smith of South Hadley was present and presented the needs the Everett Infirmary and money was appropriated for the purchase of ver for this house.

Guests present at this meeting were Dr. and Mrs. Hitchcock of Amherst, s. Taylor of Rockford, Ill., a graduate of the class of '47, and Miss Emily ed of Philadelphia. Miss Fannie Herrick gave a vocal selection, after ich refreshments were served, and a social hour enjoyed.

The Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association of the Northwest has been espe-

cially favored this year in having a visit from President Woolley. On Saturday, October 18, the beautiful home of Mrs. C. H. Case on Ashland boulevard, Chicago, was thrown open for the annual business meeting and reception. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: President, Mrs. Clara Clark Arnold ('80); vice-presidents, Mrs. Emily White Smith ('58), Mrs. Mary Gage Peterson, Mrs. Annie Jones Vosburgh ('81), Miss Abigail M. Hunt ('86), Mrs. Zella Allen Dixson ('80), Miss Mary W. Warner ('89); recording secretary, Miss Amelia Sears; corresponding secretary, Miss Gertrude Dudley; treasurer, Miss Caroline Straughan ('77).

The many who gathered for the reception pressed forward to meet President Woolley and later listened with great interest to her informal talk about the college, its beautiful setting of autumnal colors, the new buildings, the general progress, and the great need of a library and a science hall "fifteen minutes later."

The Congregational Club invited President Woolley to give an address at its opening meeting, Monday evening, October 20. The guests were presidents of colleges and universities, others interested in education, and the Mount Holyoke alumnæ. The presence of Mr. and Mrs. A. Lyman Williston was unexpected, but none the less welcome. At the reception D. K. Pearsons stood next to President Woolley in the receiving line. After the banquet, addresses were given by Professor Henry King of Oberlin on "Psychology and Life," by Miss Woolley on "The Power of the Beautiful in Education," and by Reverend W. D. Mackenzie on "Needed Phases in the Education of the Ministry." Miss Woolley showed the power of beauty in nature and art, language and literature, and, highest of all, in the spiritual life.

The benediction was pronounced by Reverend Moses Smith.

Wednesday afternoon President Woolley was given a large reception by the Woman's Union of the University of Chicago.

Another reception was given in her honor Wednesday evening by the resident student body and friends in the neighborhood. Receiving with Miss Woolley were Dean Beal and Mrs. Beal, and President Hyde of Bowdoin College, the university preacher for October.

Thursday was spent in visiting the university buildings and class rooms, and in observing the university life.

Mrs. Zella Allen Dixson, librarian at the university, represented the Mount Holyoke alumnæ at these functions.

The general feeling which has found expression in Chicago is that Mount Holyoke College has reason to be proud of her president.

The annual business meeting of the Eastern New York Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association was held Saturday, October 25, 1902, at the Art Union Studio, Albany, N. Y. The following officers were elected for 1902-3: President, Mrs. Edward Frisbee of Albany; first vice-president, Miss Jean D. Cole of Albany; second vice-president, Mrs. Henry Colvin of Troy; treasurer, Miss Annie Dean of Amsterdam; secretary, Miss Anna H. Rodgers of Albany; assistant secretary, Miss Edith Wade of Verdoy.

The eighth annual meeting of the Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association of Ohio was held October 25, in the pleasant parlor of the Y. W. C. A. central building, a large old-fashioned mansion on Euclid avenue, Cleveland. The beloved and honored president, Miss Lucinda T. Guilford, whose life work has done so much for education and for the continuation of the Holyoke principles, presided. Although the association numbers over a hundred, it is difficult for many to be present at the meetings, as Ohio is a large state and the members very widely scattered. But enthusiasm made up for a lack of numbers, and this particular gathering of Holyoke's daughters was both pleasant and profitable. After the election of officers and the transaction of business, the meeting became informal. Mrs. T. D. Crocker referred to her memories of Holyoke and Miss Lyon, Mrs. H. F. Pitkin, and Miss Grace McKinley spoke of recent changes in the college. Photographs of the campus and recent happenings at the college were shown and several copies of the *Llamarada* were looked at with interest.

Among the recent graduates present were Miss Helen Hassler and Miss Ethel Osgood (1901).

The election of officers resulted in the following: President, Miss L. T. Guilford, 36 Knox street, Cleveland; vice-president, Mrs. M. J. Norton, 209 Crawford road, Cleveland; secretary and treasurer, Miss Ethel Stirling Osgood, 3 Nantucket street, Cleveland.

The regular fall meeting of the Philadelphia Association was held Saturday afternoon, November 1, at the home of the secretary. Twenty-two members were present, and the pleasure of the afternoon was much increased by the presence of Mrs. George L. Clark, ex-president of the Hartford Association, and Mrs. Bodfish, president of the Washington Association. Mrs. Wilbur, the president, was in the chair. The matter of the Income Fund was once more presented to the association and much interest was shown. After the regular routine business was transacted, a social hour was enjoyed. Mrs. Clark told of Hartford's meetings and Mrs. Bodfish described the interesting gatherings which are held in Washington. Refreshments were served and the members separated until the spring meeting.

The executive board of the Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association held a meeting on November 6 and one on November 7 at the college. Miss Florence Purington, assistant treasurer of the college, was chosen acting treasurer of the association to take the work of Miss Grace Berry, who has resigned. The following were appointed a committee on the Bardwell fellowship: Misses Grace Berry, Abbie Turner, Vernette Gibbons, Bertha Holbrook, Sarah Budd and Mrs. Mertie Graham Grover.

On the afternoon of Founder's Day about seventy alumnæ gathered in Shattuck Hall for an informal meeting. There was discussion of the Income Fund and report of its progress, with enthusiastic consideration of what might be accomplished for the college if every alumna should make an annual pledge. It was suggested that each association should appoint a committee to look after the interests of the fund. These names have been added to the general committee since the report was sent out: Annie Pomeroy, president of '96; Sarah Averill, president of '93; Mrs. William Ward, Mrs. W. I. Barry, Mrs. A. D. Morse, and Miss Estelle Potter to represent the Hampden County, New York, Hampshire County, and Worcester County associations respectively. The number of pledges already received is 437.

Interest in the proposed student-alumnæ building is increasing. At the chapel exercises, announcement was made of a gift of $75 for this purpose from the class of '77, their reunion gift.

Another announcement of the morning was that one of the alumnæ has given $500 as a fellowship for this year, with the expectation of sending the same amount each year. Referring to this in the alumnæ meeting, Mrs. Bourdon made an appeal for others, either singly or in groups, to duplicate this gift. The best interests of the college and the alumnæ demand aid and encouragement for graduate study. The new fellowship has been awarded this year to Margaret Ball (1900), and the Bardwell fellowship to Belle Mead (1900), both of whom are studying at Columbia University.

President Woolley, Mrs. Bourdon, Mrs. J. B. Clark, and Mrs. A. S. Kimball received the trustees and other guests, the alumnæ, the faculty and the seniors at the tea in Assembly Hall at four o'clock. The room was decorated with chrysanthemums, ferns and palms, and the table in the center was lighted by candles. Tea, chocolate, and wafers were served by members of the faculty and some of the younger alumnæ.

A few of those who visited college on Founder's Day were the following: '47, Miss Lucirda Guilford, Mrs. Anna Robinson Taylor; '55, Mrs. Mary Hunt Fuller; '56, Miss Harriet Sessions; '59, Miss Anna Edwards; '66, Mrs. Julia Church Smith, Miss Elizabeth Davis; '69, Mrs. Eleanor Everett Kimball, Miss

nna R. Leonard; '72, Mrs. Mary Bennett Morse; '73, Mrs. Clara Herendeen Clark; '76, Mrs. Lizzie Cummings Gamble; '78, Mrs. Mathilde Ulrich Abercrombie; '80, Dr. Elizabeth I. Samuel; '81, Mrs. Amelia Ray Clark; '83, Mrs. Annie Burnette Hubbard, Miss Anna Cummings, Mrs. Frances Dickinson Lindsay; '84, Mrs. Alice Smith Gerry; '86, Dr. Mary P. Dole; '93, Caroline Rice; '95, Bertha Terrill; '97, Mrs. Alice Day Hitchcock; '98, Kate N. Morse, Emily Smith; '00, Mrs. Myrabel Gould Fiske; '01, Elizabeth Potwin.

Mrs. Mead, president of the college 1890-1900, has returned from eighteen months' travel in Germany, Italy, Sicily, Greece, and Egypt. She will make her home in Oberlin, O.

'54. (Non-graduate) Mrs. Augusta Abbott Dean whose early life was spent in India, has returned thence after an absence of many years. She has gone as a missionary of the American Board, and is with her sister, Miss Anstice Abbott, in Bombay, Victoria Road, Mazagon.

'59. Miss Anna C. Edwards, formerly an assistant principal of the seminary, lately visited college. She has but recently returned from Palestine and Egypt.

'63. (Non-graduate) Mrs. Mary Emmons Morgan has changed her address to P. O. Box 280, Denver, Col.

'75. (Non-graduate) Miss Louise Burdick of Syracuse recently visited college.

'83. Miss Anna Cummings has returned to the Huguenot Seminary, Wellington, South Africa.

'90. Miss Mary P. Anderson is studying at the University of Chicago.

'92. Emma D. Sandford has the position formerly held by Margaret Ball, as assistant in the English department.

'95. Florence M. Bryant is assistant in English at Mills College, California.

A bulletin recently published by the government at Washington includes a dietary study carried on last year, at the Bible Normal College of Hartford, under the direction of Bertha M. Terrill, the instructor in Household Economics.

'96. Florence Kathan is teaching Greek, Latin, and History in the high school, Plymouth, N. H.

(Non-graduate) Edith Packard is assistant in the English department, Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.

Elizabeth Shearer is studying at Columbia University.

'97. Louise D. Stevens of Newington Junction, Conn., lately visited college.

'98. Bertha Hyde is teaching in the preparatory department at Wells College.

Elizabeth Mitchell is doing graduate work in the department of
matics at Cornell University.

'99. Alice Davis is studying at the University of Chicago.

1900. Ethel Bardwell has a position in the preparatory department o
College.

Lilian Brown McConnell is attending the Library School at .
N. Y.

Josephine Pinney is teaching in the New Britain (Conn.) t
school. She visited college recently.

Estelle Potter is spending the winter at home in Worcester.

M. Louisa Robinson is taking a course in physical training at (

Wilhelmina Waite is high school assistant at Carver, Mass.

'01. Emily Bettes is teaching in a grammar school in Springfield.

Emily Covell is teaching in East Hartford, Conn.

Nellie Crawford is teaching in the high school, Saugerties, N. Y

Marinda Davis is at home in Acworth, N. H.

Emily Dixon is teaching English and literature in the acade
partment of the Taconic School, Lakeville, Conn.

Gertrude Ellis is teaching in the high school, Dublin, N. H.

May Jackson is teaching French and English at Danielson, C

Olive Kee is teaching in the primary grade of the Emerson
Boston.

Margaret Keenan is teaching in the sixth and seventh grades,
Mass.

Florence Locke is teaching in Colchester, Conn.

Florence Phillips is teaching in the grammar schools, New
Conn. She lately visited college.

'02. Marian Agard is spending the year at home in Tolland, Conn.

Gertrude Allen has been substituting in the schools at Wilb
Mass.

Anna Barry is teaching in the Holyoke evening school.

Josephine Belding holds the position of English teacher in Bu
Burton Seminary, at Manchester, Vt.

Blanche Cole is teaching history and literature in the high sc
New Hampton, N. H.

Edith Daniels is principal of a grammar school in Becket, Mass.

Annie Davies is teaching mathematics in the high school at he
in Rutland, Vt.

Elizabeth Jelliffe has a position in the S. S. McClure Publishing

Matilda McCoy is teaching mathematics in the high school, Gal
Ohio.

Florence Newton is teaching in the high school, Townsend, Mass.
Harriet Peck is attending the State Library School at Albany, N. Y.
Fanny Perkins is substituting in the academy at Colchester, Conn.
Ruth Razee is assistant in the high school, Orange, Conn.
Rachel Riley has the position of literary assistant in the department of scientific research of the W. C. T. U.

MARRIAGES.

Howell—Wenner. In Allentown, Penn., November 6, 1902, Robert Parsons Howell and Bertha Estelle Wenner. At home after January 1, Blairstown, N. J.

Squiers—Cooper. Arnon Lyon Squiers and Gertrude M. Cooper. Their address is 282 Gates avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sweet—Stevens. In Cincinnati, O., October 24, 1902, Franklin Wait Sweet and Mary Arnold Stevens. At home in Adrian, Mich.

Powell—Van Nostrand. In Little Neck, N. Y., October 15, 1902, Charles Underhill Powell and Harriet Louisa Van Nostrand. At home 798 Washington avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Poor—Farrington. September 2, 1902, Howard E. Poor and Ella Marian Farrington. At home in Sebago, Maine.

Ladd—Nims. In Leominster, Mass., November 4, 1902, Lawrence F. Ladd, Amherst (1900), and Elizabeth Nims. Mr. and Mrs. Ladd will be at home after December 15 at 905 A Greene avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Frisbie—Newton. In North Leominster, Mass., November 5, 1902, Guy Carleton Frisbie and Alice Bertha Newton. At home, 261 McDonough street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Pease—Roberts. In Springfield, Mass., October 29, 1902, Walter Smith Pease and Angie Bailey Roberts. At home, 33 Lafayette street, Springfield.

DEATHS.

Mrs. Sarah Goddard Caverly, October 18, 1902, at Pittsford, Vt.

Mrs. Clara (Dickinson) Merrill, June 23, 1902, at Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. Asa Adams (Clara B. Dana), November 20, 1902, at her home in North Amherst.

Mrs. Henrietta Day Twitchell (non-graduate), March 5, 1902, at Kingston, Canada.

Miss Mary H. McCall, July 10, 1902, at Lake Placid, N. Y.

Freda J. Williams, October 8, 1902, at New Richmond, Wis.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Clara (Dickinson) Merrill, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, entered the "rest above" June 23, 1902.

One of earth's choicest spirits has been called home, and the number of those who mourn is legion. Of most winsome personality, quiet and unassuming, unceasing in effort for others, active in church, philanthropic and missionary work, her life was most busy and most happy.

The name of the class of 1855, to which Mrs. Merrill belonged, is "O R I A," formed by the initials of our motto, "Our rest is above." Both name and motto were very dear to her, and the last act of loyalty to Alma Mater was a most generous contribution to the fund for the Elisabeth Bardwell fellowship.

She was an ideal example of a "virtuous woman" described in the book of Proverbs.

The members of the Eastern New York Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association wish to record their sense of loss in parting with the earthly presence of one of their number, Miss Mary H. McCall.

To her loyalty and faithfulness was due much of the success of that association. Her gentle, unassuming life will be much missed by her friends, but the remembrance of it will remain as an incentive and a benediction.

All who cherish the memory of Miss McCall will be comforted by the thought that in the record of her consistent Christian life may be found the assurance of a happy, loving, and eternal presence in the Paradise of God.

By the death of Freda Jeanette Williams, the class of '97 loses one of its most earnest members. While teaching not far from her Wisconsin home she was taken ill with typhoid fever and in ten days, on October 8, her brave, glad spirit passed "to where beyond these voices there is peace." This news has come with peculiar sadness to many in college circles and to the students among whom she worked.

Few girls have stood more directly for all the highest and best ideals, and her going from us leaves to others the responsibility to carry on the work of service, which was the keynote of her life.

OTHER COLLEGES.

s have been drawn for Kirtland Hall, the new Yale science school
ıt Yale College, which call for an imposing four-story building, fifty
eet.

ıonor system, which has been in use at Cornell, has been unanimously
hed by the student body this year.

ıg the interesting events of the last month was the dedication of
Iall, the new building of the college for women at Western Reserve
y.

probable that the recent gift of $140,000 to Princeton University by
ın Dod Brown will be used for the erection of another new dormitory.
ı has also been so fortunate as to receive, by the will of the late
Morse, inventor of the telegraph, $2,000 for the founding of two new
ps, also $1,000 for scholarships from Henry E. Richards of Bloom-
f.

n University is to be envied the possession of its fine new swimming
ch has just been completed. The tank cost $20,000, and is the gift of
Ioyt of New York city.

ard has just received from George Foster Peabody of New York the
5,000 to be used for shrubbery inside the new fence about the yard.
ɣift from the same donor is $6,000 for scholarships in the Graduate

University of Chicago has just purchased for its zoölogical depart-
ɛntomological collection of the late John Akhurst of Brooklyn. The
consists of 50,000 bugs and insects and represents the work of fifty
; is said to be one of the most complete in existence.

ɛrustees of Rush Medical College in Chicago are endeavoring to raise
) before July 1, 1903. If they are successful, the college will become
ic part of Chicago University on that date, and the university will
ɣ spend $8,000,000 in its development.

ɛsley is planning to establish, in the near future, a course in farming
all include instruction in scientific gardening, dairying, poultry-
rafting, and bee-raising. A finer place for such a course could hardly
l, for, in addition to the spacious grounds of the institution itself,
ɣreenhouses and horticultural collections of the famous Hunnewell
hich would be thrown open to the students.

Official recognition has just been granted the Germanic University museum as an organic part of Harvard University. Prof. Kimo Francke, who has at last returned to Harvard after a year's absence in Germany, has purchased for the museum many interesting objects, including some monumental pieces of sculpture and reproductions of several famous German statues. Several prominent citizens of Berlin have made valuable gifts to the museum, which, with the collection presented by Emperor William, are expected to arrive in February.

EXCHANGES.

THE literary productions of this month are weightier than those of the early fall. Although we have missed some of our best known exchanges, still there has been plenty of prose, especially fiction, and a fair amount of poetry to review. In the better class of fiction is a dramatic story in *The Monthly Maroon* from the University of Chicago, entitled "For the Faith." This first story, ending as it does in the death of the hero, seems to give a dominant tragic tone to the whole number. Death is an effective close for many of the following narratives and at least one poem. The bit of description called "Gulls" is the best written paragraph in the magazine. The *Nassau Literary Magazine,* conducted by the senior class of Princeton, prints a story, "For the Honor of the Class," which is unusual in its plot, but, though well written, falls somewhat flat at the end. "The Pyrosideron Compound" in the *Georgetown College Journal* is sensational and unreal, its chief character being insane.

The October *Inlander,* from the University of Michigan, under the heading, "Matters of Opinion," expresses the conviction that there is "a danger of our taking hold of too much" of Miss Johnston's literature. The writer asks, "Just because we can find something to praise in a book, is that reason enough for our reading it to the exclusion, perhaps, of Thackeray, Lamb, Ben Jonsons, and Johnsons?" This is an individual wording of a belief which many hold, that less time and energy should be wasted on books not yet tested by age.

In the *Normal Vidette* for October, a short article appears on "The Teacher from a Director's Standpoint." In this article a fact, to which attention has been frequently called of late, is emphasized, namely, that the model director in looking for a teacher looks not for one who has attained the highest rank in classes, but for an all-around "handy person." Good judgment, clear

g and an aptitude for work are here spoken of as the essentials of a ul teacher.

Sunday in Oxford," described in the *Vassar Miscellany,* has infused he very atmosphere of such a Sunday, and increases the glamour that memory or imagination envelops such old and noteworthy places. The s *Literary Monthly* brings us a very readable account of "Some of Cellini," presenting in an attractive manner Cellini, the autobiog- Cellini, the goldsmith; and Cellini, the sculptor. "Child Question- poem in this same number, is the best we have read as yet in any of hanges.

e following are selected from the best short verse of the month:—

THE SONG OF THE HERMIT THRUSH.

Out of the green of the distant hill,
Where the shadows lengthen, dark and still,
  While fainter glows the sky—
Under the shimmering, sunset star,
The hermit calls to his mate afar,
  Plaintive and wild and shy.

Darker shadows the valleys fill;
Deeper 's the hush of the distant hill;
  Fainter the glow of the sky;
Still like a voice from another sphere,
Moving the depths of the hearts that hear,
  Comes that lonely cry.

—*The Nassau Literary Magazine.*

NOT MINE, THE HAND.

I saw my hopes like torches burn
  Adown the long night way,
And one methought was growing dim
  And could not last till day;
I stretched my own despairing hand
  To quench the struggling ray.

O voice that would not suffer me,
  What angel gave thee breath,
And fanned the fire of my own soul
  That smouldered nigh to death?
Not mine the will, not mine the hand,
  That hope surrendereth.

—*The Vassar Miscellany.*

LONG AGO.

The scent of lilacs in the air
  And memories of the long ago,
Faint glimpses of the infant land,
  The little friends who loved me so,
    The names we lisped, the games we played,
    The eager, trustful plans we made—
The scent of lilacs in the air,
  And memories of the long ago.

The scent of lilacs in the air
  And memories of the long ago,
The dreams of youth that shone so fair
  Unmarred by what we could not know,
    The glorious world a pleasure land—
    Ah! Time, you 've spoiled it with your sand—
The scent of lilacs in the air
  And memories of the long ago.

—*Georgetown College Journal.*

A CHRISTMAS WONDER.

I wonder if the other girls
  Are anxious quite as I;
If e'er at the thought of Christmas
  They are wont to breathe a sigh.
    I wonder.

I wonder if they 've brothers four
  And sisters quite as many;
If they count their cousins by the score
  And have nephews, nieces, any.
    I wonder.

I wonder if their purse is light,
  The dollars in it few,
And when the semester bills are paid
  They very much else can do.
    I wonder.

I wonder if they know the place
  Where small sums so far go
In buying gifts that are worth while,—
  Do they of Johnson's know?
    I wonder.

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ANNA GRACE MCGOVERN, 1903, *Editor-in-Chief.*

Editors.

FISKE, 1903. IVA JUNE SMITH, 1903.

RLOTTE ELLEN FARNHAM, 1904. EDITH LILLIAN SMITH, 1904.

HARRIET MURDOCK MARCY, 1904.

HELENE MAUD POPE, 1904, *Business Manager.*

LOTTIE ROWE LANE, 1905, *Assistant Business Manager.*

EQUAL SUFFRAGE AS AN INFLUENCE ON THE INDIVIDUAL AND ON THE RACE.

OF all its possessions there is none mankind is more generous of ıg and more tenacious of keeping than its opinions. The average holds the annual house cleaning in no greater aversion than a re-ngement of the furniture of his mind; to the peace of the average ıan fire and flood are less destructive than the necessity for change in ts of thought. Those opinions and modes of arriving at conclusions :h we have inherited from untold generations—for has not the poet truly we are "heirs of all the ages"?—these we are used to; we ld not know ourselves without them. Why should we admit a new ion which will tumble them out of their pigeonholes and in place familiar accumulation leave us an unrecognizable jumble? When ın and his thoughts have slept and breakfasted together for more

[1]This essay won the first prize of seventy-five dollars offered by the College ıl Suffrage League for the best essay on Equal Suffrage.

C. H. H.

than twenty-five years they are loath to part company. Under pressure he may give them up grudgingly, one by one, surrendering the outposts first; last, if at all, falls the citadel where he keeps his opinions on the social order with a special niche for woman's place therein.

No wonder the nineteenth century has been an era of unrest. The trend of this very heyday of revolution in opinions, not inaptly styled the woman's age, has lain directly across conventional ideas of woman's function in society. We are still living in this period of transition; two eras of thought-growth lie, one behind and one before us, the first clearly drawn in black and white against the past, the second merely shadowed forth as yet upon the future. Is it not enough that science, industry, government, religion, should each have experienced the upheaval, that society should have been shaken? May we not be left time to give decent burial to ourselves without erecting a funeral pyre for those ideas about women cherished by so many generations? These are the not unnatural questions of many who see in the forces which have been set in motion all that is destructive, nothing constructive.

A social force is bound to meet with opposition and the amount of resistance which it arouses seems to be in ratio to the vital relation between that force and social needs. The great world's fair of modern society with its turmoil and rush and bustle, its fakirs crying innumerable panaceas, offers the same warrant against anarchy, the same barrier to progress that resided in ancient Nineveh or Memphis. It is the static principle projected from the individual into the community. Every social theory, in so far as it is a real social force and not a feat of intellectual gymnastics, tends according to its motor power to produce its corresponding state of society; set over against this is the preservative of all organized society, its tendency to resist change. Only in response to an overmastering and therefore necessarily true social instinct does this principle ultimately yield.

The power of the movement for woman's so-called emancipation lies in its being a social force, and because the political phase of it which aims at equal suffrage runs counter to opinions longer held and more fundamental than those of science, of industry, of religion even, has

n longer and more rigorously opposed. That the franchise should
be based on sex but should be given to women on the same terms as
men is the goal of effort. An arbitrary movement, not called into
ng by deep social needs, gathers no such power that in the course of
y years twenty-six states and two territories grant women some form
suffrage, four of them giving complete suffrage, and that both houses
the New South Wales legislature pass bills extending the franchise
women. In the face of such indications that, whether welcomed or
, equal suffrage is inevitable, it is by no means untimely to inquire
at may be its influence on that people which is gradually adopting it;
sidering (1) what are the grounds other than this adoption for believ-
it to be in accordance with deep-seated social instinct, as a result of
ich its influence cannot but be for the benefit both of the individual
l of the race; and (2) what may be the specific ways in which that
luence will show itself.

The social instinct of a race is wiser than any of its prophets, or
her the gift of vision is the ability to recognize the trend of social
tinct. Indomitable indeed it is, but until it has succeeded in express-
itself more tangibly than by a vague restlessness pervading society
vears the cap of darkness to most people. If a tree is to be judged by
fruits a movement is justified or condemned by its results. Although
woman's movement may hardly be said to have attained final results
yet, it has already shown a power in remodeling the face of society,
ch even in its intermediate effects points to a no less dynamic origin
1 social instinct.

The movement and especially that part of it which has directed its
gies toward securing equal suffrage has been to most men and
ien, like geometry of four dimensions, utterly incomprehensible.
ing at a state of society as inconceivable to the people of sixty-five
s ago as was space of three dimensions to the inhabitants of Flat
l, the champions of woman suffrage began their battle under the
dvantage of having no precedent to which to refer. The theorem:
1 has no inalienable right to govern woman, could not be demon-
ed in a generation which had no standard for comparison differing

in this respect from itself. Therefore turmoil and unrest marked the rise of the movement for woman's elevation. Its first steps followed a blind instinct rather than a recognized need. Only in looking back is the cause clearly seen. The transfer of work from home to factory taking place in the eighteenth century brought women into competition with men on a more or less perfect plane of equality, and it is to this industrial revolution that modern society owes many of its characteristic features. Not only universal manhood suffrage but the whole woman's movement finds here its origin. Indeed that movement seems but a recapitulation of the events which have brought about the emancipation and enfranchisement of man. Four phases are noticeable in this recapitulation, phases concerning themselves with the rights of woman:—

(1) To hold property in land, capital or labor.
(2) To sell her labor in any market open to man.
(3) To develop her mental resources to their highest capacity.
(4) To hold a share entitling her to a vote in the great political corporation of government.

More or less closely allied are these four phases; all of them are at least partially accomplished. The meed of success which has come to the first three augurs the consummation of the fourth and with it the fulfillment of that political enfranchising of the race to which Benjamin Kidd has given precedence as the greatest work of the nineteenth century.

The statute books may not in all cases read as clearly as popular sentiment, yet there is little question raised to-day as to a woman's right, whether she be married or unmarried, to hold her own property, to do what she may choose with her own earnings and to gain those earnings in some other way than by household service; so radically has public opinion changed in the last hundred years. Three million American women are now wage-earners outside the home, yet the victory is not unchallenged. Even that phase of the woman's movement which appears most successful is hag-ridden by scraps of old opinion. If the higher education for women is still in many quarters a matter for foreboding, what can be expected from the

ıbject of equal suffrage? Popularity, say the critics, does not neces-ırily commend a movement, success does not defend it; only as it con-ıibutes to necessary self-support is woman's radical departure from old ıodes of life and thought to be justified, though deplored. Yet there re things the use of which is not to be measured by the figures of a ılary and the worth of which is not to be reckoned in terms of a profes-on. Life is not for pounding a typewriter or dusting a parlor, life for *living*. And if woman is finding in this latter day deeper signifi-ınce in the word, if she is asking for nobler opportunities of service and ider preparation, is it for any class of critics to deny her?

In the age-long discussion of woman's place in the universe social ıstinct furnishes a more trustworthy argument than philosophical ıasoning or cerebral statistics. The kind of training a nation offers s young men and women, where that education is not arbitrary but is ı response to popular demand, affords an infallible index of the judg-ent which social instinct pronounces upon this question of function. ı Anglo-Saxon countries the test is most perfect since there education freest and the success of a school depends on the intimate relation it ars to social demand. If the instinct stirring in the subconsciousness the race has demanded in the present era equal educational opportu-ties for men and women, theories can contribute neither to its justifica-n nor its condemnation. Ruskin may charm with his idea of nplements; man, protector and ruler, woman, guide and inspiration. ıny have been the educational systems built on a similar substructure. w till the present time have borne likeness to the theory set forth by ato for the guardians of his Republic. But what Plato alone could t accomplish, social instinct has effected in such measure that the ilosopher's words read like an extract from some modern treatise. ı the administration of a State, neither a woman as a woman, nor a n as a man has any special function, but the gifts are equally diffused both sexes. . . . One woman has the gift of healing, another not; e is a musician, another not a musician; one woman is a philosopher, d another is an enemy to philosophy. . . . The same education and portunity for self-development which makes a man a good guardian

(or ruler) will make a woman a good guardian (or ruler); for their original nature is the same."

It is a popular application of this truth that has declared the embroidery frame and a smattering of Parisian French inadequate mental furnishing for woman; that has filled women's colleges to overflowing and crowded with women university lecture rooms of political and social science; that has given voice to the cry, Equal preparation fits for equal responsibility.

Nor has all this been without its influence on the character of woman. It is a far cry from the spinner in the farmhouse kitchen to the business woman in the city office, from the girl bent over her sampler to the golf girl, from the maiden whose knowledge was bounded by the Rule of Three to the college woman; it is indeed a far cry from life's A B C to the gamut of its alphabet. But in face of what would seem conclusive evidence to good faith in the woman's movement, the skeptic calls a halt: so far and no farther. All these things may be good for woman, athletics, education, civil and industrial rights and opportunity; but the suffrage is not good. That *bête noir*, the "new woman," has but to be imagined on the threshold and men and women slam the door.

Specific charges against equal suffrage are not far to seek: it will destroy home and womanliness. The pictures painted,—husband and father at home minding the babies, wife and mother sallying forth to do her duty at the polls,—are enough to scare a woman into locking herself in a dark closet on election days lest she catch the infection in the air. But the destruction of the home has been announced before. Sensible men foretold it as a result of higher education for women and statistics proved them false prophets. College women are not less but rather more inclined to marry than other women. Nor can it be seen why a few minutes spent at the polls should be more ill-advised than an hour of shopping or should interfere more seriously with the liberty of the paterfamilias.

As for the charge that voting destroys womanliness, it would prove a stronger bulwark were it supported by concrete examples; yet the disparager of woman suffrage would be highly incensed and rightly so

one to insinuate that his wife by casting her vote for school com-
ioner had sullied her womanhood. The truth is the conception of
anliness has grown with the growth of the century; excrescences
fallen away and will continue to fall under the influence of wider
chise, but the essence will remain intact. He who holds otherwise
himself open to the charge of kinship with the man quoted as
apting to correct a great divine when the preacher bade the young
of his congregation be pure and the maidens brave. True woman
the girl of eighteen hundred; not less true her granddaughter of
teen hundred, but crowned with a nobler womanhood in keeping
her greater opportunities.

Something, indeed, may have to be sacrificed for this wider out-
; something sweet and beautiful and prized by all women. Even
is day chivalry is passing. Nowhere does one see now the exagger-
courtesy to women which flourished with the courtly manners of a
er generation. Its passing is one aspect of the recognition of
an's equal rights with man. It may be pleasanter to sit on a pedes-
ian to trudge along in the dust, but is not comradeship nobler than
ship? And the decadence of chivalry should be held as preparation
i worthier valuation of woman than was ever that which passed
r forms of stately old-time gallantry.

Social instinct waits for no regrets. Look before and not behind,
watchword. Though the individual woman may not care to vote,
forces of society are preparing her for the responsibility. That
l suffrage is an influence for good, notwithstanding forebodings to
ontrary, cannot be doubted since it is grounded on social instinct;
iis foundation point the power and success of the whole woman's
ement, the equal educational opportunities offered to men and
en in the present day, and the character of womanhood forged by
der experience and responsibility.

Nor are specific forms which this influence will take difficult to
cipate. Equal suffrage is not a panacea for all the ills to which
is heir nor a bomb charged to turn society topsy-turvy. The fact
omen's voting will not materially alter the economic basis of modern

civilization; not every woman nor even most women will thereupon demand a career either in politics or in business. Nor does any sane person expect it to effect a sweeping political house cleaning; the doubling of the vote in the United States will make neither spotlessly clean city governments nor incorruptible legislatures.

Yet when it appears that of all those civilizations which have flourished on the earth that built on Christianity, a religion unique in its valuation of woman, has furnished the highest standard of living; and furthermore that of the various branches of this civilization the Anglo-Saxon shows the greatest advance and at the same time exhibits the state of society, political, industrial and scholastic, where woman is more nearly on an equality with man than in any other,—when this appears, it is reasonable to suppose that even in this civilization progress may follow the establishment of more perfect equality. What may be the lines of this advance, equal suffrage being adopted, is an interesting study but one which must be pursued almost entirely on a basis of theory, so comparatively recent and restricted are the instances of practical experience. Three main lines of investigation present themselves: the influence of equal suffrage (1) on individual woman, (2) on both the individual and the race through its effect upon government, (3) on the race.

Those who expect an extension of the suffrage to work great and immediate changes in the surface conditions of politics and of society fail to take note of a fundamental truth which is apparent in the life of all governments of the people, whether democracies or constitutional monarchies. The beneficent influence of popular voting is never to be found in the government evolved, which of necessity must be not a little lower than the highest and not a little higher than the lowest ideals for it in the state. The benefit of universal suffrage lies in its reflex action on the voter. If the end in view is perfect government the rule of the wise few will ever secure the best results, but if government is considered merely as the means to an end, machinery for the manufacture of men, the larger the voting lists, the nearer is the goal attained. In that leveling-up process whereby Anglo-Saxons have demonstrated that the

survival of the fittest follows directly from fitting to survive, the franchise has been a prominent factor. For each time the suffrage has been extended to a new class, the act of voting has been seen to reflect upon men dignity and a sense of the worth of their own manhood coupled with an upward impulsion. Similar effects may be expected to follow the granting of the suffrage to women though no such sharply defined contrasts are likely. At every extension of the suffrage heretofore a lower stratum of society has been affected, whereas to strike out the sex limitation will include no new social layer, no class separated by heredity or environment from the classes already voting.

There are certain characteristics, however, for whose presence or absence woman's sex is noted; accidents of environment, qualities, the lack of which none would lament in woman, or for the gain of which no right-minded man would count her poorer. Many of these characteristics fall under the head of what is termed woman's "narrowness." The fact that her girlhood has long been dedicated to love affairs, her womanhood consecrated to clothes and children, furnishes both cause and result of this restriction. Athletes are not bred in cloisters. The "eternal feminine" connotes much that is frivolous, shallow and changeful as well as much that is sweet, dainty and gracious. If of heart woman has evolved more than her share, it is because the centuries decreed she had no need of mind. The footpath of monotony undeviatingly traveled leads to the insane asylum; it is the gloomy monument that records the death-in-life of more farmers' wives and daughters than of the women of any other class, nor need one seek a reason beyond their restricted lives.

To the women of every class, however, the past century brought a widening of horizon. And the men of the race, realizing a change yet not at first forecasting its significance, have at last waked to a sense of gain in the new régime. A man marries no longer to get a plaything or a drudge, less and less does a woman marry for a home; each is asking of the other friendship as well as passion, comradeship as well as love. The imperfectness of this sympathy is what causes so many marriage failures. Old as Plato is the expression of the thought that

one grows to partake of the character of his surroundings. It is nothing short of demanding a miracle to expect woman, for age after age relegated to restricting tasks, to take very broad views of the world. That she does not do so is the fault of her traditions and of her training, not irremediable.

The ideal of the modern world, in an era of specialization of action and of study, is breadth of character. Not saints nor epicureans, not men of action merely nor besotted worshipers of mind, but all-round men and women are the present day heroes. If a modern thinker were asked, What is the highest good in life? his reply would be neither pagan philosophic contemplation nor Puritan renunciation of the world, but self-realization, the harmonious development of the whole nature. True it is only an ideal as yet, but all modern effort turns in this direction and the world welcomes each touch, whether strong or light, which shall tend toward its attainment.

To the man whose life is bounded by four factory walls there comes the call to vote—unintelligently?—perhaps, yet oftener with a sane and more or less virile grasp of the vital questions of the political situation; to the woman whose horizon is the line where clique meets clique or home merges in community, there comes no call to interests outside her ceaseless daily round. She may belong to a club—if she be of the upper stratum of society, she probably does—and there she may discuss political and social questions; but the majority of women are not club women. Grant even that most of them take a more or less desultory interest in public affairs, there is no requirement to insure this, save in the few districts where women vote upon political matters. In the extension of the ballot their famous curiosity as to whys and wherefores will not come amiss. Conceiving it their duty to understand all issues as far as possible, women will study public questions more painstakingly than men and the consequent widening of their horizon can hardly be overestimated. Differing in degree of influence according to individuals, to all the ballot will prove a link holding woman's interests to that great world whose changing currents have long formed the subject of man's

most engrossing passion. Then will Aristotle's definition be true of the whole race and man be indeed a "political animal."

Women can see but one side of a question? Then they must be educated to discover at least two. All that is claimed for a great election as an educative force will have as beneficial an influence on women as on men, when both have the same vital connection with it. The habit of seeing around a thing is a corollary of wide interests. Give woman time and opportunity to grow out of a few idiosyncrasies induced by her long training in the realm of small things. Lack of social sense is one of these eccentricities, the natural result of her position as dependent on the fancy or the will of man. Already the social sense is being roused in women and the way to foster it is not to shut away from them that which has been one of the most prominent factors in its development in man's nature, the ballot. A knowledge that, whether petted or ill-treated, she is but one among many with a judgment to pronounce on public questions neither more nor less decisive than that of any other woman or of any man must deeply impress upon every woman this sense of solidarity.

Development is the reply to demand. To expect much of human nature is the way to get much. To the Anglo-Saxon equivalent of the European peasant and to that same peasant in Anglo-Saxon countries the suffrage has brought a new valuation of his manhood. It would not be strange if many a woman lived her life with no uplifting sense of the worth of womanhood when she knows that from the standpoint of government she is classed with imbeciles, children, and criminals. If the suffrage has given to man that upward impulse which has so raised the standard of living in Anglo-Saxon countries that it is thither the world looks for its most healthful life, surely an analogous inspiration will result from the granting to women of this same badge of political equality and responsibility.

But while equal suffrage furnishes incentive to the nobler development of individual women its effect on public questions should not be overlooked. In any nation the existence of a great unrepresented class is contrary to democratic theory. Says a modern writer, "The ques-

tion is no longer the academic one, Is it wise to give every man the ballot? but rather, Is it prudent to deprive whole classes of it any longer?" Woman's interests are safely to be intrusted to her male relatives, argue the conservatives as they once argued of workingmen's rights in the hands of the so-called privileged classes; the best surety for "woman's rights" is the chivalry of man. Whether all women agree that they have no interests outside a legislation which only partially secures to them rights of individual property and wage-holding appears somewhat doubtful. In certain regions at common law a husband still has rights to his wife's property and earnings, rights not wholly destroyed by various statutes passed to mitigate the evil.

By the present status one division of society is made lifelong arbiter in the affairs of the other half of humanity. That what men decree is for the interests of women may not be so adjudged by the women concerned is evinced by a single point in the factory laws of Massachusetts whereby the means of livelihood of seamstresses has been seriously curtailed because of the limitation of their working day to a fixed number of hours, a regulation holding in the busy as well as in the idle season, which in its practical operation causes the aggregate number of working hours possible per year to fall below that which the law itself would allow. From the point of view of justice it is manifestly unfair to legislate concerning women in a way which lessens their wage-earning power, to differentiate between men and women engaged in the same field of labor in a manner which makes the employment of women less desirable than the employment of men. To decree by law women shall work but fifty-eight hours a week handicaps them in selling their labor, since it places them on a different economic footing from men. Their possession of a quota of political power will doubtless bring about many changes in legislation respecting women and economics, changes tending to do away with the manifest unfairness of existing laws though not to destroy anything of beneficial influence which they may possess.

The effect of equal suffrage, however, may be predicted as apparent not only in matters having strict reference to women's status, legal and

economic, but in political affairs as well. Anglo-Saxon politics are not notoriously clean. Yet it is said that whatever corruption exists in public life is due not to men's lack of a moral standard but to their possession of several such standards. One does not hear this charge brought against women. The prism of man's sense of moral obligation transmits a differently colored ray of light to private affairs, to business transactions, to political matters; the lens of woman's sense of right focuses on each point where it is turned the same white light. Bring this lens into the sphere of politics, and, though no sudden or sweeping reform be effected, its influence will be toward purer political standards.

Nor is it a one-sided or inadequate view which women will take of public questions. Once grounded in basic principles they are as capable as men of holding wise, sane and comprehensive beliefs. Unusual mental gifts are not necessary to an intelligent interest in politics. Queen Victoria, a woman of but ordinary native ability, schooled herself to an insight into affairs of state which aided not a little the wisest of her counselors. Herein lies a contrast between English and American women. The Englishwoman of the governing class, brought up to consider politics as much her concern as her husband's or brother's, to talk as intelligently on state affairs with a British diplomat as on social topics with a habitual diner-out, has few American counterparts. With the one it is a matter of habit and tradition; with the other it is also a matter of habit and tradition.

As the agitation for state regulation of private enterprise grows more insistent, woman's interest in politics becomes, not a matter of indifference or of interest only to herself, but of vital importance and of far-reaching influence. Not one class but every class of women is concerned. Should matters of social and industrial import take the prominent place in national discussions now deemed liable, few will deny that women's experience in society and economics, though gained on a restricted field, may be of value.

What if equal suffrage does double the vote? Perhaps it is true that there are too many now voting, but the matter is one for regulation

along lines of individual fitness, not of sex. Politics in America are not benefited by the vote of the illiterate Polish peasant, just naturalized, who signs his name by a cross; politics in America will be benefited by the vote of the intelligent American woman whose ancestors from Jamestown or Plymouth Rock to Gettysburg have helped to build the nation in whose government she has but a silent voice. If the suffrage is to be restricted at all let it be according to education and intelligence; yet even here it is an open question whether the evil resulting to politics from universal suffrage is not counterbalanced by the good coming to the individual voter.

The truth is that the skeleton in the equal suffrage closet is not the doubling of the voting list but women's holding office. The specter of a woman president has always dogged the footsteps of the movement toward woman suffrage. Yet the one is not the inevitable nor even the probable result of the other. Doubtless when women vote they will also be voted for; it is already true in the West and, to the limited extent of school affairs, in the East also. Far from being a failure, the election of women to school boards has grown more popular as the benefit of their presence becomes more apparent. Half the school committee of Melrose, Massachusetts, are women. More than one school commissioner has testified to the improvement in sanitation, instruction, discipline and moral conditions due to "systematic and careful detail work on the part of the women." "Few women are as valuable as men on purely business matters," said E. Benjamin Andrews, when he was superintendent of schools in Chicago, "but women are usually better than men in handling personal and social questions." Whether or not a seat in the legislature is the place for a woman or a mayoralty an office advisable for her to hold—and it frequently happens that her administration is of great value to the city she governs—there are lines of political life wherein women can do their community positive good by holding office. The point to be noted is that this matter will settle itself naturally. Some offices women will hold by reason of ability and inclination; more offices will be theirs as women grow in fitness for duties of government; but that they will ever come to transact all kinds of public business is ex-

remely improbable. Women have never cared inordinately for honor or or power; their happiness lies elsewhere. If to run the whole gamut of political appointments should seem their duty they would probably offer themselves as candidates, but they are not likely so to read their obligations. The novelty may draw them off at first to experiments in office-holding, but they can be trusted to find their fields of usefulness and continue therein. A choice between public office and private home, if the two are incompatible, will come to a woman just as to many a man is now presented a necessity for sacrificing either political career or profession, and the woman will decide as does the man according to inclination. Most women will not care for offices incompatible with their chosen professions, whether those professions be home-making or business. Just as women's and men's education is differentiated according to inherent inclination, so the scope of their political careers will settle itself along those lines of natural adaptation which are no more to be done away by women's voting than by their cooking or house cleaning.

Whatever looks to fairer legislation in the interests of women, to cleaner politics, to wider extension of political responsibility and to more adequate discharge of public duties is a good, not to be transmuted into ill by the dark blue goggles of the pessimist. Inasmuch as equal suffrage partakes of this nature it redounds to the up-building rather than the down-tearing of that practical science of government which is the political expression of the Anglo-Saxon.

A race itself is only a sum total. What affects the units influences more slowly the whole. Of all those forces which mould peoples and cause them to differ from each other, physical forces of earth and air, psychical forces of mind and spirit, one of the strongest is the power of continuity, heredity. It is said that no nation rises higher than its mothers. The status of its women measures the superiority of a race. But how can a people realize its possibilities when half its members are condemned by tradition to live narrow lives? Women, it is claimed, would lag a million years behind men in development were it not for the fact that every girl inherits from father as well as mother, inherits man's dynamic power gained through centuries of contact with the world

as well as woman's store of repressed possibilities. What a drag upon man in the struggle of the ages must have been woman's arrested development can be imagined when one remembers that each generation has bequeathed to the next a push and a pull; a push outward and upward in the direction of progress, a pull inward and downward to stagnation and decay. Fancy fails to picture present conditions had all these years of slow growth been directed on a basis of equal advance for both sexes. Certainly the believer in transmission of acquired characteristics looks forward to a double pace of progress now that the last century's awakening has slipped the bands which have so long bound women to tradition. Yet whether one be a follower of Herbert Spencer or of Weismann one must welcome the effects of suffrage on the individual as sure in greater or less measure and more or less quickly to make their appearance in the race. Since the child inherits from both parents it will reach a nobler mental, moral and physical state itself if its mother as well as its father be mentally alert, morally broad-minded, physically strong. Such is the tendency of the woman's movement in all its phases and in its realization equal suffrage is a practical factor.

Its influence will not cease with the heritage given a child. When women have an equal voice with men in political affairs there will come a keener understanding that all education, of boy or of girl, is for citizenship and that whatever makes the best citizens is the best training. The true education of the race will be evolved as naturally as proceeds its physical evolution. Gone will be the long-standing prejudice whereby a stupid boy outweighs in potential value his brightest sister, when that sister is voter as well as citizen.

And as the good of the whole comprehends all those lesser goods which make for the higher development of the individual, so in its evolution the race gathers to itself in mightier volume those benefits which accrue to women and to womanhood as well as to political and social life in the generations that pass. If to woman equal suffrage shall bring a nobler, wider sphere of thought and action, if to politics cleaner, clearer vision and broader foundation, if to public and to private life new inspiration toward service, it will not fail to inculcate these attributes in

race itself and to evolve higher ideals of womanhood and of citi-
ship.

Blessed are the fittest for they shall survive on the earth is the
titude of evolutionary science and the race which would inherit the
mise does well not to neglect any means which may contribute to the
ıtion of the great world-problem, how to raise the majority to this
ition of the fittest. Let the Anglo-Saxon look to this. Let him con-
er whether it is prudent much longer to oppose the demands of social
tinct with cherished but time-worn opinions. For in the evolution of
race equal suffrage has a not unimportant part to play in creating
se conditions and furnishing that incentive force which shall tend
ntually to place woman abreast of man on an equal though not neces-
ily coincident level of development from which they shall together
forward, alert, clear-eyed and strong-hearted, to higher planes of
ess and of power.

THE LAST ACT; CONFESSIONS OF A HERO.

BY HIMSELF.

Foreword.

A Hero's life is such as those who rule over him—the writers of
ion—choose to make it; but they can only modify what he is.
roughout every episode of his career in one novel or in twenty, his
racter remains practically the same, whether in its development from
ldhood to youth, and from youth to manhood, or in the completeness
ich it early attains. In spite of this fact, so universally recognized,
lero may be forgiven if he at times rebels against the authority of a
ter who compels him to undertake adventures unworthy of his char-
:r or unbefitting his rank; and his longing to escape from such author-
increases as he nears his later days.

Therefore have I, the Hero of the Modern Historical Novel, thus

boldly asserted my right to chronicle in my own proper person the events of the Last Act of my life. The critic who may seek external evidence for the genuineness of this narrative will be able to obtain such from my secretaries, six in number, who are collectively known as the L. N. S. S. I shall leave this manuscript in their hands for publication, and do fully authorize them to divulge the time-scheme or any other information which an anxious public may fittingly demand.

There needs but one word more. My courteous readers will understand that Beauty, my lady, so long the object of my whole-hearted devotion, and I, her humble servant, have passed the golden time of our friendly childhood, the delicate-hued period when my lady, a slip of a maid, was first trying her power, and the purple days of our London life when she was toast of the town and I the chiefest of its gay young blades. The crimson hues of the dying day are enfolding us now; and for the last time, as the curtain goes up for The Last Act of our existence, my lady and I salute you!

Per J. B.

Chapter I.

'T was brought about in a twinkling as duels often are.

"*Tempora mutantur,*" quoth the Villain, leaning across the table and fastening his polished black beads of eyes upon me in a malignant smile. My fingers closed tight upon my smallsword for, if you bethink you, I was never used to act a passive part and it was my old foe whom fate had played into my hands at last. Scarce half an hour was it since I had trapped him tarrying with seven other of His Majesty's officers in this coffeehouse a little outside the city of our good Governor William Penn.

"*Tempora mutantur,*" repeated my lord, dryly. "And so I dare propose a toast." He looked evilly magnificent in his uniform of rich scarlet worked with gold as he raised his glass of French cognac. Even my brother aides who were playing at "loo" at the far end of the room ceased their pounding of packs to listen.

"In melted rubies," said he, "I pledge you a lady, the toast of every

egiment and my betrothed, or i' faith, I should say the betrothed of my tle for 't is the gossip of all London that my title bought her, and, arry, her father, too." He paused to laugh at his own ill-mannered st.

"Her name," I demanded, fearing the worst, for rumor had been road in the colonies too.

My lord's eyes narrowed to two lines of light.

"'T is Beauty," said he.

We heroes were ever a hot-blooded breed and the quiet ways of riends ill matched our wild temper. Ere he could drink the toast I id dashed the glass from his hand.

"'S life! Take back thy words," I cried hotly.

The Villain's high colored face turned darker and his white teeth icked together on an oath.

"Egad," he sneered, feigning bravado well. "Then what the lady oasted is true. She hath said that on her string of pierced hearts was ie of a Quaker *aide-de-camp* to your General George Washington."

Forgetting that he was my prisoner, I sprang at him overturning ie table as I went and caring not, though the room was in an uproar istantly. Blind with rage I aimed a blow full at his flushed, inso- nt face.

"*A l'outrance,*" I cried, drawing my sword.

To this day I swear 't was a trick of the Villain that caused the istake that followed.

"*A l'outrance.*"

I drew back horrified, for a strange voice answered my challenge. he Villain stood full two feet out of range of my blow. 'T was ot he I had hit but a young lieutenant whom I had scarce noticed efore. From the smirk of ill-concealed triumph playing about the illain's lips, I knew he had jostled the innocent lad into the way of y blow. He was a fine open-faced English lad and my heart went out him as he stood before me, handsome as a picture, his cheek pulsing imson with rage and pain.

"An you are a man of honor, a sword, sirrah," he cried. "T quarrel is mine now."

All my anger had passed but the affair had gone too far to wi draw. I handed him my own sword, a jewel-hilted blade that had d me good service ere now in the Low Countries, picking at randon plainer weapon for myself. A space was quickly cleared in the mid of the room and our blades crossed with a ring.

I have ever been the best swordsman in the colonies, yet in a t the strength and litheness of his attack bade me be wary, for I k I had to deal with a pupil of Angelo, the greatest fencing maste London town, who could feign in high carte while he thrust in low ti and parry my thrust every time I thought I had him in the sword a It was indeed to be a *combat à l'outrance.* As I edged closer to h I heard a low exclamation from the Villain who was standing a li apart, humming carelessly a song of Mr. Foote. In a quick glanc saw from his gaze that 't was the flash of the signet ring upon my h that had caused his exclamation. He had gone pale, and the valu the jewel could hardly account for the greed in his eyes, or for the w der and hatred that had suddenly come over his features. My h leaped. Could he know the history of that mysterious ring? ' second I gave to consider the matter well-nigh cost me my life, for adversary taking me off my guard would have run me through had his point been turned by a miniature that Beauty had provided me v for just such emergencies.

I bethought me of a way to bring the duel to an artistic clin Using a deft wrist motion that I reserve for such crises I had hin my mercy in a trice, my sword pricking through the white shirt n above his heart. And then a kind destiny gave me recognition. sword fell clattering to the floor and, without a care for the rash of it, I leaped forward with a glad cry to embrace him, for by a flas intuition I knew him for my dear and indispensable friend, the F Resolving Element.

"My Hero," exclaimed he, overcome with generous emotion.

But ere we could say more there was a great hue and cry in

courtyard below. Turning I found the room empty and knew the Villain's craft in provoking the quarrel had been to cover his own escape. Bitterly regretting the false step that had made me his tool, I hastened downstairs and saddled and mounted Trix. You may recall that my old friend Captain Clapsaddle once made the remark that I sprang from the cradle to the saddle and forsooth he never spake truer words.

I took the gate at a bound and turned Trix down the hard frosty road, hot upon the sounds of curses, yells and pistol shots that told the direction the pursuit had taken. As they had but a few minutes the start of us we quickly joined the wild, perilous chase downhill towards the banks of the Wissahickon, where the British outposts were stationed. Far in advance of the rest, enveloped in a cloud of dust, rode the Villain. I knew he was goading on his horse in a panic of fear, for he had ever the courage of a French *valet de chambre*. I made for him without a thought for the gleaming sabers or for the bullets whizzing about me. Yet I could not overtake him, for he heard the galloping behind and fear lent him wings. He looked back and knew me. Quickly rising in his stirrups he blew three clear notes on a cavalry bugle and the call was answered not a hundred paces away.

"*Tempora mutantur*," cried he maliciously over his shoulder. Yet I did not leave him until I had fired a final shot and seen the bugle dashed from his hand by the bullet.

I put spurs to Trix and sped back to the coffeehouse by an old Indian trail through the wood. 'T would not have been human for the First Resolving Element to await my return. Chairs awry, the upturned table, spilled wine and a blood-stained sword or two were the only witnesses of the late broil in the inn.

It was nigh evening and it occurred to me that General Washington had bade me sup with him in his tent that night. So I remounted Trix and rapidly put behind me the fifteen miles that lay between the coffeehouse and the camp. As the last flush of the winter sunset died in the west, I came upon our fires about which squads of grenadiers were lounging, smoking, singing idle pothouse catches and cooking their evening meal.

A stranger accosted me at the door of my tent. By the light of a lanthorn he carried I could see that he wore a suit of sober brown silk, but his face was concealed beneath a hat drawn low and, though there was something sinister and familiar about him, at first I knew him not. The fellow thrust into my hand a letter, a tiny note written in a delicate woman's script on scented paper. The words ran thus:—

"An u holde me dere, cum to the ball at wunce. I am very misruble indede. I beg u keep this tryste, Sir, for the Sake of one who subscribs hirself y'r Olde Plamate & Partnere, "BEAUTY."

Something gave me mistrust. 'T was not the writing, full of little turns and twists as Beauty's always was, nor yet the spelling. She and I were ever more fond of following the hounds than passing the long mornings with Cæsar, Virgil, and the like. But 't is not her method to cry out for help from me at the first whiff of danger and I could think of naught that could have befallen in the few hours since I had trusty word of her return to Philadelphia and of the dance she was leading the King's officers this gay winter in the city where she and I had spent our childhood. Had she indeed thought of her old comrade? The Villain's sneer returned to me. Truly Beauty had oft made sport of me for a thee-thouing Quaker lad, yet I knew that the speech of Friends had well-nigh dropped from my tongue as the Quaker quietness had passed from my dress even before I left my father's house to cast in my fortunes with the Continental army. Had Beauty written this note? Had she not? Was this a trap set by the Villain and should I walk into it? But what if the note had come from her and she needed me? I reproached myself that I had hesitated a second. By the campfirelight I wrote my reply, but ere I gave it to the messenger I turned the lanthorn full upon his face and in an instant I understood the feeling of aversion that had come o'er me when I first saw him. 'T was the masterful face of my old tutor, the Wicked Clergyman, that I looked upon. Yet I made as if I knew him not, being loath to renew our old hostility. Tossing him the note I dismissed him without more ado.

Untroubled I watched the wretch slink away, though I knew his going was baneful to Beauty and me. A sense of exhilaration thrilled

ealized we stood once more on the brink of great danger, nay
n at that early hour I knew that fate had at last brought us to
r Act of our life drama, and I meant that act to be a fitting
our eventful career.

am wont to do when deep in thought, I twisted the signet ring
ger around and around. The act recalled to me the Villain's
on and again I wondered at it. The thought that he might
w to the mystery of the ring made my heart beat more madly
er did in time of peril. Could it be true that the ring was an
f great estates in England as my mother believed? Poor lady,
eld the trinket in awe, for it had been about her neck when my
er's sloop had rescued her, a babe, lashed to the wreck of a
p with none to tell her story save a sulky lad who said he knew
it and soon disappeared without so much as thanking those
he owed his preservation.

dered Wig, my Indian horse-boy, interrupted my reverie to tell
ie General waited my coming. I longed to be about my adven-
ice, but 't was an hour before I could say farewell to my dear
er. Long I hesitated whether to dress me in a gay macaroni suit
olored velvet with satin small clothes and silver buckles or to
fortunes to the uniform of a British officer. Finally, with the
wdered Wig, I donned the latter, and just as the moon was set-
the winding Wissahickon, I drew my wraprascal tight about
t out for the city that was now a hotbed of redcoats.

Per R. F. R. (L. N. S. S.), 1902.

Secretary pro tem.

Chapter II.

lights streamed forth from the ball room windows casting
dows on the frozen earth. The sound of laughter and merry
ated out to greet me as I hastened thither. Ah! What was
ird? Beauty's voice! I could see the outline of her figure as
d against the casement of the slightly opened window in the
room. I surmised immediately that she had retired thither

to mend her laces and I hastened my steps, thinking to intercept her when she returned to the dancing floor. She was humming a little French chanson, now and then breaking out with the words. It was a pathetic bit of a song, and smote upon my ears with a sudden premonition of evil:—

"O sœurs, O pâles sœurs, sur qui donc priez-vous?
Qui de vous va mourir?"

The refrain came hauntingly, persistently,—

"Qui de vous, qui de vous va mourir?"

I set my teeth and threw back my head defiantly, with that gesture which you know so well. 'T is said my lord the Villain and I have many a trick of manner in common, and that this is one of them. Strange that! Why should we two resemble each other? We are antagonistic enough in temper. Still pondering this point, I ascended to the dressing room to remove my cloak and shake out my wig. Also, incidentally, to discover if my disguise was in good shape, for 't was no small risk I ran even in my red coat; but 't was naught to me—the risk—when Beauty called. At a glance I discovered the cloak room empty yet even as I was bending forward the more accurately to adjust my mask at the glass, a light step sounded behind me, a hand clapped me on the shoulder and a gay voice cried,—

"Ha, André, fled the fair so soon? 'T was but now pretty Mistress Chew did propose you be cried as a sluggard at the dance. Zounds man, never let it be said of an officer of the King——"

The hand dropped from my shoulder.

"Hero!" cried the First Resolving Element, stepping back a pace in his amaze, yet with a quick glance around to make sure if his cry had been heard by other ears than mine. A word sufficed to explain to this loyal friend my presence in this perilous guise, and his handsome boyish face and genial manner led me to confide to him my suspicion about the note. He it was had escorted Beauty to the dressing room and while awaiting her pleasure had removed his mask to cool his heated brow. Thus it was I knew him.

"By the lord Harry, my dear Hero," he cried, as he grasped my hand eagerly at the completion of the tale, "by the lord Harry, I 'll stand by you for Beauty's sake and for your own. Though I love Beauty dearly, I see 't is you she favors most, a man must aye yield to a woman's choice. You are a lucky fellow, Hero; but there, 't is not mere chance. You are a rare man. Were I a maid I doubt not that I should choose you from all the gallants. Egad!—the more I think on 't —if any man has dared to use Beauty's name for his own low purposes——" he did not finish the sentence in words but struck his sword against the wall so that it rang in its sheath.

"Eh! but I have a good plan," cried he. "You shall go as my cousin, late arrived from England to take command of some troops here. The uniform you have donned as disguise will serve our purpose well; 't will carry out the tale."

Thus safeguarded, I went out with him to join Beauty and together we descended the broad carved stairway. 'T was a dazzling sight that greeted us. All the long length of the dance hall glistened and sparkled like a monstrous jewel. It was crowded with brilliant groups of maids and men moving in the graceful measure of the quadrille and laughing brightly over the mystification caused by the masks. The chandeliers caught up the mahogany glints of floor and wainscoting, and flung them in strange masses upon the wall. Palms filled the corners and were grouped on the landings of the staircase, and in the recesses of the great French windows. The scent of jasmine was heavy in the air. The colored fiddlers at the other end of the room matched oddly with the mahogany trimmings, their white teeth gleaming in frequent smiles. Had it not been for our meeting in the cloak room I had stood small chance of recognizing the Element, so well did the mask hide his features; the fact relieved me somewhat from my tension, and perhaps led me to be a little under-cautious, for I was too notable of figure to be easily missed. Yet the imminent risk of discovery instead of worrying my nerves was like wine to me in my present mood, stimulating the mad excitement that, once roused, burned to a hard death in my veins. I laughed hardily to myself as I toyed with my sword and

awaited the chance to get private speech with Beauty. The Element and I, escorting our lady, mingled with the crowd at the foot of the grand staircase. With one accord we took a general survey of the hall. Many a man there, I knew full well, could have betrayed me to my death, had he recognized me, but none of them seemed upon the lookout, all were lost in the mazes of enjoyment.

From the snatches of conversation I heard about me I gathered that Beauty had asked for some new dance music, a waltz ('t was so they named it) set to words. The song was a little French one that was having a great popularity in London circles, though it was sad enough to bring tears to the eyes of the most frivolous of merrymakers. It was to be near the last dance of the evening. So much I heard, and I immediately divined that it was the very song I had heard Beauty humming as I entered.

A little touch upon my arm brought me back to a knowledge of where I was. Beauty, sweeter than the jasmine that decked the room and more graceful than the bending palms, was smiling up at me. It was her little hand that I had felt, that hand which every man in the English army and in Pennsylvania would have been glad to kiss.

"Ah, Sir Newcomer," she said, demurely, yet in a slightly raised voice as the crowd swayed round us, "since your cousin gives over his claim on this dance, 't is yours—an you ask it. Dost wish it, sir?"

The note in my inner pocket burned and throbbed over my heart. I longed to ask her of it, yet something withheld me. Then at last the music began. As we danced I glanced about the room. Such an array of beauty and elegance is seldom seen at one time—the maids had a trick of wearing their masks so that they but enhanced their beauty. There were officers of the British army there, men I had seen on the battlefield stern and inflexible, unbending to their partners like the merest boys.

As my glance came back to Beauty, it fell, heedlessly almost, upon a group of men near the door. Memory is a freakish thing. At the moment I did not realize that I noticed these men at all, but afterward the picture was real and vivid in my mind. We passed close to them

The Villain looked up quickly, I knew him by his evil eyes. A baneful glint came into them as they fell upon me, and they dropped with strange eagerness to the mysterious signet ring I had worn since a boy. He turned to the man next him, whom I recognized as my old tutor, the Wicked Clergyman, by a peculiar trick he had of standing stooped far forward, and whispered, "He—the man?"

"Aye," responded the tutor, in a carefully lowered voice, "your——"

I did not catch the word, but somehow the tone roused in me the suspicion of a trap, that had smouldered all the evening in my mind. I did not know if it was I they meant; indeed I had no reason to suspect them of being mixed in my affairs, yet their words set me wondering, and afterwards—I knew.

The music was ceasing. I looked down at Beauty. Even through her mask I could see that her face was flushed and her eyes were bright and restless. I gazed at her fervently. She lifted her beautiful head slowly, proudly, and returned my look.

"Beauty, Beauty!" I whispered, as I drew her just within a curtained embrasure. "Oh, my love, my dear!" I could see the rise and fall of her bosom, and feel the beating of her heart as I released her.

"Oh, hush!" she cried. "Aye, I knew you, Hero, from the first. But why are you here? The risk— Hush, I must not let you. Did you not know that my father has pledged me to the Villain? 'T is some matter of money, I wot not the exact facts—but, truly, a maid's heart is lightly considered i' these days. What am I saying? Ah, sirrah, indeed I should not have betrayed myself, but that——"

"Is this the peril, Beauty,—this what thou hast summoned me for with thy little perfumed note? Aye," I cried, at her motion of astonishment—"hast so soon forgot thy summons that thou shouldst seem so astounded?"

"A note? Nay, sir, I wrote no note," she said.

Even in my amaze I noted that the musicians were beginning to play the air I had heard Beauty singing as I entered the hall. The sad little words came up in my mind forcibly and I seemed to hear Beauty say-

ing again, "Qui de vous va mourir?" But I crushed down the thought and with a quick impulse of passionate emotion caught her hand, when just at that moment the curtains were flung rudely aside and a half dozen redcoats strode in.

"A trap, a trap!" cried Beauty, in a voice of terror. "Get you gone, my love! Here! By this window, see!"

But even as I turned the soldiers saw me. Though I yet wore my mask they seemed to recognize me by my figure, for I was known to be of a great height and exceeding broad of shoulder. As they strode toward me I found Powdered Wig, the Second Resolving Element, at my side and had just time to give him the signal which meant "Bring aid quickly," and see him dash down the avenue. Then I turned to the approaching soldiers.

"Gentlemen," cried their officer, "let no man interfere; we were informed that Captain Hero, an aide to the rebel General Washington, would this night be present here as a spy." He made one step forward, and as the First Resolving Element bounded to Beauty's side, brought his sword down smartly on my shoulder, crying, "I arrest you, Hero, in the name of the King."

—*Per E. M. J. (L. N. S. S.), 1902.*

Secretary pro tem.

(*To be continued.*)

AN ANSWER TO "SESTINA OF THE TRAMP ROYAL."

'TWEEN you and me, I 've tried most all the roads
That take you out into this busy world.
'Tween you and me, I 've found them pretty good,
But often wished I 'd kept the dear old path
That led between my home and daily work,
And never wandered, seeking easier loads.

It 's like a stage, I think, this fleeting life,
On which each one of us must play his part.
You try, perhaps, a dozen rôles or more,
And wander up and down before the lights
In any costume which may take your eye,
But never seem to find the one that fits.

You get a smile, perhaps, for being smart
And whipping others' follies with your tongue.
Then some one claps you just because you 've done
A noble deed. And afterwards, a hiss
Chills through your blood and shows that you can play
The villain well as any other man.

So back you turn, determined that you 'll take
A humbler part, and serve perhaps the great,
While they may strut about and gain applause
From those who never dream 't was you who taught
The stars to shine. But this can never last,
Ambition's lust must sometime sure be fed.

It 's easy now for you to rise and play
A leading rôle, where all the world can see
And watch your every motion that it be
Consistent with the character you take.
But even then you are not quite content,
And long to play your first rôle o'er again.

Why did you leave that simple quiet task,
The farmer in the farmer's humble home,
With only common things to say, and those
Repeat from day to day, but at the end
The Master's word, "Well done"? God help you choose
And keep the rôle he meant that you should play.

—Florence M. Hall, 1904.

THE USE OF COLOR IN ILLUSTRATION.

THE attractiveness of magazine literature has undoubtedly been greatly augmented within the last few years by the prevalent use of illustration. To-day, anyone casually glancing at a *Harper's* of twenty-five years ago would probably lay it aside unread, not because of any lack of interest in the articles, but simply because of the dearth of illustration. Through long familiarity with the idea that illustrations always accompany magazine stories, we have come to depend upon them even more than upon the titles, to attract our notice and our interest.

The illustrative art has improved vastly since the day when the 1877 *Harper's* was published, and still greater improvements are constantly being developed. Within a year or two an entirely new phase has been introduced by the use of color. The good monthlies, at first slow to accept the innovation, now contain in almost every number, some colored illustrations. Whether these will eventually supersede pictures in wash and crayon is a question which time only can determine.

In the autumn magazines, four distinct types of colored illustration can be distinguished, varying from the faintest use of one "pastel" tint to pictures almost impressionistic in their vivid tone. A good example of the latter style is Maxfield Parrish's representation in the *Century* for November of the "Southwestern Desert without Water." It is a study in bright, hot blues and browns. The desert, with its sun-baked sand, stretches yellow-brown as far as one can see, meeting at the horizon a cloudless sapphire sky. A single massive rock in the distance emphasizes the lack of everything green and living. Under the glaring merciless sun are two horsemen, one with his arm upstretched as if in supplication. The clear, bright colors give an idea of heat, of barrenness, and of drought, as could never be gained from black and white only.

Another landscape effect, quite different from the last, is obtained by the insertion of color into reproductions of photographs. In the *Harper's* for September is a little scene called "Windswept," a picture

of the sea and shore on a clear day in early winter. A long curve of beach with a low cliff in the distance is covered with pure, new snow except where tufts of long grass show green against it. The sea ripples are of palest green with little dabs of white foam where the wind ruffles the surface. In this photograph, the shades of green accentuate the effect of the snow's pure whiteness, and give us a much clearer conception of the real scene than we should have received had the sea and the spears of grass been gray and black.

The use of color is not confined to landscapes, however; many of the illustrations of people are in tint. Of these, one can discern two classes; those pictures in which one or two colors only are introduced with the shades of gray, and those in which color is employed entirely. In one of Elizabeth Shippen Greene's illustrations for "A Very Small Person," in the November *Harper's*, she has portrayed the friend of the small person seated under an apple tree with him at her knee. The figures are in wash, all gray, save a hint of ecru in the lady's shawl and in the sky-patches seen through the leaves of the overhanging tree. Here the touch of delicate color has a softening effect, and fails to detract in any degree from the expressiveness of the faces.

Christy's pictures, both in color and in black and white, are too well known to require much description. Of his illustrations for "Harry of England" in the November *Scribner's*, but one is colored, that entitled, "The creature soared over it like a bird." A horseman, all in white, is mounted on a muscular chestnut horse. The lines of the drawing are good, but the man's face lacks expression. Between this and the uncolored drawings for the same article is a marked contrast; in them, although they are perhaps no better in other particulars, the faces are expressive of real feeling. The superiority of the uncolored illustrations, one feels, lies principally in their absence of color.

Just as landscape paintings are superior to engravings, so are colored illustrations to uncolored, in imparting a clear, true conception of the landscape. When color is limited to illustrations of this kind, it is an improvement, but when it supersedes black, white and gray in illustrations of living people, it becomes a defect. It is really the shadows

on a face that make it expressive, and as yet illustrators have not succeeded in reproducing these as well in colors as in black and white. This is one of the improvements that can yet be made in the art. At present we gladly welcome colored landscape pictures, but prefer that, in illustrations of people, black and white be retained.

—Edith L. Smith, 1904.

THE TRUE VERSION.

Denver, Colorado, June 1, 1902.

Dear Mark:—Please take your violin and play once more for me that favorite, Schubert's Serenade, just as you used to play it whenever we had quarreled and needed to be forgiven. Then I am sure you will hear my story through and will not be angry with me nor judge me harshly. When I saw you last, for that minute in the Chicago station, it was cruel of you to demand an answer from me there. One little word is so cold and the train started before I could say what I meant. You told me not to write, but I cannot help it. You must be patient with me and hear all I have to say. Surely you owe that much to our long friendship.

Perhaps you remember my telling you something about the roommate I had my senior year at Mills, and the fine times we spent together. I do not know whether or not I mentioned a wealthy uncle of hers who was in San Francisco on business a large part of that year, and who was continually planning something for our pleasure. He was a splendid looking man, a perfect gentleman, well educated, had traveled much, and was a great lover of music. He seemed to have plenty of money and time and also a very correct idea of college girls' tastes.

He would invite us over to the city for dinner, and take us on long drives through Golden Gate Park. He took us to the Grand Opera as often as our teachers saw fit to let us go; he kept us supplied with candy

nd flowers until all the girls were envious. He was so good to both of s that I began to feel as if he were my uncle as much as Helen's. ndeed, he became ridiculously interested in my voice and offered to ay all my expenses if I would go abroad to study.

You must know exactly the way that turned my head and set my ancy soaring, for we have built many air castles together. How exited we used to get over our plans! I think we could almost see ourelves startling the whole world, you with your violin and I with my oice. Of course, mother was too proud even to listen to such a propoition, but she saw how I had my heart set on it and so decided to send ie herself.

I need not tell you of my pleasant voyage with my vocal teacher, Irs. Croxall, nor how through her my social life in Paris was as great delight as my musical training. All this you have had detailed in y letters of that time. But I believe I never told you how Helen's ncle, George Dimmick, came to Paris to spend that winter, and how e repeated an hundredfold his many kindnesses to me. You cannot agine what a relief his frank, jovial manner was after the sickening, perficial courtesy of the Frenchmen, and so you cannot wholly underand how easy it was for me to prefer his society to theirs. I was perctly content, and felt that it was quite proper that he, an old friend, most an uncle, should accompany me in all the round of the season's yeties—until, one day, he asked me to be his wife. It was a terrible rprise. The possibility of such a thing had never occurred to my ind. To me he had been only an uncle. I knew him as a true and ble man and I respected him, but that was all. Then I thought of u, yes, and of your violin, and I could not answer him.

What happy days we spent in school together, and how beautiful re those long summer evenings when you played to me in the shadows! have known for years your cherished hope and your ambition, and r years that knowledge has frightened me, not that I ever distrusted u, but our dreams were so very bright that I feared reality must come r short of them and would then be all dark and bitter with disappointnt. Perhaps we might have been happy together for a while, Mark,

but the gloss would soon have worn off. Even if you became a successful musician, you would never have been rich. Before long you would have found that you could not give me the luxury to which I was accustomed, and I should have found how helpless I was as a poor man's wife. We should both have been wretched.

But I am wandering from my story. When George left me and went to America "to wait," as he said, I was so lonesome I could scarcely endure it. I did not realize what he was to me until he had gone. Then I discovered how, all unawares, he had crept into my heart. However the world might talk, there was but one course left to me. I cabled him and then came home to get mother's advice and consent. When you read this letter I shall be already his wife.

But you have a greater love, Mark. Your music will never forsake you. Now you are free to give her your whole life and she will reward you. Let your violin sing Träumerei to you again with all the passion and joy of younger days, and then,—farewell,

BEATRICE.

—FLORENCE M. HALL, 1904.

*SONNET.

JUST as the radiance of a star, long dead,
Still travels to us from infinite space,
So does thy presence linger in the place
Where thou wert born, and seems to shed
The truth, the simple grandeur that has led
Through all the years enthralled the human race,
Oh thou great Master Bard from whom we trace
Our inspiration; in whose steps we tread.

For thou couldst read man's nature as a book,
A book wherein thou too had writ uncouth
The restless passions, the wild strivings of thy youth,
And having written, gained the power and truth
Which comes from deep experience, and in sooth
Despised not man for frailties thou forsook.

—1905.

THE PASSING OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

HE Little Girl lived in the Golden Age. It was a time when a nhabited every flower and blade of grass; when dryads dwelt in nd gnomes in caves under the hills; when mermaids lived in the and when all these dear people knew and loved Little Girls, and heir friends. It was a charming time for a Little Girl to live, h sometimes she felt it was a cross to wear gingham and woolen with white aprons, instead of gossamer and moonshine; and

*uggested by a picture of the room where Shakespeare was born.

that it was sad that instead of the bell of a lily, or a grotto in the sea, her home had to be a white house with green blinds.

The Little Girl loved her home. It was nestled down in the New England hills that kept guard over it day and night. The tall trees cast pleasant shade in the summer, and made a fretwork of beauty against the winter sky. The river gave back a reflection of banks green and flowery, or snowy; and of skies bright or gloomy,—but always dear to the eyes of the Little Girl, who knew that no trees were ever so tall, no river ever so big or so beautiful, no hills whose purple haze could ever make them half so fair as those of her home. There were other joys, too, of a less poetic nature. There was a bog where flag root grew; a pasture where tender little checkerberry leaves could be found in the spring-time; a big barn with a haymow, where it was rapture inexpressible to jump and play; and a place in the river which was ideal for wading.

The schoolhouse near-by had an awful fascination for the Little Girl. It represented a strange, mysterious thing called Knowledge, which she did not understand. Her mother had taught her to read and write, and was laying the corner stones for the child's education, leaving the rest to Nature and Time. Every day came a sad hour when the bright beautiful world had to be left, and in the dim cool library the Little Girl toiled after Knowledge. She felt that if only she could go to school it would come more easily,—the schoolhouse seemed to her to radiate wisdom and learning. But there in the library, alone with her mother! And with the hills and trees and river calling her with a thousand voices! Each brown volume in the tall bookcases had a little brown elf perched on it, grinning and leering at her, and saying:—

"*Don't* you wish you could go out? Don't you *wish* you could go out?"

And the fairies outside swayed lightly to and fro on the blades of grass and called softly:—

"Come out! come out! *Please* come out!"

And inside, with flushed cheeks and tumbled hair, the poor Little Girl was laboriously doing arithmetic, and spelling, and writing, with the Kind Mother guiding her and helping her to attain to that inde-

ble Something which was Knowledge. But when the cheeks were y flushed and the tears were starting in the brown eyes because the ers persisted in being crooked, the Kind Mother would send the le Girl out to the fairies and the sunshine.

And so the Little Girl's life flowed on, as smoothly and calmly as river where she played, until something happened which changed disturbed the pleasant stream as much as the milldam, a mile or away, disturbed the river. The Kind Mother was ill—very ill. n, after a period of darkened rooms and trained nurses, she grew er, and then the doctor said that she must go far away. *This* was so bad. All was pleasant excitement—new dresses were made; nks were packed; the first thing that she knew the Little Girl was g around saying good-bye to the old familiar places. She went first he woodland by the river.

"Good-bye, dear fairies! Good-bye, beloved hills! Good-bye, beau- l river! I will come back to you before long—I will surely come k."

One last jump in the hay, one last look at the chickens and the new y-calf, a farewell gaze at the lovely landscape, and then the rumble he carriage, the final departure.

It was all very new and exciting after that. There was the journey he cars—the little girl loved cars; there was the long voyage—she red the water; and there was the arrival in the strange new country, ng strange people. The sights and experiences were so novel and resting that there was no time to be homesick. They were traveling t of the time, meeting delightful people and doing delightful things. e day as they were whirling along in the cars the Little Girl caught t of something which made her seize the Kind Mother's hand and nt eagerly.

"See, see! Oh, it 's gone now. It was a river, and it reminded of ours at home. Why—" a lump was rising in her throat—she felt ind of sinking feeling. What could be the matter? The Kind ther understood, and patted her daughter's hand softly.

"I feel a little sick inside," faltered the Little Girl.

When they were in the Alps, she enjoyed every moment. One night they were watching a sunset, and the wonderful beauty filled her soul with a kind of awe.

"Is n't it beautiful!" she breathed. "But I don't think I like it *quite* as well as our hills at home. Are n't ours a little larger?"

When she went to bed at night, the Little Girl lay thinking of home. Sometimes it was with pure pleasure that she saw in her mind's eye the mist-crowned hills, the sunset on the river, the green fields, but at other times the lump came in her throat, and she had the sick feeling inside.

After a while the Kind Mother decided to settle down for a time in one place; and so the Little Girl was sent to a private school where she met other Little Girls, all in quest of Knowledge. There was another Something which she was taught now, and that was Reason. The Little Girl did not like Reason. It gave her an uncomfortable feeling, as though the foundations of all things were being shaken. But in spite of herself she found that Reason grew.

The time was going very fast now, and the Little Girl was growing to be a big girl. It was years, instead of months, that they had been away; and the time came round when the Kind Mother decided to go home again. The Little Girl was full of glee.

"I am going home!" she cried rapturously to her small cousins. "Don't you wish you were going with me? Oh, it is so much nicer there! Our haystack is *miles* larger than yours, and the river is so lovely, and our hills are so high and big! Oh, the sunset on the river, the tall, tall trees!"

"Will everything look just the same?" she inquired anxiously, on the homeward voyage. "Will the house be the same, and the barn, and the river and hills?"

The Kind Mother laughed, and said she did not believe that anything had moved.

There was the landing, the pleasure of being on native soil, the short journey, and then—home. It was all the same, but to the Little Girl it seemed different, in a way. What was the matter? In the excitement of greetings, of talking, of rushing around, she did not have time

o think well; so after supper she stole out of the house alone. It was n the beautiful afterglow, and the sky was still reflected in gorgeous splendor on the river; the hills rose, calm and majestic as of yore, on the ar horizon. The Little Girl went to a big tree, in whose hollow trunk he had spent many happy hours, and started to climb in. It was a great hock to find that she was too big. She went on, along the river. It lid not seem so very large now. The hills were not as high as the Alps, fter all. The fairies had not come out to meet her—she could not see single one,—and the dryads had deserted all the trees. She walked lowly homeward, the ghost of her Little Girlhood haunting her all the ay. In the lighted house the grown-up people were laughing and talk- ng and enjoying themselves. As she went into the hall, she met the Kind Mother, hurrying into the lighted room beyond.

"Why, Little Girl," she cried, pausing, "where have you been? Aren't you cold, my dear? Come in with mother now."

With a brave smile the one-time Little Girl started to answer, but o her great surprise she burst into tears instead, and buried her face on er mother's shoulder. The Kind Mother gathered her close, without word; and her own eyes had tears in them—for she knew that the Little irl was gone forever. The Golden Age had passed away.

—Dorothy Firman, 1906.

TO A CALENDAR.

Thou little bit of paper,
With figures covered o'er,
What this year brings thou seest
With three hundred eyes and more.
Thou Sphinx-like thing, I conjure thee
To tell this New Year's day,
What turn the year will deal me,
Before it slips away.

—Laura Clark, 1903.

EDITORIAL.

After all, why are we in college? What has it to offer us in compensation for four of the best years of our life which we spend in these halls? Surely very few of us would own a solely mercenary motive. Many might say their aim is culture in its broadest sense. But, in reality, it is power that we want, power for some particular sphere or power in the common walks of life. If we analyze results, we shall find that, in general, our work here tends to increase our power; yet while we are in the midst of the process we seem to lose sight of the final goal and bend all our energies to the successive series of actions. We are thus in danger of defeating our end. If our thoughts are entirely taken up with the mere machinery of life, we shall become mere machines, without individuality, without originality, without power.

What we need is to withdraw ourselves now and then as the artist does from his canvas and view the thing as a whole, see the relation our petty, feverish deeds bear to the "great supernal plan," meditate upon the responsibilities of human existence in the midst of wonderful forces of nature, still unused and large opportunities for good, not yet embraced. It is to such impassioned contemplation that Wordsworth urges us. It is such individual working-out of the problems of life that Ruskin would call the originality necessary to true worth. We assent to this in theory but seem to be afraid of the practice and the necessary effort. We all have a tendency towards that mental laziness which allows others to do our thinking for us.

If, by some chance, we have an extra half hour, we look for something to do in it without estimating the value of even that short time spent in calm, rational thought. A nature which cannot find pleasure and profit in a quiet walk alone confesses its own weakness and lack of resources. Yet all our college courses are rich in subjects for thought. There are philosophical and ethical discussions in which we should take some part. There are the interesting suggestions continually given us by literature. Still more vital are the economic and social questions on

which each must take her stand. Beyond all these and even before them in importance is that train of reasoning which leads us to see the relations existing between our various studies. We are all prone to isolate each branch as if it could be understood when taken alone. We need perspective, not only to show us how necessary is the background to the foreground, but also to show us that there is a unifying element which makes of the many diverging lines of knowledge one logical and perfect whole.

The psychologist James would advise us, if we have not already formed the habit of meditation, to begin this very day. We need it to purify our understanding; we need it the better to comprehend the duty that rests with each one of us to shape her conduct rightly.

Exercise, as every one will admit, is a physical necessity. For college girls, perhaps, even more than for others, the need is apparent, since a relief from constant brain work is imperative. Here at Mount Holyoke, aside from one and a half hours of gymnasium work a week from November until May, no exercise is exacted of under-classmen, and seniors are exempt even from that requirement. Although the majority of the girls attempt to take more or less regular exercise, they are frequently prevented by unexpected demands upon their time, or by an unusual amount of study to be done. Because of this frequent omission, the faculty have lately recommended a system of compulsory outdoor exercise, such as is in use at Wellesley and at Smith.

Their systems, although different in many minor respects, are essentially alike. Instead of gymnasium work, upper-classmen are required to spend a certain amount of time in exercise, three hours a week at Wellesley, four at Smith. Their exercise may consist of golf, tennis, basket ball, hockey, bicycle riding, boating, swimming, walking, skating, or gymnastics. Cards recording the amount taken are filed at the end of each month or term, and, if the record is unsatisfactory, the students fail to receive the necessary credit.

Such a system, if introduced here, would doubtless prove beneficial. For the girls who now take regular exercise, it would be a help, since the amount now taken for pleasure's sake alone could be counted towards the credit in physical culture, which every one must receive in order to graduate. For those who at present neglect to exercise, it would be a great benefit, for they would be compelled to do so, and therefore would improve the health of both mind and body. Since it would be required of all, those students who exercised regularly would not feel that they were spending time which ought to be devoted to study, as is sometimes the case at present, but would consider exercise just as truly a matter of course as the preparation of their lessons.

President Woolley, in her talk before the Students' League, emphasized the fact that the faculty were merely recommending, not requiring, such a system. The question as to its adoption is left entirely with the girls. Should the League decide to accept the suggestion, and make outdoor exercise compulsory, it would find, as has already been found in other colleges, that the system has many advantages, improving both the physical and the intellectual condition of the students.

DEPARTMENT NOTES.

ASTRONOMY.

GEORGE W. RITCHEY, of the Yerkes Observatory of the University of Chicago, lectured Tuesday evening, December 9, on "Some Recent Results in Astronomical Photography at the Yerkes Observatory." The lecture was fully illustrated with lantern slides, showing the superiority of the reflecting telescope for photographic work, and also the advantages of the color screen with refractors.

FRENCH.

A COURSE in Old French will be given in the second semester.

Miss M. V. Young attended the meeting of the Modern Language Association held in Baltimore, December 29, 30 and 31.

LIBRARY NOTES.

WO HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THREE books were catalogued between November
d December 20, a few of which are selected for mention below.

n, Hjalmar. Italian and English dictionary. 1902.
ng, Rudyard. Swastika edition. 15 v.
international encyclopædia. v. 4. 1902.
tson, J. G. History of German literature. 1902.
ple, H. B. Lights and shadows of a long episcopate. 1899.
n, *Mrs.* C. A. Lux Christi. 1902.
e, A. D. History of the warfare of science with theology in Christendom. 2 v. 1901.
r, B. G. Health notes for students. 1893.
ams, G. F. Diamond mines of South Africa. 1902.
g, C. A. Manual of astronomy. 1902.
Mary Vance. Molières Stregreifkomödien, im besonderen 'Le Médicin Volant.' n. d.

MUSIC.

orp, W. F. Opera, past and present. 1901.
r, Theodore, *ed.* Biographical dictionary of musicians. 1900.
Oscar. History of the pianoforte and pianoforte players. 1899.
est, F. J. Story of British music. 1896.
rs, Hermann. Johannes Brahms. 1888.
nson, Edward. Music in the history of the western church. 1902.
r, H. T. Wagner and his works. 2 v. 1901.
ins, *Sir* John. History of science and practice of music. 3 v. 1875 and 1853.
erson, W. J. Orchestra and orchestral music. 1899.
, Arthur. Choirs and choral music. 1901.
s, Frederick. Frederick Chopin as a man and musician. 2 v. n. d.
r, C. H. H. Evolution of the art of music. 1901.

PHILOSOPHY AND EDUCATION.

win, J. M., *ed.* Dictionary of philosophy and psychology. v. 1, 2. 1902.
es, Earl. Studies in education. v. 1, 2. 1896-1902.
y, John. Educational situation. 1902.

King, H. C. Theology and the social consciousness. 1902.
Münsterberg, Hugo. Psychology and life. 1899.
Zeigler, Theobald. Geschichte der Pädagogik. 1895.

HISTORY AND ECONOMICS.

Betts, Lillian. Leaven in a great city. 1902.
Clark, J. B. Control of trusts. 1902.
Einstein, Lewis. Italian renaissance in England. 1902.
Fiske, John. Essays, historical and literary. 1902.
Harleian miscellany. 8 v. 1744.
Lewis, M., *and* Clark, W. History of the expedition..reprinted from edition of 1814. 1902.
Ostrogorski, M. Democracy and the organization of political parties. 1902.
Potter, H. C. Citizen in his relation to the industrial situation. 1902.
Reinsch, P. S. World politics. 1900.
Seligmann, E. R. A. Economic interpretation of history. 1902.
Sloane, W. M. Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. 4 v. 1901.
Van Tyne, C. H. Loyalists in the American revolution. 1902.
Wells, W. V. Life of Samuel Adams. 3 v. 1888.
Wilson, Woodrow. History of American people. 5 v. 1902.

COLLEGE NOTES.

PRESIDENT WOOLLEY was called upon to leave college several times during the fall term. October 16 she left for a ten days' trip, going first to Chicago, where she addressed the Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association of the Northwest. On Monday following she spoke before the Congregational Club in Chicago and on Tuesday she attended the inauguration of President James at the Northwestern University in Evanston. On the following Saturday, President Woolley represented Mount Holyoke at the inauguration of President Wilson of Princeton University. November 4, President Woolley spoke at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the First Congregational Church of Norwalk, Conn., and on November 6 she attended the meeting of the college entrance examination board, which was held at Columbia University, New York city. The following week, November 15, she spoke before the Congregational Club of New York city.

Several members of the faculty also left college during the term to deliver
res or represent the college. Miss Stevens and Miss Greene attended the
nteenth annual meeting of the New England Association of Colleges and
aratory Schools in Dwight Hall, Yale University, New Haven, on October
Miss Stevens also attended the November meeting of the New England
:iation of Teachers of English, held in Boston, November 15.

The latter part of October, Dr. Clapp and Miss Greene visited Cornell
Syracuse Universities, and Wells and Hamilton colleges.

Dr. Hooker attended the inauguration of President Swain at Swarthmore
ge, November 14.

Dr. Williams lectured in Springfield before the Amherst Institute on
First Roman Empress," November 22.

Dr. Parry attended the thirtieth annual meeting of the American Public
th Association, held in New Orleans during the week commencing
mber 7.

Miss Soule attended the dinner given to economists by the Massachusetts
le Tax League in the Copley Square Hotel at Boston, December 7.

Miss Randoph, Miss Searles, Miss Flint, and Miss Boalt attended the
ological convention held during the holidays at Princeton.

Dr. Clapp, Miss Trueblood, Miss Anne Young, Miss Laird, Miss Moore,
Miss Keith attended the convocation week in Washington, December 29
nuary 3. The convocation was called by the American Association for
dvancement of Science and represented eight or ten organizations.

Miss Mary Young attended the Modern Language convention held at
more during the vacation.

Miss Neilson attended the meeting of the American Historical Association
at Philadelphia.

Professor Gardner of the Political Economy department of Brown
ersity lectured Wednesday evening, December 17, 1902, on "The Signifi-
: of the years 1890-1900 in the Industrial History of the United States."
period discussed has been one of importance; not only has it been inter-
g because of the industrial expansion, the marvelous tendency towards
ination of industry, the three well-known tariff acts, and the change in the
tary standard, but it has been an epoch-marking period also. The history
nited States industry shows that while agricultural production increased
ly up to 1890, it has since then been steady; whereas manufacturing inter-
giving no decisive proof before that date that they were able to stand alone
e competition of the world, became dominant, until in 1900 the United
s surpassed all other nations in the production of steel, iron, copper, and
This evidence that future expansion is to lie along lines of mining and

manufacturing is an important characteristic of this period. Two other significant facts are the change in the organization of industry, and the indication of altered relations with other countries. The first is known as the trust movement, which does not mean that industry is carried on under any larger scale of production than before, but that it has concentrated ownership of a great number of different processes. Whether this concentration is of permanent efficiency or not remains to be proved, but it is highly probable that the outcome will be a marked increase in the ownership and management of industry. If so, the beginning of that change will be found in the years 1890 to 1900. In the enormous excess of exports over imports the United States differs from all other nations at present, but it is believed that through the extension of its carrying trade and the purchase of stocks now owned by foreign capitalists, it is bound to reach the stage where its imports will exceed its exports. The forces of this movement will then be found to have their origin in this period. The probable effect of the change in the industrial conditions on the economic problems facing the country will be small as regards the money problem, since that is practically settled for the time being by the adoption of the gold standard; as regards the tariff problem, it will be to reduce protection, for the growing manufactures will be hampered by the existing tariff; but the effect on the labor problem will be to intensify it through the marked concentration of both ownership and labor.

The Christmas holidays, so long waited for, are now a part of the past, and we are once more at college, and anticipating the week of examinations which closes the first semester of the college year.

The programme of the second song recital given by Miss Dickinson, which was mentioned in our last number, was as follows:—

(*a*) *Caccini,* ..... "Amarilli"
(*b*) *Mozart,* ..... "Vedrai Carino"
(*c*) *Haydn,* ..... "My mother bids me bind my hair"
(*d*) *Old English,* ..... "Drink to me only with thine eyes"
(*e*) *Dr. Arne,* ..... "Polly Willis"
Saint-Saens (Samson and Delilah) ..... "My heart at thy dear voice"

(*a*) *Franz,* ..... "From grief I cannot measure"
(*b*) *Schubert,* ..... "Ave Maria"
(*c*) *Schumann,* ..... "Humility"
(*d*) *Godard* (Opera "Jocelyn") ..... "Berceuse"
(*e*) *Massenet,* ..... "A Night in Spain"

a) *N. H. Allen,* ..... "Das-Thula"
b) *MacDowell,* ..... { 1. "Long ago, sweetheart mine" 2. "A maid sings light"
c) *D'Hardelot,* ..... "All for you"
d) *Clayton Johns,* ..... "The sun kissed the clover"
e) *Allitsen,* ..... "Love is a bubble"

On the afternoon of December 12 the Students' League held a sale of ncy articles in Assembly Hall, and realized a large sum of money, which is be devoted to the Students' Building Fund.

A meeting of the Students' League was held on December 12, at which iss Woolley spoke on student government and the good resulting from it. business meeting followed at which the following elections were made: culty member of the League Executive Committee, Miss Louise Wallace; shman member of the League Executive Committee, Mildred Gutterson; shman member of the Lectureship Committee, Ruth Gamsby; assistant siness manager of THE MOUNT HOLYOKE, Marguerite Bowen.

The junior dramatics were given on Tuesday evening, December 16. The ce, "A Scrap of Paper," by J. Palgrave Simpon was presented by the fol- wing cast:—

Prosper Couramont,	ELLA SMITH
Baron De La Glacière,	ALICE FORSYTH
Brisemouche,	MARY TURNER
Anatole,	LOUISE MASON
Baptiste,	AMY POOR
Louise De La Glacière,	IRENE HORTON
M'dlle Suzanne De Russeville,	HELENE POPE
Mathilde,	HELEN MOSSER
Mademoiselle Zenobie,	IVA SMITH
Madam Dupont,	ETHEL STUDLEY
Pauline,	HELEN WOOD

On the afternoon of December 17 the sophomore-freshman reception was d in the gymnasium. A short dance and reception were followed by the ce, "A Proposal Under Difficulties," by John Kendrick Bangs.

The annual Christmas recital and concert was given in Mary Lyon chapel December 19. The college choir was assisted by the choir of the Second ngregational Church of Holyoke. The following programme was given:— istmas Pastorale, ... *Corelli*
ol (seventeenth century), "Lo, how a rose e'er blooming,".... Old German

Carol, "When Christ was born of Mary,".....Old E
Carol, "Come, all ye shepherds,".....Old Boh
Carol, "Sing joyously adore him,".....Old 1
Carol, "Silent night, holy night,".....Old G
Choral Prelude, "Lo, how a rose e'er blooming,".....*E*
Carol, "O little town of Bethlehem,".....*Nev*
Carol, "When Christ was born,".....*Be*
Carol, "Three kings have journeyed,".....*Co*
March of the Magi Kings, ...*J*
Carol, "The Virgin stills the crying,".....*Barnb*
Choral anthem, ...
Prayer and Cradle Song, ...*Gu*
Solo and Chorus, "O sing to God your hymns of gladness,". .....*G*
Soprano solo and chorus, "O Holy Night,".....
Gloria in Excelsis, ...
Plain song (twelfth century).
Christmas Hymn with the Doxology.

The Christmas vesper service was held in the chapel on Sunday ev December 21.

Rockefeller Hall has lately received the gift of a beautiful carbon graph of the room where Shakespeare was born. Mead Hall has also re a large photograph of the painting by Raphael in the Vatican, Rome, "St Liberated from Prison."

Ex-President Mead is sitting for a portrait in oil to be placed faculty parlor of Mead Hall. The artist is Mrs. Caroline Nettleton T of Washington, D. C.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION NOT

CALENDAR OF MEETINGS.

Sunday, December 14.

Subject: "The Direction Given to Prayer by God's Promises." I Ethel Ferry.

Thursday, January 8.

Subject: "The Message of Joy as Given by David." Leader, Sarah L

Sunday, January 11.

Subject: "The College Sabbath." Leader, Annie Tracy.

The annual college Week of Prayer will be observed from January 22 to 9, the 29th being the Day of Prayer for Colleges. Meetings will be held every ight of this week with the exception of Saturday night, at 7.15 P. M., in Assembly Hall. They will be led by alumnæ of the college.

Subjects:—

General Topic, "The Man, Christ Jesus."

January 22—"Christ, the Man of Prayer."
January 23—"Christ, the Divine Carpenter."
January 25—"Christ, Calm in a Life of Unceasing Service."
January 26—"Christ, Resolute in Temptation and Suffering."
January 27—"Christ, the Friend."
January 28—"Christ, the Teacher."
January 29—"Christ, the Divine Redeemer."

HOLYOKE EXTENSION WORK OF THE Y. W. C. A.

LAST June, the Neighborhood Committee of our Y. W. C. A. received a tter from Rev. Mr. Robinson, the pastor of Grace Church, an institutional anch of Dr. Reed's church, asking for help in organizing a Girls' Club, and n Endeavor Society for the children in and outside of his congregation—work ntirely among factory families.

Since it was then too near the close of the college year to do anything defi- ite, plans were made during the summer, so that on Sunday afternoon, Octo- er 5, the first meeting of the Junior Endeavor was called. Owing to a driving ainstorm, only five children came, but in two weeks the attendance at the unday service rose to fifty. At the first social and business meeting there ere seventy-five boys and girls, ranging in age from six to seventeen. As he society was intended principally for the older children, it was found neces- ary to limit the membership to those children between the primary depart- ent and the senior society, so that now the actual members number thirty- ight, with an average attendance of twenty-eight. Thus far the regular Junior ndeavor plans for work have been followed, but, with the beginning of the ew year, we hope to take up simple systematic Bible study with the children. o take special charge of this Junior work, a new sub-committee, with Alice oods ('03) as leader, was added to our Neighborhood Department.

The club for the girls was not started until October 10, when our eneral Secretary, Miss Calder, with four of the college committee, met irty-five factory girls in the club rooms at the church. With Miss Calder cting as chairman *pro tem.*, we tried to find out what sort of a club was

needed. A committee was appointed by the chair to draw up a constitution to be voted upon at the first regular meeting a week later. Careful study was made of like club constitutions, and one adapted to our special needs, modeled somewhat on that used at Hull House, Chicago, was finally adopted.

At the next meeting, after the election of officers, it was decided to meet once in two weeks, and to take up the study of Scott's life and works, with the object of making the club as practical a literary society as possible. The first night in this study, Dr. Williams gave a lecture before the club on Scott's life, and since then, under her direction, the girls have been reading "Ivanhoe," nearly every one having a copy of her own. Dr. Williams has very kindly consented to take charge of this literary work. The average attendance at the club has been thirty-five.

A bookcase and set of Scott's works have been given, and the club hopes to make itself a Christmas present of a chafing dish, purchased with the five cent club dues, so that it may have its social as well as its literary side.

Almost without exception the members, from sixteen to thirty years old, are working in the factories, some of them from six-thirty in the morning until after six at night. Nevertheless they come to the club and help in the work with enthusiasm.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

THE League of Student Volunteers in Japan, numbering about one hundred and fifteen American and British Volunteers, was organized during the General Conference of Missionaries held in Tokyo in the autumn of 1900. The organization is very simple, there being no officers, only an Executive Committee whose duties are to prepare the quarterly prayer topics for the Sunday morning watch, and to attend to any business in connection with the league.

The first conference of the league was held at Karnizawa, August 8-10 of the present year. There were about sixty volunteers present and more than one hundred other missionaries.

The topic considered was "The Part of Volunteers in Securing Educated Japanese for the Ministry and other Christian Callings," taking up:—

1. The need.
2. Past and present efforts to meet this need.

The main difficulties and objections, external and internal.
How to best meet the above difficulties and objections.
Our special responsibility as Volunteers and how we can discharge it.

The need is very apparent to anyone traveling anywhere about the coun-
y. There are thousands of villages whose inhabitants have never heard of
e gospel and whom it is impossible for the comparatively small number of
issionaries to reach. Consequently they must be left in ignorance unless
tive workers can be sent to them.

Some of the chief difficulties are, the comparatively small salaries that
e mission boards are able to pay; the opportunities in business and educa-
nal life which seem to offer wider careers of influence than does the life of
obscure evangelist or minister; and the fact that Christian society in Japan
es not, as yet, value the Christian ministry as it should.

In reply to these it was urged that stewardship should be emphasized;
at more of responsibility of both financial and administrative affairs be
ced on the Japanese; and that missionaries and pastors should so live as to
gnify the ministry in the eyes of the people.

The conference was felt by all to have been a very helpful one, and more
an one of those present at the meetings carried away the conviction that the
ssionary's own life is the greatest factor in influencing educated Japanese
ung men and young women to undertake definite Christian work, and re-
ved to strive by greater faithfulness in example, and more earnestness in
yer, to persuade young Christian Japanese to choose the ministry, or Bible
man's work, or other Christian callings as their life work.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association
Central and Western New York was held at the Niagara Hotel, Buffalo,
tober 25, 1902.

The president, Mrs. Bills of Rochester, presided. The meeting was an
eptionally interesting one because several of the members present had
ently been at Mount Holyoke. Mrs. Clement of Canandaigua, N. Y., who
l been at Mount Holyoke in September, made an urgent appeal for some
t to be given to the college by the association. This idea was heartily sup-
ted and it was voted to send an amount to the Art department to be used
the purchase of books. An appeal was also made in behalf of the Income
nd. The usual contribution to the Athens Scholarship was made.

Several interesting letters were read. Dr. Mary Williams of the college
ote of the student government as seen by the faculty. Miss Bowerman of
chester described it from the students' standpoint. A letter from Miss

Burdick of Syracuse described her pleasant experiences at Mount Holyoke last commencement. A part of Miss Hodgkins' address given at the dedi tion of Dwight Hall was also read.

The following officers were elected for the year: President, Miss Em D. Sandford; first vice-president, Miss Harriet Andrews; second vice-pr dent, Mrs. Fitch; third vice-president, Mrs. Whedon; treasurer, Mrs. M Allen Bardwell; secretary, Mrs. Jean Grier Perry.

A luncheon followed the business meeting. Dr. Gifford of Buffalo g a brief after-dinner address on "The Dangers of Higher Education." He elected honorary member of the association. A drive about the city of Buf completed the enjoyment of the occasion.

The Alumnæ Association of New York city held its regular fall meet on November 1 at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The business meeting, conduc by the president, Mrs. Barry, was occupied chiefly with reports from c mittees, an account of college commencement, and plans for association w in the year 1902-1903. A short reception was held for Dr. Searles, who come from college as the guest of the association, and luncheon was then ser After luncheon Dr. Searles gave a brief but very interesting account of re changes at the college, followed by a more formal address upon the import of graduate work. Miss Ellen M. Parsons, just returned from her trip aro the world, told amusing incidents of the journey, and touched upon its n serious interest,—the observation of missionary work in Eastern lands. last speaker to be formally introduced was Miss Emma Carter, who tol the summer outing of the Jacob Riis settlement, in which she had b personally interested. The afternoon's pleasure was completed by a few w from Dr. Hooker of the college.

At their November meeting the ladies of the Boston Mount Holy Alumnæ enjoyed a special treat in the address of Prof. E. Charlton Black "Certain Aspects of Modern Fiction."

Mr. Black spoke of the tremendous output of fiction and the danger those who read it will take for their standard of nature and life only found in the novel. The most hopeful phase of modern fiction he foun the sketches of humble lives by such writers as Barrie and Mary Wilkins

The last part of the address was given up to a discussion of that b which is attracting so much attention on both sides of the Atlantic, *i. e.*, " Confessions of a Wife." Mr. Black made many humorous allusions to

y gown" and the "velvet smoking jacket," but became very earnest in his nciation of the tone and teaching of the book.
A song delightfully rendered by Miss Maude Reese-Davies closed the noon's entertainment. Mrs. Mary I. Fuller gave a very interesting ac- it of Founder's Day. The usual tea was served during the social hour.

). Miss Anna C. Edwards is to spend the winter with Miss Adaline Green in Montreat, North Carolina.

). Mrs. Zelna Rene Carlyle's recent visit to the college was the first since her graduation. Her home is in Nevada, Iowa.

). Mrs. Flora Smith Trumbull is spending the winter at The Belmont, Belmont avenue, Northampton. For the last eighteen years she has been in Valparaiso, Chili.

). Miss Mary F. Leach has recently published an article in connection with Dr. Vaughn of Michigan University.

. Dr. Mary Dole of Greenfield lately visited college.

. Grace M. Burt has been elected to the school board of Newton, Mass.

M. Helen Keith spent the Thanksgiving recess at college.

. Cora F. Keith writes from Maebaski, Japan:—

"Matilda Calder Thurston ('96) and Olive Hoyt ('97) reached Yokohama, Japan, October 21, and found a warm welcome from Harriet Wyckoff ('97) and myself. Mr. Thurston and Mr. Pedley (husband of Martha Clark Pedley, '87) completed an enthusiastic party that at once set out for the Imperial University in Tokyo. The six hours the boat stayed in port allowed only a hurried trip, but fortunately the guide led at once to the chemistry building, where the real interest shown by the two "scientific" girls was thoroughly appreciated by the director of the laboratory, who evidently does not always find so much pleasure in sightseers."

Eva Davidson is studying at the University of Berlin.

Ella Dickinson was a recent visitor at college.

Sara Hirst, who has been teaching four years in a boarding school at Marian, Alabama, is now at home at 611 Oakland avenue, Kansas City, Kansas.

1900. Grace M. Bacon is studying at the University of Berlin.
Margaret Ball's address is 1230 Amsterdam avenue, New York.
Jean Cole visited college at Thanksgiving time.
(Non-graduate) Susie Jordan is now studying at Boston University. She will graduate this year.
Tirzah S. Smith is studying at Columbia.
Wilhelmina Waite visited college at Thanksgiving.

'02. A few of the recent visitors were Frances Cowles, Helena Fulton, and Blanche Horton.
Minnie Farwell is teaching in the Baldwinsville high school.
Mary K. Hoffmeier is teaching Latin and Greek in the high school at Ocean Grove, N. Y.
Rowena K. Keyes has passed the Board of Education examination in Brooklyn, N. Y. This will give her an opportunity to substitute in the high school.

Mrs. Caroline Thurber is now engaged at her temporary studio in Chicago in painting a portrait of Mrs. Mead, former president of Mount Holyoke College. Mrs. Thurber has been commissioned to do this work by the Alumnæ Association through President Woolley and Miss Hazen of the faculty. Meantime Mrs. Mead, who has recently returned from Europe, is the guest of her son, Prof. George H. Mead of the University of Chicago.

Miss Flora Morse, who assisted in the Art department, '99-'00, visited college recently. Miss Crane lately spent a few days at college. She is traveling secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in the colleges of New England.

MARRIAGES.

'97. Ela—Cheney. At Beloit, Wis., November 26, Edwin Stanton Ela and Alice M. Cheney. At home, 1904 G street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

'01. Gaylord—Hunt. At Chappaqua, N. Y., December 2, Rev. Edward Dickinson Gaylord and Charlotte Hunt.

BIRTHS.

'01. To Laura (Rising) Parker, November 10, a son.

DEATHS.

16. (Non-graduate) Mrs. Maria (Slocomb) Terry, at her home in Ansonia, Conn., December 17, 1901.

19. Mrs. Clara Dana Adams, in North Amherst, November 18, 1902.

17. Mrs. Julia Hayden Dexter, at Windsor Locks, Conn., November 28, 1902.

EXCHANGES.

In reading one of the latest exchanges we were surprised to find the desire ressed for more short stories and fewer essays. The real argument seemed e that the former made less labor for the reviewer. Turning from this on, which carries little weight with it, let us look back upon the college ature of the month. The majority of short stories have had little merit, seem to have had no high motive back of the writing. A character sketch d "The Old Man of the Corner" in the *Monthly Maroon* attracts us, but here we read of "toothless lips."

The place of the essay and short story in literature is open to discussion. feel that a balance should be kept between the two in a magazine repre- ing many students. From its nature the thoughtful essay requires greater t to be understood as the writer mentioned above admitted; but the more thoughts printed on the pages of a college magazine, the more representa- will be the publication. The call, if made at all, should have been not for but for better short stories.

The *Smith College Monthly* for November is decidedly satisfactory. Its ing article, "An Argument for the Limitation of the Number of Depart- t Clubs that Any One Student Shall Belong To," offers substantial and al proof of the author's position. This position is, that to maintain a scholarly attitude in college, one's time, interest and attention should e "thinly" spread over many clubs, but concentrated. The story, "Alfred yson and Elaine," is simple and pleasing.

The *Vassar Miscellany* has its usual excellent standard. It contains a for a more sensible vocabulary among college girls, and the editor ven- to say that if the habit of cultured conversation prevailed on ordinary all as select occasions, we should not feel such conversation pedantic.

The *Harvard Monthly* has the highest tone of any of our regular visitors. Under the subject "Make-believe," are described the imaginative plays of an ordinary life: First, the imitative instinct in the youngest children; next, the imaginative games concealed in the child's inner life; later, the "long long dreams" of expanding life; later still, the fancy of youth, which is most active in the twilight; and, finally, the perverse dreams of maturer age which have to be coaxed. The game of make-believe may cease to be played, but the memory of it always remains. Such a wide, enchanting vista is revealed in the realm of dreams, especially child dreams, that the presentation of them could not fail to be interesting if well-written, as it is in this case.

The following are among the best verse of the month:—

A REVERIE OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

The toys that I have broken long ago,
The books that I have read and laid aside,
The little trinkets I've outgrown, or lost!—
Each Christmas brings more gifts, mere short-lived things;
Yet on this joyous eve the old ones still make glad my heart,
Trooping across my memory like shadows of the love
Of those I love, made by the flickering light
Of little Christmas candles all a-blaze.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

THE BATTLE.

Out on the wind-swept moor,
  Under the pitiless sky,
I take my life in my hands
  And wait. Do I fear to die?

I had thought to die at the front,
  Fighting for what is right;
But this is a war to the death,
  And I fight with myself to-night.

I struggle and strive in pain
  Out on the moorland drear,
And fight as a true man must
  Against the fear of fear.
Oh, let me die like a soldier,
  Not far from the haunts of men
Out here on the lonely moorland,
  Tracked down. I would go again
Back to the prison I fled from
  Driven by cowardly pride
That I of a line of soldiers
  Could not die as they had died.
I had thought to die at the front,
  Fighting for what is right;
But this is a war to the death,
  And I fight with myself to-night.

Back from the wind-swept moor,
  Under the pitying sky,
I go back with my life in my hands
  To my death. Do I fear to die?

—*Smith College Monthly.*

TO THE DEEPS.

And who shall sing the beauty of the deep
  Far down below this surge and gleam of gray,
  Where bright-hued filaments forever sway
And wondrous lanes their lovely silence keep?
Forbidden are all mortal eyes to peep
  And watch the star bright creatures light their way
  Through coral corridors, or sportive play
On pearl strewn floors; then in some chamber sleep.

And who shall sing the thoughts of some fair souls?
O better far that they be left unsung,
Their lives the poem that each day unrolls,—
Too sacred to be voiced by poet's tongue.
And as with reverence we regard the sea
So let us leave such deeps in mystery.

—*Williams Literary Monthly.*

A NEW YEAR ADMONITION.

I'm struggling with a problem grave,
A rhyme I fain would write;
Since rhymes seem far beyond my reach
I 'll just this word indite.

Begin this year with courage strong,
Let no little thing annoy;
Be strong, and strength will add to strength,
And life will all be joy.

Mere resolution counts for naught,
'T is doing wins the day;
You *intend* to visit Johnson's store,
Do it without delay.

Art,
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HE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

XII. FEBRUARY, 1903. No. 6.

ANNA GRACE MCGOVERN, 1903, *Editor-in-Chief.*

Editors.

FISKE, 1903. IVA JUNE SMITH, 1903.

LOTTE ELLEN FARNHAM, 1904. EDITH LILLIAN SMITH, 1904.

HARRIET MURDOCK MACY, 1904.

HELENE MAUD POPE, 1904, *Business Manager.*

UERITE ELIZABETH BOWEN, 1905, *Assistant Business Manager.*

SUNNY MEMORIES OF HOLYOKE LIFE.

mong the "fifty years class" entertained at the college in June, 1899, rs. Amelia Stearns, a beautiful old lady, with eyes so bright and keen he lost little in spite of her deafness. Mrs. Stearns had been an invalid ny years, but friends and physician alike wanted her to return to Mount ke for this fiftieth anniversary because the visit would be a joy to her st of her life. They were right; the invalid, even during hours of suffer- hich ended last June, lived over many times the happy experience of g the old friends and knowing the new Mount Holyoke. "Sunny ries of Holyoke Life" was written for this fiftieth anniversary of the f '49.

N looking backward fifty years and more, we remember not only ost important events of our Seminary course, but also numerous and incidents of a trivial nature. All this is well, for the full s of sunny memories is likely to weave the longest and brightest f individual life. How cheering during hours of loneliness, and ht vigils how refreshing, to review the student period and to recall

C. W. H.

the acts and friendships of its happy days! In fancy we hear again the shouts of a long row of merry maidens as with joined hands they race down a steep and rugged declivity, striving in vain to reach its foot with line unbroken. Shocking rudeness! These were fresh students, of course, and there was no gymnasium in which to dispose of exuberant spirits, nor had the high step yet been introduced into our calisthenics. We hear the sound of many waters rushing into the cistern underneath the platform in the hall when the man below unwittingly starts the force pump during devotions, and we smile to think how quickly one of the teachers went down to check his mistimed zeal. Once more we view from the western windows of our Seminary home the golden glory of the sunset, nor cease to wonder if the gates of Paradise are just beyond. From the windows towards the sunrise we discover through the rising mist the browsing cattle and the trees few and shapely that adorn the brow of the hill; and soon, down where the stream spreads to a lakelet, the old red mill looms clear. We see the sandy knoll near the cemetery, blue with lupines in their season; the "fairy glen" where the maidenhair ferns and the dog-tooth violets grew; the unsuspected bog into which the glossy leaves of the early, fragrant cabbage enticed our incautious feet;—visions which our open eyes may never more behold because of the changes that time has wrought!

Companions of our student years! Again we see them, a flock of newcomers, as they crowd into the hall for the opening exercises, some comely and graceful, and some destined to win admiration by their shining virtues and talents. We mark one modest, pale-faced maiden crowned with a wealth of auburn hair. Who could have divined that Emily Dickinson's brain teemed with rare notes that would yet ring through the land? How could we imagine that the tall, slender brunette who served time with us on the knife circle would ever be chosen as the first president of our beloved college? Truly we had opportunity to study character as well as text-books, and to find congenial spirits with whom to form a strong and lasting friendship.

E. was my friend and schoolmate in early youth, and together we entered the junior class at Mount Holyoke Seminary. After our novi-

tiate, and before our studies had become of engrossing interest, we began to feel our limitations and to fear lest "in many things we offend all." The dignity of our senior roommates was a restraint upon us. We had been singers in our respective churches at home, and now were longing for our choirmates and rehearsals.

One day E. came to my room, singing book in hand. "I can stand it no longer," she said. "Come out with me." We took the road to the ferry as the most sequestered, and, having walked our required distance, we ventured to delay in the space-way—the broad space-way bounded by the horizon. Then, perched upon the topmost rail of a fence, we opened the book and our mouths, drew the diapason stops of our vocal organs, and sang tune after tune,—long meters, short meters, hallelujah meters, *et id omne genus*,—chants, rounds, fugues, anthems, etc., etc., carrying two parts, and by snatches three or four, as the score demanded. We sang and sang till the valley rang "with our hymns of lofty cheer." Our only visible auditors were two or three cows that had been quietly feeding in a pasture near. They were too well-bred to obtrude with double-base bellowing or with horn accompaniment, but they ceased their cropping and stood in silent amazement at the unusual sight and sound. We needed no plaudits, for we were a joy unto ourselves. We had found a remedy for depression, repression, suppression, and oppression, and no two maidens returned that day from open-air exercise more exhilarated than we. The Seminary choirs were ere long arranged for regular practice, which was the tonic and safety-valve we needed.

Months passed swiftly, and the long days of summer found us still in pursuit of knowledge, for the Seminary year closed not until late in July or early in August. It was on one of the longest days that E. came to my room in trouble and tears. To my query, "What is it?" she gave answer: "They are going to send me home to-morrow, and I don't want to go. It is because I have headaches. I suppose they are afraid I shall get sick, but it is the heat that affects me so. Ever so many teased me before I came, saying that I should soon be sent home in disgrace; and now they will say 'I told you so,' and I can't bear it."

I condoled with her and declared that she should *not* go if *I* could do anything to prevent it. I knew that it would be useless to appeal to the teacher who had charge of the health of the young ladies, for her decisions were like the laws of the Medes and Persians. (We used to call her the doctor's satellite.) I went straight to Miss Lyon's room. "Miss Lyon," I said, "they are going to send E. home, and she does not wish to go, and I do not wish to have her go. I came to ask you to say that she need not go till the end of the term." Miss Lyon replied, "She has had headache so much that we thought it would be well for her to go home and recruit before the examinations come on. She can come back in time for them." I argued further, with genuine altruism: "But, Miss Lyon, there is a reason why I ask it. We were told, before we came, that you would not keep *such wild girls* long; and if she goes now it will be said that she has been suspended; and *I—don't—want—her—to go.*" At this climax my tears began to flow. Miss Lyon laid her hand kindly on my shoulder and said, "Do not feel troubled. We will try to do what seems best. This is just what you want, is it not?" The broad genial smile and air of trust with which she asked the question would have disarmed the most willful. If she perceived an element of the ludicrous in what to us was so serious, she did not betray it. She dismissed me without a definite answer, yet I was sure she comprehended and was sympathetic. Nothing more was said to E. about going home. Perhaps she took an ounce of prevention, or a mind cure was wrought, for her headaches vanished.

This is one of many instances of Miss Lyon's motherly instinct or inclination to gratify her daughters—so she liked to call us—in any reasonable request.

There were times, however, when some of these daughters were dissatisfied with her rulings. One morning the early birds discovered bills posted about town announcing a vocal concert by the Hutchinson family to be given that evening in the meeting-house. A number of the students wished to attend. Great was their surprise and indignation when permission was withheld. Miss Lyon told us that present arrangements would not admit of our sparing the time for an evening enter-

tainment, and requested us to bear in mind the principle that one should not ask a favor for herself which could not be granted to all. Poor Jane W. was the chief mourner and considered herself a martyr. The Hutchinsons were friends of her family and on that account had sent her a complimentary ticket, which she thought it very impolite not to use. She found many sympathizers. A few said it was inconsistent in Miss Lyon to urge us to cultivate vocal music and then not to let us hear any but our own. The Hutchinsons showed their good will by giving us a serenade that night, yet the malcontents continued to grumble a little. Early the next morning, the young ladies on duty near the parlor passed the word that Mr. Hutchinson was calling on Miss Lyon and was probably giving her a piece of his mind for her disrespect to his family. Then even the murmurers took her part, for all knew that her judgments were right, and no one wished her to suffer reproach for our sakes. By the time she bade us good morning in the hall, ill humor had subsided and every heart was loyal.

After devotions Miss Lyon told us of her pleasant interview with Mr. Hutchinson in which he had kindly offered to give us a concert. Upon this a door was opened, the singers filed in, took their places on the platform, and for an hour entertained us in their happiest manner. All agreed that this was better than an evening out, and no face expressed more pleasure than Miss Lyon's.

A few months later, huge posters foretold the coming of a menagerie. I think it was Forepaugh's. Barnum's Great Moral Show was not yet. "It is nothing to us," the young ladies said. "We can have no part nor lot in such vanities." But lo and behold! when the eventful day arrived, Miss Lyon not only gave general permission, but advised us to improve this opportunity to see the elephant and other rare specimens of animated nature. The manager had written to her weeks before to inquire whether the students would be allowed to attend, for if their patronage were withheld it would not pay to move the caravans to South Hadley. In replying, she informed him that she should be glad to give them such a privilege, but as many of them were of limited means it might be as well for him to admit them at special rates. Thus

she ever cared for our material welfare. So it happened that being identified by teachers stationed near the entrance of the tent, we were admitted at half the regular price.

In giving us permission, Miss Lyon made but one restriction. We were not to stay to witness the performance, but when we should see any teacher moving toward the exit we were to follow her at once. After viewing the animals we took seats while the elephants marched around the amphitheater. One with a howdah on his back was halted near us, and the manager called for ladies to mount and ride. Two or three misses started forward and then drew back timidly until a young lady of the senior class, with head erect and fearless mien, walked to the front, climbed the ladder, and seated herself as if she were an Eastern princess accustomed to take her airing in this manner. There was a whispering among the juniors: "What a bold, bad action for a missionary's daughter! How dare a senior set us such an example?" Some said she would surely be suspended,—perhaps expelled. Others thought she might be let off with a public reprimand if duly penitent. It was believed that the sentiment of the Seminary would certainly demand some heroic measure.

The great beast went around with its burden, the senior descended safely and resumed her former seat, unabashed. Directly a tiger leaped from its cage and rolled over and over with its keeper in frightful play. The performance was well under way or ever we were aware, and we had seen no teachers moving. Bless their kind hearts! Was it that they in their innocence did not know when it was time to start, or were our eyes turned away from our chaperons and holden that we should not see them? When all was over and we went out with the crowd we spied a teacher standing near the gate apparently watching for stragglers, but we passed by on the other side without a challenge. At supper time all the lambs were secure in the fold, and not a wolf among them. We never heard that the audacious senior met with the slightest reproof nor lost caste for her rash exploit. Miss Lyon, wise as Solomon, knew when to keep silence and when to speak.

One of Miss Lyon's arrangements for the order and convenience

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of her family was to provide for the recovery of lost articles. A closet in room B was the designated repository for whatever property of the young ladies had been carelessly left in public places. This closet contained shelves, drawers, and pegs, and was familiarly known as "the lost closet." Therein might be found a heterogeneous collection of hoods, shawls, mittens, aprons, books, slates, knitting work (crocheting was not in vogue), but no "waterproofs," for these were unknown; and rarely an umbrella, for, even in those honest years, umbrellas were prone to walk away slyly unless noticeably marked. One young lady guarded against such truancy by having her name painted inside her umbrella in large Roman letters of bright yellow,—so large that she who ran might read. Those who followed the owner on a rainy Sunday were more attracted by the inward adornment of that bobbing umbrella than by the outward attire of their companions. And so no one wished to borrow it.

Miss Lyon tried to impress upon her pupils that it was wrong to be careless of property which might be used as a means of doing good. She required us to keep our money locked, and advised us to exercise the same care in after life, not only for our own security but to avert temptation from the unwary.

Money lost and found was never deposited in "the lost closet" but was orally advertised in the hall. I remember hearing one announcement as follows: "A sum of money has been found under peculiar circumstances. The loser may call on Miss Whitman, Room 42." How many went for it we never knew. Long afterwards a tale was unfolded for me which may be repeated in this connection.

A young lady from one of the Middle states was about to enter Mount Holyoke Seminary. We will call her Maria because that was not her name. She was one of those unfortunates whose purse was apparently eager to go astray and to be missing when wanted. How could she be trusted with the sum required to pay her tuition and other expenses? Drafts were not easily obtained nor commonly used except among business men. In proof thereof one had only to notice on pay

day the treasurer's table with its large piles of bank notes and specie and its small stack of checks.

Maria's careful mother contrived a way of safe conveyance. Ripping a small place in a side seam of her daughter's quilted skirt, she tucked a roll of bills into the aperture between the outside and the lining, stitched it in, and, closing the seam, made the garment resemble its former innocent impecuniosity. "There!" said she, triumphantly, "you can't lose that money unless you lose yourself." So the damsel went on her way rejoicing.

In process of time it was announced that Deacon Porter, the treasurer, was come, and that the young ladies must be ready with their money to go to him when summoned in order to pay their dues. Maria would be ready. She knew for once where to look for her money. She took the scissors for the ripping. Oh, horrors! the money was gone! A ragged chasm showed where it had been torn away with a piece of the outer material and a portion of the wadding, leaving only the lining intact. Who could have done it? How did anyone know where the money was concealed? The Fox sisters, mediums, were making a great stir with their spirit rappings,—had they discovered and betrayed her secret? In great distress she went to her section teacher, who sent her to Miss W., the guardian of the treasure-trove. It did not take long to tell the sad story nor to offer consolation. Miss W. had only to take from a drawer a wad of cotton and bank bills sewed to a bit of cloth which exactly matched the yawning cavity in the "quilt." Maria afterwards recollected that she, a newcomer exploring the premises, walked among the flower beds where untrimmed rose bushes stretched their greedy arms. Evidently one had tried to detain her; but, as no Holyoke maiden would stop for trifles, as no envious sliver broke, and as the thorn was unyielding, something must give way; and something did give way in its most valuable part. The next explorer noticed the strange, pendulous fruit of the bush, plucked it, and, as honesty suggested, bore it to a teacher. This was the sum of money which had been advertised very early in the term as "found under peculiar circumstances" and held for the rightful owner.

How did that rose bush know just where to seize its prey? If this be not an instance of what Gail Hamilton called "the total depravity of inanimate things," let us hope some one may furnish a better illustration.

MRS. AMELIA JONES STEARNS, *Class of 1849.*
Boston Alumnae Association.

The following letter was called forth by a remark made at the Mary Lyon Breakfast given by the Boston Alumnæ in February, 1899.

165 West Newton St., BOSTON, March 1, 1899.

'Madam President,"

DEAR MRS. BOURDON:—

"Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain."

It would hurt me to have anything derogatory said of Mary Lyon as it would of my mother. When it is stated that in the early years of Mount Holyoke Seminary Miss Lyon used to appear mostly in calico, a wrong impression may be conveyed, as if she were cheaply and poorly attired and careless as to her personal appearance. Is it ever mentioned that in those days calico was much more worn by ladies than it is at present? For ninepence (12½ cents) or a shilling per yard, we could get a better quality of calico than we ever find now, and the French and English goods were especially nice.

I was a Springfield girl, my father being a physician there. He removed to Michigan during my senior year, and the catalogue for 1849 places me in that state, where I never lived. The teachers said a young lady belonged in her father's home; but I suspect they wished to have as many states represented as possible.

Well, what a Springfield girl of my time did not know about fashions was not worth considering, and she would have noticed anything not "up to date." I am sure that Miss Lyon's ordinary dress was much like the home apparel of other ladies in good society. Many of the teachers wore calico gowns every day. I remember some of them well,

and just how they were cut. I recall only one calico that I ever saw on Miss Lyon—French goods, with a small figure on a blue gray ground. She had also a brown and white gingham of fine quality for summer wear. In cool weather she sometimes wore a very pretty delaine of wood color in two or three shades. She had a dark green merino,—I do not know how long she had worn it, but in my time it was made over to look like new. She had this on so often that some of the girls grew tired of seeing it and were glad when one afternoon in midwinter the delaine appeared in its stead. Ah, they did not know that the green merino was laid aside in the midst of its usefulness because of an unfortunate accident in the domestic hall which made *me* very sorry. But, as Kipling says, that is another story. The lilac silk gown, which it is said Miss Lyon wore on every graduating occasion, was made over—modernized—for the class of 1848, when it made its last appearance in public.

It is not to be inferred that I have mentioned all the dresses in Miss Lyon's wardrobe, not that there was a paucity. But I can say that although the same garments were worn for a long time they never looked soiled nor seedy. Caps, laces, footgear,—all were tidy and in good taste. Why should it be otherwise when it was some one's domestic work to take care of her things, and the teachers were ever caring for her like daughters? And her deafness made it necessary for her "right hand man"—woman in this case—to be ever near her, at least by day.

Certain comments on Miss Lyon's personal appearance induced me to write to you who have influence, and to lift *my clarion voice* in testifying to what I know on the subject; and it were well if all her pupils would do likewise while there is yet time. However, her works will follow her where her garb is quite forgotten.

Yours very sincerely,

AMELIA D. STEARNS, 1849.

The following letter, written by Mrs. Hubbard, class of 1841, in her first year at Mount Holyoke, offers an interesting contrast to the freshman letters of the present day.

MOUNT HOLYOKE SEM., SOUTH HADLEY, Nov. 2, 1841.

[Y DEAR BROTHER:—

I rather think you have wished sometimes the last few weeks that ou could see your sister, if you were glad when she went away. Now will give you a short history of what has happened to me since I left ou at Chesterfield. I found a young lady in the stage on her way to [olyoke from Tioga Co., N. Y. She came with me here and consequently they gave us a room together—Miss Woodbridge. I will only ıy of her that I find no difficulty in keeping silent study hours with er, one good recommendation,—the best I can give. I found Jane nd Mr. Warner at Northampton and had an excellent visit with them, nt did not call anywhere else. I saw Mr. Lewis and Mr. Wing there lso. Mr. Warner wished to have Jane and myself attend Colonel Barr's concert that evening, and as he could not go himself he invited is roommate (Mr. Cooke of Northampton) and Mr. Eli Hubbard of Cummington to accompany us. In the morning I had quite a visit with Colonel Barr; he introduced me to Mr. Muller, professor of music in ne Boston Academy, a German, who came in the stage with me.

When I arrived here, Thursday at eleven o'clock, I was shown to oom No. 9, fourth story, in the new part of the building, which is still ıy residence. From my window I have a view of the burying ground nd the setting sun, which is all the prospect I have. I completed my xaminations in the preparatory studies Friday. Sabbath day was a ong, lonely day, for I did not go to church. Miss Lyon selected a few o listen to one of Mr. Condit's old sermons read in the Seminary hall, earing we might not all find seats at church. "A few of the *oldest* were elected to give character to staying at home." Mr. Taylor called here he Thursday after I came, with his brother, but it was so long before was ready to go to the parlor that I only saw him one moment and did ot see his brother at all. I have been examined in Political Class Book, the Latin Grammar and Reader, and the whole of Algebra. If do not fail in History of England or six books of Geometry I shall be n the Middle Class. I commence Geometry to-morrow. My first com-

position lies by me unfinished, to be handed in before supper Thursday night. I saw Miss Alvord at meeting two or three times. I called at Mr. Miller's last week. Had some cake. So much of history. I will give you a description of the *institution* and its laws now. I rise every morning before five. If I should not I should be obliged to give an account and have it recorded, also if I do not retire before half past nine, that is, be in bed and have my lamp blown out when the bell strikes. When we came here everything was in a perfect state of confusion. We did not have so much as a stove for a week. We have only had fifty sticks of wood. Two sticks, stove length, can be bought for a cent. There are only three hours and three fourths that we can enter rooms including the time of dinner and supper. Seven hours and three fourths are silent study hours when, with the exception of five minutes each hour, we are not permitted to make a single communication even to our roommate. Two hours, one in the morning and one after dinner, are appropriated to business of various kinds. In these nine and three fourths hours we are required to prepare and recite all our lessons, giving an hour to each recitation. I have been studying physiology three weeks. I am not acquainted with any of the girls, I have so little time to call on them, for in our three and three fourths hours we must walk a mile. One day in the week is recreation but we cannot call in the forenoon or evening without permission. Another day is devoted to compositions, then we must observe silent study hours as much as any other day. All the arrangements are entirely altered from what they were last year. The addition that has been made to the building is just as large as the original building. The basement and second stories have been divided anew and the rooms have been changed from one portion of the house to the other. There are more than 300 yds. of carpeting already on the floor of the large hall and near 100 more are wanted. The water to be used in our rooms is pumped into cisterns in the second and third and fourth stories. The expense of all the apparatus connected with the water was more than $1,000. I should like to tell you a great many things but find I have not time.

"Most of the young ladies possess a great deal of character and are

om families of distinction." I shall probably find some friends ong them but know of only one, Miss Hyde, an assistant pupil; she the best girl I ever saw. My nearest neighbor went home a week o to see her father, who was very sick. She returned yesterday after tending his funeral. I must write a few words to mother so I will y be a very good boy and tell brother to be good. Learn your Latin ell. Can't you and Henry write me a letter together and tell me about our compositions and school?

Your only and affectionate sister.

There are 193 members of the family, eight teachers and one lady who attends to the domestic department; the rest are scholars, 184.

SURVIVALS OF THEOCRITUS.

It is always interesting to trace the influence of master minds on those who come after them, especially of those who are the first in their particular fields. This influence works in unsuspected ways, and while here are many conscious imitations, there are perhaps nearly as many unconscious ones. In literature, as in everything else, a man is the roduct of all the ages past.

It is almost impossible to imagine what English literature would ave been if Greek literature had not existed before it. The debt we e in matters of form and subject matter cannot be estimated, but it certain that much that is most beautiful in our literature has been ld before as beautifully by some writer of Greece. In one thing only n we feel that we have surpassed them, and that is in the essential irit of the work. Greece was pagan; England is Christian, and in is one fact lies the secret of the difference.

Among the Greek writers few have had a greater influence than

Theocritus. He was one of the first to see the beauty of the common life of every day;—the poetry of the goatherd's task and the passions of the great world in miniature at an Alexandrian fair. He has had many imitators, notably Vergil, who copied from him in the most barefaced fashion, and many later poets of our own race owe much to him, though their debt is a less tangible one.

In Spenser's "Shephearde's Calendar" are many passages that, aside from the difference in language, might well have been written by the Sicilian poet. In the "Generall Argument" the source of the idea of "Æglogues," or eclogues, is thus acknowledged: "They were first of the Greekes called Æglogai, that is, goteheardes tales. For although in Virgil and others the speakers be more shepheards than goatheards, yet Theocritus, in whom is more ground of authoritie than in Virgil, this specially from that deriving, as from the first heade and wellspring, the whole invention of these Æglogues, maketh goateheards the persons and authors of his tales."

The "Ægloga Prima," in which Colin Clout "complaineth himself of his unfortunate love," easily finds its prototype in the third idyll of Theocritus, in which the goatherd pours out his passion for Amaryllis. The subject is again taken up in the "Ægloga Sexta." The "Ægloga Octava" is thus introduced: "In this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controversie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus; whereto also Virgil fashioned his third and seventh Æglogues." The opening lines lack the charm of the Greek idyll and the whole is without the melancholy beauty of Daphnis' lament over his unrequited love, but the spirit of the Greek is there. Indeed, Spenser's work, more than that of many moderns, keeps the Greek spirit of paganism.

The last Æglogue of the "Shephearde's Calendar" is "a complaint of Colin to god Pan that calls to mind many passages in Theocritus' first idyll.

Daphnis says:—

> "O wolves and deer and mountain-dwelling bears, farewell!
> No longer shall I follow you through grove and glen."

Colin says:—

"Adieu, delightes that lulled me asleepe;
Adieu, my deare, whose love I bought so deare;
Adieu, my little lambs and loved sheepe;
Adieu, ye woodes, that oft my witnesse were;
Adieu, good Hobbinoll, that was so true;
Tell Rosalind her Colin bids her adieu."

Milton's "Lycidas," written in memory of his friend, Edward ing, affords another instance of Theocritian influence, especially of the st idyll. There is one difference in form. Instead of a goatherd urning his own unhappy fate, we have one shepherd lamenting the ath of another. The English poem naturally contains much of that rsonal element which the Greek idyll, in common with all classical etry, lacks. We feel the grief of the poet as well as his desire to ake a beautiful piece of verse. There are many striking parallels. In each instance the passage from Theocritus is quoted first.)

"Begin, O Muses dear, begin the bucolic lay!"
"Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring."

"Where were ye, nymphs, when Daphnis pined away?
Were ye within Peneius' lovely vale, by Anagro's broad stream,
Or by Mount Ætna, cloud-embraced, or Acis' sacred flood?"

"Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream."

"Farewell, O Arethusa, and ye streams
That pour your waters over Thymbris' height."

"O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
Smooth sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds."

How different are the figures that pass across the scene of Milton's erse from those of Theocritus! Instead of Hermes and Aphrodite, we

see Camus, the deity of the Cam, who comes to lament the loss to his college town, and "the pilot of the Galilean lake," St. Peter. The Greek idyll closes without a word of hope, but in "Lycidas" is found an example of Christian influence in the assurance of a future life.

The "Adonais" of Shelley, again, a lament over the death of Keats, plainly shows the influence of Theocritus, as the following passages testify:—

"Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,
When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
In darkness?"

"And others came . . . Desires and Adorations,
Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendours and Glooms and glimmering Incarnations
Of hopes and fears and twilight Phantasies."

"The mountain shepherds came,
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;
The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like heaven is bent.
. . . from her wilds Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong."

Theocritus says:—

"Came Hermes from the mountain down and spoke:—
Priapus came, and sweet and laughing Cypris too."

These sisters of Shelley's, like Milton's, differ from those of Theocritus in that they are types, figures, used in an allegorical sense, while those of the Greek are nothing more than they seem.

In "Adonais," Shelley, like Milton, strikes the note that especially distinguishes the work of these followers of Theocritus from their master,—the note of submission and hope of a future life.

"But the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal which must glow
Through time and change, unquenchably the same."

"Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
'T is we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife."

"The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments."

"The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

ow different from the close of the Daphnis idyll:—

"So Daphnis crossed the flood, and swift was borne away,
The one beloved of the Nymphs and to the Muses dear."

—HELEN BOWERMAN, 1901.

SHELLEY.

You say a burst of joy you hear? Why yes,
The song is wondrous sweet—and yet
The singer's pain, I think, we ne'er forget
E'en when the music flows in glad excess.
And now, you say, a note of deep distress?
But while we list and while our eyes are wet,
And while we hear despair, dismay, regret,
Untrammeled hope arises still to bless.

Anguish and misery must pass away
And yet their scars upon the heart remain.
The wind-tossed skiff returns to port again
And nestles safely in the peaceful bay;
But as the voyager prays with grateful tears
The sea still murmurs threatenings in his ears.

—MARTHA TAPPAN WEBSTER, 1903.

THE LAST ACT; CONFESSIONS OF A HERO.

BY HIMSELF.

Chapter III.

"In the King's name," repeated the young Lieutenant curtly, "I arrest you as a spy!"

My senses were ever sharpened by danger, my head cleared. Egad! I had need of a clear head at this moment, for there was no shirking the ugly truth. An officer of Washington's army was strangely out of place in this hotbed of loyalty; and as for a death by hanging—'t was never to my taste! Yet with something like unconcern I noted all the details of the scene. Before me in the great ballroom passed and repassed the brilliant changing throng, moving in all the grace and dignity of the minuet, ever to my mind the most beautiful and courtly of dances. The glitter of gold lace vied with the flash of jewels; gorgeous brocades and cloudy muslins shone fair against the bravery of scarlet uniforms. The laughter, the music, the stately splendor made a wondrous strange background to the little group before me, the group which for me held the center of a stage where the Hero's part hung somewhat too unsteadily between comedy and tragedy.

With one glance I swept their faces. Just before me stood the young Lieutenant, stiff and unbending, a raw English lad brimful of the pride of his new commission. Behind him the half dozen fellows of his guard, true British stolidity on every face. To my left the First Resolving Element had torn off his mask and his ruddy face showed strangely old and white as with hand on sword he watched me, waiting. At his side my Beauty, stately as ever, the proud head held high, only the flowers at her breast rose and fell unsteadily and the silken mask in her hand fell unheeded to the floor. One look into those brave imploring eyes, then I turned to the Lieutenant.

"Come, sir," said he, gruffly, "make haste!"

"Very well," said I coolly, and with that it came over me that the Villain and the Wicked Clergyman had disappeared from the throng.

I lifted my hand deliberately and loosened the mask and so stared the boy in the face with a laughing insolence that was but half assumed. "Zounds, sir!" I cried. "Have a care how you accuse gentlemen of the King's army. 'T is a ticklish business, this treason," quoth I, flicking at the lace on my cuff, "and methinks it has come to a pretty pass when His Majesty's captains are arrested as spies. 'S death, sir, an you were not on duty—I have half a mind to call you out!"

"Nay, now, Captain," cried the Resolving Element, springing forward with a laugh of relief. "'T was but a natural mistake. I answer for the Captain, sir," quoth he, bowing low to the Lieutenant.

"I ask your pardon, sir," says the Lieutenant, blushing most properly.

"'T is granted, sir," I answered carelessly. "Methinks I saw some such fellow as you seek go out from the main door some half hour ago. Did you not mark the man, Mistress Beauty?"

"That I did!" cries she, and with this she gave the Lieutenant such a smile that he needs must go off walking as if on air.

"Egad, sir, you gave me a fright!" whispered the Resolving Element. "Out of the window now, the ruse will not hold forever."

"Not a step before I have unraveled this coil."

"Then I stand guard," and drawing the heavy curtains close he vanished into the great ballroom.

So at last I found myself alone again with this dear and wayward maid, and sure of at least some moments in which I might solve the mystery of the note and this strange business of her betrothal. She stood against the crimson hangings, a brave figure in her silken finery. She wore, as I remember, a white satin brocaded in silver, the sleeves and stomacher of palest blue, the petticoat blue under a fall of white crape. Her hair she wore as I loved to see it, not tortured into one of those amazing powdered towers but rolled softly back from her radiant face, with one long shining curl caressing the white shoulder. Her cheeks were crimson, her eyes softly bright, but my heart sank as I turned to her, for this was not the gentle and tender maid of the earlier evening. She had ever as many moods as an April day, and I squared

my shoulders now with a keener sense of peril than I had felt in all that eventful day. She waited for me to begin, tapping her lips softly with the red rose in her hand.

"Is it true, Beauty, as they say, as he boasts, that you are promised to marry the Villain?"

Instantly she was all the fine lady. "La, sir, I vow I know not what that may be to you!"

"It is life or death!" said I grimly. "Is 't true?"

The dainty head went higher, the crimson in her cheeks deepened. "You have no right—" she began.

"My faith, so the Lieutenant would have it," said I with a short laugh. "But I thought not to find *you* among my enemies, Beauty. Has not the Hero ever the best right? Tell me is 't true, this foolish tale of a compact with the Villain?"

"'T is true," says she, very low.

"And why?"

"Because I choose," says my lady, meeting my eyes defiantly.

"Nay, that I will not believe!" I cried hotly.

"Why now," says the minx, saucily, "you doubt my word? 'An you were not on duty—I have half a mind to call you out.'"

But I turned away with a groan, for it cut me to the heart that she should so flout me, me who had given her the devotion of more than a lifetime. I had not gone a step when the fairest hand in the world was laid on my own and a tearful voice whispered, "Nay, my dear, my dear, forgive me. Indeed 't is because I must. Did I not tell you? Could you not guess? It is my father's honor that is at stake. 'T is a question of his very life and—I am his daughter, what can I do but save him? And 't is set for to-morrow, this hateful wedding. Nay, there is no escape. I must."

"I will not have it so," I cried. "Listen——"

"Make haste!" cried the Resolving Element, bursting upon us. "You have not a moment. Lord Howe comes to claim his dance!"

"'T is farewell forever," whispered Beauty.

"'T is farewell until our wedding day," cried I gayly. "Have no

ear, Sweetheart!" and I slipped from the open window into the garden ust as Lord Howe, surrounded by laughing courtiers, came into the loove.

I stood for a moment in the darkness, quickly resolving upon my ourse of action. I would go at once to Beauty's father and demand f him an explanation. Upon that should depend my further plans. As I made my way cautiously among the shrubbery I became conscious hat I was followed. Try as I would I could not elude my pursuer; o turning suddenly I threw myself upon the shadowy form.

"Ugh! Powdered Wig," said a familiar voice, and I recognized at nce the Second Resolving Element.

"Follow me, Skenedonk," I whispered, and again made my way autiously along close to the wall of the Governor's house.

Suddenly I heard my own name pronounced in familiar tones. ooking up I found myself just below a small open window from which ie sound came. Hastily mounting a rustic seat and motioning the ndian to silence I looked into a small ill-furnished room. Here side y side at a rickety table sat the Wicked Clergyman and the Villain ending over a package of papers.

"'T is even as I said," the Wicked Clergyman continued. "The Iero is your cousin and heir through his mother to this vast fortune hich if his claim be unknown falls to you. In the papers is absolute roof; I as a boy gained possession of them on our rescue from the irate Ship."

"And he knows?" whispered my lord.

"Absolutely nothing unless I choose to tell him. Since you offer o high a price and since he is not overrich, I think he will never know."

"'S life!" cried the Villain, laughing low, "then I have beaten im both in love and in—" Suddenly lifting his eyes he looked directly nto my face. With a cry of rage he sprang to his feet. At the same noment the seat on which I stood slipped on the frozen stones and I ell heavily to the ground, striking my head with such force as to stun ne. For a moment I revived to hear the Villain's voice, "Arrest him s a spy!" then all things faded from me. My next consciousness was

of darkness and pain; I moved and a chain rattled heavily at my feet. It took no long thought to solve the problem. I was in prison and in chains. But I was never one to despair. In all my varied experience with dungeons I had never failed to be delivered at the fitting moment. Clearly the Hero's part is action, and much action is, as clearly, impossible in a dungeon. As to the astounding news which I had just heard, my head was far too faint and dizzy to long consider it. Folding about me the prison blanket I composed myself to sleep.

I was awakened by the flickering light of a torch and looked up to see the Villain standing over me.

"So," he sneered, "you have brought your fine feathers to a strange lodging place, Master Macaroni, Master *Spy!* 'S death, 't was a tame enough capture; never was spy taken more easily."

For answer I sat up and languidly smothered a yawn, drawing out my silver repeater to tell the time. "Egad, Cousin," drawled I, "you would best have a care. These cells are counted unwholesome. Methinks you have scarce recovered from your hard ride. I fear me your valor may take a chill."

He started with anger and made as if to draw his sword. Then he turned upon his heel. "Farewell," he said, mockingly. "To-morrow is my wedding day." Even as he spoke a figure sprang out of the darkness and bore him down. The torch fell from his hand, but I seized and held it high. Its light fell upon the brown sinewy limbs of my Indian horse boy. An instant later the Villain, bound hand and foot, lay grinding his teeth in impotent fury.

"Ugh!" said my faithful Skenedonk-Nantauquas kneeling to unlock the chain that bound my ankles. "Put on mantle," said the good fellow, as I stood erect, "and hat. Hero be Villain," and he laughed noiselessly.

I threw on the mantle and cocked the hat jauntily over my eyes. Then stooping beside the prostrate Villain I drew from his breast a roll of papers which his struggle had brought to view. "Egad, Cousin," said I, "'t is but claiming my own," and followed by the faithful Indian I left the cell, locking the door from without. At

end of the long corridor I found the sleepy turnkey. "Thy prisr is violent," said I; "pay no heed to his cries."

"Not I!" quoth he with a prodigious yawn; and a moment later found ourselves once more under the wintry skies.

—*Per R. D. H. (L. N. S. S.), 1902.*

Secretary pro tem.

Chapter IV.

Once out of the prison I was of two minds, whether to make aight for camp, trusting to my disguise and mother wit to deceive sentries, or to seek shelter for the remainder of the night in Philaphia. The unthinking recklessness I had inherited drove me on to ose the latter course, and dismissing my faithful Skenedonk with a l, I left him to his own devices and pursued my way to my father's se.

I had thought to find it silent and deserted; it was neither. The ndlelight beaming forth from the windows of the withdrawing room wed the figure of the Wicked Clergyman, and opposite him that of r father, who I had thought was at the house of a friend, zealous as nself to maintain neutrality. Absorbed in converse, they heard and w none other but themselves; I knew myself absolutely safe from de:tion as I stole around the house to where the ancient grapevine grew. his had frequently served me in boyhood days as a means of entrance or of exit from my own apartment; it was to serve me again in mat:s of far more moment than the appropriation of Friend Wynneder's ars. A strange humor possessed me to enter and occupy the house om which I had been cast out, and I gained my room with the smile my lips which they ever wear in time of danger.

The discovery that the bolt was gone from my door troubled me not all; I but laid my good Toledo blade within easy reach and felt no squiet. The rise and fall of voices in the room below lulled me to pose, and I soon lost consciousness. Suddenly I started up with every se alert. Somebody was approaching my door with a slow, shuffling

step; nearer and nearer came the sounds, then ceased. My grip on my sword tightened, as I watched for the opening of the door. A breathless pause; then the shuffling step again, retreating! Oh, the kind destiny that made me a Hero! was my last reflection ere sleep again o'ercame me.

When I awoke it was broad day. Aghast at my folly in tarrying so long, I leaped from my bed and dressed in frantic haste. A glance at the stout packet underneath my pillow satisfied me that the papers were safe, and after bestowing them carefully in an inside pocket, I again sought the protection of the friendly vine. There was none to witness my descent, as the houses round about had been deserted by their patriot owners. Secure in the knowledge that my disguise as my lord Villain was excellent, I sauntered carelessly down the street on my way to Beauty's dwelling.

But of what tumult was raging in my heart I cannot pause to tell. The thought of Beauty was at once a bliss and a torture; how had she been entrapped by her insignificant sire? A weakling such as he, without a cat's courage, could he hope to set a bar betwixt my lady and her Hero-lover? Impossible; bent as he might be on working me a mischief, some powerful ally of circumstance must be at his back ere he could hope even to complicate the plot. That ally; it could not be desire for rank and title, that my long experience of this Obdurate Obstacle had made me well aware of; 't was money of which Beauty had spoken. At this moment there darted through my brain the recollection of his extravagance, the mortgaging of his estates which had preceded that visit to London—how many novels ago? I could not tell—and then a snatch of whispered gossip from some rout or drum, "Faith, lad, yon whipper-snapper hath seen full half his patrimony go across the green table, I 'll be bound!" For a moment the wild thought clutched me by the throat; must Beauty be a sacrifice to the demon of gambling? Then my faith in our high destiny came to the rescue, and as I announced my arrival by a vigorous rap of the knocker at Beauty's door, I knew no obstacle, however obstinate, no villain, however villainous, could ever part my lady and me.

I bade the lackey give his master word that my lord Villain awaited s pleasure, and in due time down came little Finery in a gay morning wn. Confident in his inability to pierce my disguise an I willed it t, I let him babble on of the wedding, scarcely heeding the words.

"I' faith, my lord," cried he, "our saucy baggage hath led you a nce of it; yet, trust me, she knoweth her duty to me and to you. Your nerosity hath made us both to cry out; your liberality, sir, in the atter of settlements makes it clear beyond a doubt that——"

"Sir," cried I, turning full upon him, "'t is clear beyond doubt at you have been a villain." For even as I spoke the truth had flashed on me. "Ay, know me, sir, Hero, true lover of your daughter; and ow yourself for a pitiable scoundrel. You have leagued yourself ith my lord Villain and with my old tutor to sell your daughter for e base coin with which to pay your debts of honor—*honor* forsooth!— id you have been deceived as it is meet such a designing wretch should ; cozened and tricked by a greater sharper than yourself. For, sir, e true heir to the gold you fancy my lord Villain's now stands before u; how long, think you, will it be ere he asserts and claims his right fore all men? Withstand him you cannot; he bids defiance to you d those who have made you their tool. Tell him if you will," as he ade some feeble sign, "that the house is surrounded by the King's en; what cares he? 'T is an old trick, that; trust me, I have foiled any an enemy aforetime. I doubt not that outside this room my lady aits me; 't were unbefitting her high position as Heroine of the pular Novel were she not; and secure in her love, I snap my fingers minions such as you. Out of my way!" for he stood between me and e door; then, as he made no movement, I seized him by the shoulder, ook him as one might a rat, and flung him fairly across the room.

Outside the door stood Beauty, waiting; but when I met her sweet es, she bent upon me such a wild, unearthly gaze, that I who had ver quailed thus far in this Last Act of my career, shrank back ap- lled, the while she murmured, "Oh, Hero, what have you done?"

"Beauty," I began, "you cannot consent to this marriage! I have d your father all—how he has been led on by a sharper and a cheat.

'T is all a fraud that has been practiced on you; say but one word to tell me that you will no longer be a partner to the scheme, against which all natural feeling must cry out!"

I was never one to pick and choose my words; and now as I looked into her marble face I cursed my blundering trick of phrase. She raised herself to her stately height and slowly said:—

"Hero, there hath been much betwixt us in the course of our lives, yet naught that gives the right to utter words like these."

Half blind with grief and self-reproach, I turned to leave her, knowing that this was final. Then there came a quick, gasping "Stay!" and I turned to see her holding out a locket which contained a faded rose.

"Hero, do you remember? Our earliest days, when we sat beneath the rosebush and you pulled this for me and wept when the thorns pricked? We were scarce three years old then and I have worn this ever since. My father—but when am I saying? Take it, Hero, and farewell!"

I took it, scarce knowing what I did. "Good angels guard you forever!" said I, and went my way.

For some moments I walked as one in a dream, till the consciousness of my perilous position warned me to be more wary. Assuming a peculiar gait known as my cousin's, I made bold to attempt passing the line of sentries stationed about Philadelphia. Awed by my resolute manner, they saluted in turn as I passed, all unsuspecting my identity. Once outside the enemy's lines, I stopped for a moment to consider what was best to be done. The papers were my first thought and immediately I drew forth the precious packet. Why not open it once more in this retired spot? Oh, gracious Heaven! the papers it contained were blank, and the proofs of my identity again in the hands of my bitterest foe!

—*Per J. B.* (*L. N. S. S.*), *1902.*
Secretary pro tem.

(*To be concluded.*)

AN UNCONSCIOUS GENIUS.

Bobby was in his element that afternoon. He was old. The presents for his eighth birthday had been looked over, admired and affectionately put away for at least the twentieth time and now he was thinking it all over. His mother had thought that a children's birthday party away from home would be quite impossible, but Miss Margaret Williams had been equal to this emergency as to all others; and Bobby had had his party. Everybody was there from Mrs. McKimmons, the cook, to Rags, the dog, who, as Miss Margaret said, was "a thoroughbred mongrel." Every invitation had been accepted, twenty by the people over at the camp and twenty more by their own family at "Roaring Brook Inn," and best of all, Mr. Jack White, one of Bobby's and Miss Margaret's particular friends, had come to surprise them and had arrived just in time for the party. There had been a big bonfire and a marshmallow toast, a corn roast and ghost stories, all in honor of one small boy; but now it was all over, and the great occasion which had brought it all about was a thing of the past. His age, however, was a thing of the present. It was hard to understand, but very delightful notwithstanding that when the birthday was only a delightful memory the newly acquired age was still a living reality.

While occupied with these deep and philosophical thoughts, Bobby was walking up and down the hotel piazza trying with all his might to acquire the unequaled gait of Mr. Jack. He felt with great satisfaction that he was succeeding very well. To be sure he expected every moment to hear his mother's voice calling to tell him to take his hands out of his pockets, but then she was a woman, and women cannot be expected to understand such things. Bobby could see his little sister Ruth playing down on the walk with the other children who were spending the summer at Roaring Brook Inn, and could hear them singing,—

"Up the ladder,
Down the ladder,
One—two—three!
Sugar, pepper, mustard, *vinegar!*"

The sound was enticing, but he turned his back upon the fascinating sight and continued his journeyings.

"Why, Bobby! are n't you lonesome all by yourself?"

Bobby turned around to see Miss Margaret Williams coming up the steps. Of all people in the world, Miss Margaret was his ideal; he loved to look at her, she was the most beautiful person imaginable; he loved to talk with her, she understood all his feelings. She even approved of his putting his hands in his pockets and she could play "mumblety-peg" nearly, but not quite, as well as he could. Above all, she seemed to appreciate Mr. Jack, who was looked upon by Bobby as nothing short of a hero.

"No, Miss Marg'ret," he answered, slowly, "I 'm not lonesome, I 'm just thinking about how old I am and about to-night. Do you know I 'm going to stay up to the play? to your play that 's to be to-night?"

"How perfectly delightful, Bobby! I coaxed your mother ever so long to let you. Why, you are getting to be a little man, are n't you! and quite 'grown up'?"

Bobby's height increased perceptibly. "Yes," he answered, with a contented smile of self-appreciation, "I am. I 'm nearly as tall as you are, don't you think so? Perhaps some day I 'll be as tall as Mr. Jack."

"Oh—yes—I guess perhaps you will. It 's fine to be tall, is n't it?" and Bobby wondered what she was laughing at and why her cheeks were so pink.

"Good-bye, little man, be sure to come to see me after the play."

"Oh, yes!" cried Bobby delightedly, "and if you hear some good loud clapping you 'll know who 's doing it, won't you?"

"Yes, indeed, I shall," and she disappeared within the door.

The piazza did not seem so pleasant after that. Bobby was tired

of being alone; he even forgot his dignity enough to wander with an indifferent air past the little group down on the sidewalk, his hands still in his pockets and his lips screwed up in a painful position as he tried to whistle "Marching through Georgia." He hoped the others would know what he was whistling. This musical performance, however, had little applause from its audience and Bobby decided to go back to the piazza.

As he walked up the steps again he heard the sound of voices coming out from a window of one of the hotel parlors, and this ardent avowal fell upon his ears:—

"Dearest, you have made me the happiest man on earth."

Then in the unmistakable voice of Miss Margaret, "You cannot be happier than I, but you are going away soon, you have promised, and —I shall be alone."

"No, not alone, you will go with me. You will not let me go alone. Tell me, is it not true?" And then Bobby heard, in a little softer voice, Miss Margaret's answer, "Yes, dear, it is true."

Bobby waited to hear no more. He hardly knew what he had heard. He only knew that his ideal had fallen, that Miss Margaret was going away and that somebody seemed to consider that she belonged to him more than to anyone else, and, oh—awful thought!—that Miss Margaret agreed with him.

Bobby's whistle stopped short. He forgot that he was eight years old. He forgot even to walk like Mr. Jack. He felt that if he could only see Mr. Jack for a little while and tell him about his sad discovery he would feel better. Mr. Jack would understand and sympathize with him, perhaps he would feel sorry too. He should hear it all when he came back from trout fishing at dinner time, and until then, well—perhaps the best thing to do would be to go and jump rope with Ruth and the others. So Bobby, the aged, the dignified, the adoring and broken-hearted, trotted nimbly down the piazza steps and was received with open arms by the gay and unsentimental jumpers and was soon calling "Sugar, pepper, mustard, vinegar!" in so lusty a voice that his lungs were shown to be whole if his heart was not.

That evening when Bobby walked into the dining room he looked eagerly around for Mr. Jack. There he was, just the same as ever, sitting at the same table with Miss Margaret and her mother and seeming as happy as if no terrible calamity were hanging over his head. How strange it was that Miss Margaret could laugh and talk so gayly when she was going away, and poor Mr. Jack could not possibly know about it! He would tell him as soon as he could.

After dinner when he stepped out on the piazza he found Mr. Jack just starting out for his customary evening stroll. Usually Bobby was left at home, for there was another companion for Mr. Jack. This evening the other companion was getting ready for the play. They walked side by side without saying anything for some time, Bobby's energy, which was usually spent in conversation, being given entirely to the labor of keeping step.

Finally he said, "Mr. Jack, did you know Miss Marg'ret is going away?"

"Why, no, Bobby, going away to-morrow, is she?"

"No, I mean to stay a long, long time, perhaps forever."

"Nonsense, Bob, what are you talking about?"

"It 's true as anything. She 's going away with a man some day, she said so herself. He asked her if she loved him enough to go with him and she said yes, she did, and they 're going soon—I heard them, Mr. Jack. I heard them through the window, but they don't know it and—I guess—I guess—" poor Bobby's emotions got the better of him, and between his sorrow at losing Miss Margaret and his excitement at telling Mr. Jack he forgot that eight-year-old boys never cry, and two big tears splashed down on his clean white sailor suit.

Mr. Jack was quiet for such a long time that Bobby wondered if he were not going to sympathize after all. He looked up questioningly but received not the slightest attention.

"Mr. Jack, are n't you sorry she 's going?" he demanded in a voice which required an immediate answer.

"It 's tough, I tell you, Bobby; you must have misunderstood, but it must have been—Great Scot! Bob, I never thought she really loved

m. I had a few fool notions in my head, that 's all. Yes, I 'm a gger fool than I thought I was. Why did n't I speak to her—be a an, Bob, be a man!"

Bobby looked at Mr. Jack in blank dismay. This disjointed speech nveyed little meaning to him. He wondered who "Great Scot" was. e had heard him spoken of before but he had never thought he was real man. However, he knew that his announcement had caused as uch grief as even his mournful spirit could desire. He felt a strong nd of sympathy between them. He wished that he could give Mr. ack a comforting pat on the shoulder, but that was impossible, he could ot reach; moreover, Mr. Jack was striding along at such a pace that obby had had to give up keeping step and to run along in quite a little oy fashion in order to keep near him.

"Mr. Jack," he panted, as he tried to get his breath, "Mr. Jack, never mind—we 've got each other left anyway and—and—we 're going to the play you know—and—it 'll be fine."

"The play? Oh yes, the play. I had forgotten it. I 'm afraid I can't go to-night, Bob."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Jack, you must go. We 'll go together and we 'll see her in the play. She 'd be sorry not to see us there, and I promised to go up and see her afterwards; won't you *please* come? It 's almost time to go now if we want to sit up near the stage," and he was so urgent in his appeals and pulled so effectually that Mr. Jack followed almost in spite of himself, and in a few minutes they had passed the camp and were back at Roaring Brook Inn, where they were soon seated in the ig hall which had been converted into a temporary theater. Bobby's pirits rose with the curtain. He gazed in undisguised admiration and ve at his beautiful Miss Margaret.

"That 's her!" he cried in an audible whisper, when she first appeared on the scene, and he did not in the least understand the warning unch given him by Mr. Jack or the smiles of the people sitting near em.

He thought Mr. Jack was not so entertaining as usual. He found : necessary to inform him, quite as a matter of interest of course, that

they were selling candy in the back of the room and that it was his favorite kind. Needless to say that bit of information was all that was necessary to bring Mr. Jack to a sense of his responsibilities. However, during the last act something happened which brought him to his senses and kept him there.

The curtain was nearly ready to fall; the heroes and heroines had all been disposed of in the most delightful and proper fashion, and Miss Margaret was now the center of interest. Her voice filled the room clearly and distinctly:—

"You cannot be happier than I, but you are going away soon, you have promised, and I—I shall be alone."

Bobby sat up very straight. His cheeks were red as roses and his eyes opened wide with excitement as he heard the answer, "No, not alone, you will go with me. You will not let me go alone. Tell me, is it not true?"

"Yes, dear, it is true."

"Oh!" exclaimed Bobby. "Oh, Mr. Jack! it 's all make-believe! She is n't going away at all. It 's all in the play. I knew she would n't go and leave us, did n't you?" and then the curtain went down and everybody clapped, and Bobby and Mr. Jack the loudest of all. Miss Margaret came out and bowed and carried a big bunch of pink roses that some one had sent her, and Mr. Jack looked very happy.

Then after the last applause was over they went up and talked to her, and Bobby felt very important as he stood beside her.

"And you are n't going away, ever, are you, Miss Marg'ret?" he asked after the last congratulations had been received and his mother had called to him to come with her, "you are n't going away, ever, are you? Mr. Jack and I thought you were because I heard you say so I told Mr. Jack and he was awful sorry, Miss Marg'ret, and he said he was a fool and lots more things. But now we know it was all make-believe and we 're glad and—" but this brilliant flow of speech was stopped at last to Mr. Jack's infinite relief by Bobby's being led away by his mother, who decided that it was time for Bobby to go to bed.

The next morning Bob received a box of candy from Mr. Jack, with

is he gave it to him, "Well, Bobby, old man, anybody can get a into a beastly mix-up, but I tell you what, it takes a genius to e follow out of it the way you did."

—MARY NORTON BROWN, 1904.

THE OLD CHEST.

Taken from a descriptive theme by MISS BECKER.

SWEET the old-time attic breathes
With lavender, thyme and rose;
While an odor faint of cherry-blooms,
On the June breeze comes and goes.
There is dust on the long brown rafters,
And the quaint-carved chest by the wall,
And yet as in days of years gone by,
A witchery hangs o'er all.

Raindrops tinkle and patter
On the roof their melodies low;
Shadows lurk in dim corners,
Wraiths of the long ago.
And the oaken chest by the stairway
Still guards, with watchful care,
The old, old secrets that folded lie,
With the gowns and the laces rare.

The rusty padlock yields again
To the key unused so long,
And with reverent hand I bring them forth,
While the rain hums its soft low song.

Lavender-scented gowns of black,
  Folded for years away,
And underneath a gown of white
  That graced a wedding day.

Out from the silken creases,
  The crumbling rose leaves fall;
Folds once dainty and fresh and white,
  Now yellowed and time-worn all.
Still to the filmy veil there clings
  A faded orange bloom,
And a sudden perfume seems to steal
  Through the little attic room.

A touch—it crumbles, falls and is gone,
  Quick as dew by sunbeams kissed,
And with it attic and chest and all,
  Melt away in a fragrant mist.

—E. B. Watson, 1905.

IN SHORT.

A Winter Nightfall.

In the foreground of a winter sunset scene stood a little, old, weather-beaten house with low roof and small, shutterless windows. All around it was the pure white snow, unbroken save for a narrow footpath that led to the back of the house. Behind the house rose the forest, pines mingled with birches. Beyond the woods the sun had just gone down leaving the western sky a brilliant, glowing red; the rosy splendor brought out in clear, cold distinctness the delicate tracery of the bare tree branches and penetrated even into the somber masses of the evergreens. Above the highest pine sparkled the evening star.

Slowly the deep red died away into pink; finer and more delicate ew the tracery of the birches; darker and darker grew the pine trees; avy shadows began to steal about the house. But up in the sky shone ighter and clearer the star.

Then the color faded from the west and all that remained was a eak of light along the horizon. The birch trees blurred against the y and the pines became a mass of blackness; the dark shadows swal- ved up the outlines of the house; but, above the darkness, still brighter amed the star.

Suddenly at one of the windows of the house there was a flicker of ht. Then a steady flame sent its rays out into the darkness. On earth, the lamp in the cabin window; and up in the sky, the star.

—Mary W. Turner, 1904.

True. I 'm not a lover of cats, and when it was made known to me that nine tiger cats lived at the Life Saving Station st next to our cottage, I did not rejoice. I did not want them lining r golf cape with hairs, or curling up in the steamer chair or hammock, d privately resolved to say, "Feline, avaunt!" at the first sign of an quisitive whisker. I am bound to admit, however, that the nine owed great consideration and tact. Several times I met one or two the breakwater, but they passed by discreetly, without arching their acks and rubbing against my skirts.

One afternoon, as I sat curled up comfortably in the hammock, nd the regular swish-swash of the outgoing tide had almost lulled me sleep, suddenly I heard something like the purring of a cat, or rather sounded as if the nine were purring in chorus. I grasped a pillow mly and waited. The sound grew louder and clearer, till at last ound the piazza stalked one tiger cat. She approached steadily, wav- g her tail, and still I did not throw that pillow. At last she came d sat directly in front of the hammock, regarding me all the while th great greenish-yellow eyes. It was quite a faint voice that said,

"Go away, nice cat," and the words were scarcely spoken when she bounded into my lap. How she sang! Not in the ordinary calm way, but with a triumphant thrilling purr, with a funny little trill at the end. She sang till she was actually hoarse, while I looked at her in helpless admiration.

Presently a little girl who loves the nine approached and said:—

"Oh, you 've got Prue! Ain't Prue an awful nice singer? Every one knows about her, 'cause she sings louder than all the others can together, most. Guess you like her pretty much, don't you?"

And Prue, opening one sleepy eye just then, dared me to deny it.

—Helene M. Pope, 1904.

Blank Cartridges.

What should we do, we who hate to confess we have no opinions particularly in regard to things literary, were it not for certain phrases which it is generally safe to use? They are so harmless, these phrases, that they are almost meaningless, yet they satisfy us, for it is better to say nothing, as long as we *say* it, than to be silent. We have read a book whose style is graceful, pleasing, sparkling, but we do not quite dare praise it lest it be unworthy. "It is a clever book," we say with an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders, and what do we mean? We have seen a vivid flash, we have heard a sharp report; for aught we can tell there is nothing but powder, yet others keener may have heard the whiz of the bullet and have seen it speed unswervingly towards the mark. Shall we praise? Anyone can fire a blank cartridge. Shall we condemn? We may but betray the dullness of our senses. "He is clever," we say, feeling confident that the flash is as bright and the report as loud whether the cartridge be blank or no.

—Martha Tappan Webster, 1903.

A Sketch.

It was just at the close of sunset prayers. We stood by the side of the road, and past us went the hundreds of worshipers in a steady stream from the big gate, down the open steps, d lost itself in the thick grove at the foot of the hill. Just above us ıs the great pagoda that crowned the summit of the hill and gave it its me. The idol-houses were crowded together at the foot of the shrine, ıring the precious space there with a few ancient cocoa palms that, tall they were, reached only halfway up its sloping sides. Great stone ns, with red and blue manes and gaping jaws, stood guard at the head the whitewashed steps. Under the shadow of one we stopped and ked down their length, and over the city, out to the river and the ıgle on the farther side.

The sun beat on the stairway with a fierceness that made its white- ıs almost a burning light. The red and yellow headdresses of the n and the silk scarfs and gala petticoats of the women were almost zzling against this brilliant setting and to the heavy green of the trees. was as if a Delhi merchant had opened one of his knotted handker- efs and poured out before us a wealth of his rubies and cat's-eyes l sapphires, as the moving crowd shifted and grew again, and finally appeared in the trees below.

Then the sun dropped down behind the jungle, there came a last am like that of a fire, as he lighted up in the distance the brilliant wers of that wonderful tree, the "flame-of-the-forest," the mist from river spread out over the rice fields in the lowlands outside the city, ere a few moving black figures showed the water-buffalo and their sters returning from the ploughing. On the stairway the straggling ›ups that were left scattered and were lost in the shadows, and the ınting of the monastery boys ceased with the sound of their feet on stone pavement.

There was yet the evening breeze to wait for. We could watch its ›roach from far down the river, for in the quick-coming darkness tree tops swayed to meet it, and signaled its coming. The cocoa ms and betel-nut groves at the lower end of the city dipped and ıt under it, and the flocks of crows in the rice fields rose with it,

circled around the hill, and dropped into the mangoes in the grove. The breeze reached the hill, and the rustling of the cocoanut fronds mingled with the sound of the hundreds of tiny bells hung at the pagoda peak.

In the darkness we heard the pattering feet of the old sweetmeat woman as she left her corner by the gate; we could dimly discern the ghostly figure of a yellow-robed priest, followed by a silent troop of temple boys. They passed, and in the blackness we could see nothing but the huge bulk of the lion outlined against the sky, while there came to our ears only the soft scraping of the cocoa palms and the music of the unending sweet tinkle of the temple bells.

—HARRIET STEVENS, 1904.

EDITORIAL.

As February is the birth month of Mary Lyon, it is thought that the first articles in this number will be of special interest. Last February there was an editorial upholding Mary Lyon's right to a place in the Hall of Fame. It is hoped that from this time each anniversary may in some way be noticed in our pages.

HERE at Mount Holyoke, if anywhere, college spirit should be strongly developed. Nowhere should a student be more loyal to her Alma Mater, more jealous of the name her college bears in the college world and in the larger world.

There is always a desire to see the institution with which one is connected stand well in the eyes of the world, and added to this is the affection the student cherishes toward the place so closely connected with the work and the pleasure, the joys and the trials of four of the richest years of her life.

Every college woman experiences these feelings, but a Mount Holyoke student should have a still deeper feeling of loyalty when she realizes the peculiar advantages that accrue to her in the privilege of being connected with an institution that has such a history behind it. She should be proud of the college, proud of the high standard of work it requires, proud of the rapid increase of its resources, and should be eager to aid with all her powers in adding to these resources.

The average Mount Holyoke student does take the greatest pride in her Alma Mater for all these reasons, but can she not go a step farther? Each student is in honor bound to keep League rules. She has had, or ought to have had, a voice in making or approving the rules and should feel it incumbent upon her to see that they are carried out properly. If her light is not out at ten and the proctor knocks, if she receives a note when her church attendance has not been as regular as it should be, or if she is remonstrated with for not attending chapel regularly, she should not feel aggrieved, for she, as much as anyone, is responsible for the regulation.

The student feels thrills of loyalty when at the campus sing she adds her voice to the other glad voices singing, "Long ago she rose and stood," but when ten o'clock comes, forgetting to go to sleep, she talks for half an hour to her roommate disturbing every one else on the corridor.

College spirit is well developed here and can in no way more effectually prove itself than in a strong and steady support of our Student League.

"Double, double, toil and trouble," seems to be the order of the day just at present as regards work. Worry from morning till night is a part of the regular college routine. We rise in the morning and groan at the thought of what is before us, and breakfast is, in general, a thought- or rather "worry-ful" meal. We rush to chapel and from one recitation to another with abstracted gaze and mind busily working on conjugations, reactions, and dates; lunch is mechanically eaten to an accompaniment of remarks on "what they did in the morning division,"

and what "She" wants you to know. The afternoon is the same and we straggle in to our places at dinner with a worn-out air, to make and listen to more remarks concerning "the studying to be done to-night," "the written quiz to-morrow" or "that paper due next week."

Such an atmosphere is positively unhealthful for body, mind and soul. To encourage it is to lessen one's power over others and her own ability to meet real trouble when it comes; to discourage it is to rise superior to the petty trials of our narrow world and make for ourselves the broad outlook which is one of the aims of every collegian. It is invariably the busiest girl—she of many offices—who is the cheeriest and who always has time for one thing more,—and it is as invariably the meekest freshman who always has so much to do that she "simply has no time to spare."

Granted that the courses here are hard, it does not necessarily follow that they are any harder than those in other institutions of correspondingly high rank,—and it is true that they are not. In our great universities it is always the man who talks the most about his trials who is set down as the one least able to overcome them, and for all the remarks they cause, papers, special topics, examinations and such methods of torture might almost not exist. Yet life beneath the elms of Harvard and within "old Eli's" walls is none the less studious on that account. Of a truth, the scholarly atmosphere is not one surcharged with worry.

Now that a new semester is begun why not give to it a new atmosphere of cheer? A little more concentration, a little less worry; a little more exercise in the glorious out of doors, and a little less fudge will work wonders. Try it and see! and—if a bit of sermonizing be not out of place in an editorial—take this as your motto in your campaign against the tyrant "worry":—

"Do ye work that 's nearest, though it 's dull at whiles,
Helping, when you meet them, lame dogs over stiles."

One of last month's editorials closed with the following paragraph:—

"President Woolley, in her talk before the Students' League, emhasized the fact that the faculty were merely recommending, not equiring, such a system. The question as to its adoption is left entirely ith the girls. Should the League decide to accept the suggestion, and ake outdoor exercise compulsory, it would find, as has already been ound in other colleges, that the system has many advantages, improvng both the physical and the intellectual condition of the students."

This should be corrected, because the faculty have already voted in avor of compulsory exercise.

Sometime ago a wrong version was given of the origin of the ame *Llamarada*. The "true story" has been sent by one of the editors f the first volume of the *Llamarada*. "The name was suggested to the oard among others by Miss Mary Hartley, now Mrs. Louis G. Rogers f Buffalo. She was assistant in German and French at that time."

DEPARTMENT NOTES.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

At the December meeting of the Archæological Club, among the interestg subjects considered were the results of the American Expedition to bylonia and the recent finds in the island of Crete made by the British hool at Athens.

Miss Annie D. Knight ('03) gave a brief report of the excavations in bylonia. "After a preliminary journey in 1885, Dr. William Hayes Ward ommended that an American expedition be put into the field for actual rk. In 1888 an expedition was sent out by the University of Pennsylvania l excavations were begun on the mound of Niffer, the site of the ancient ppur. Troubles with the Turks and Arabs interrupted the work, but in te of such difficulties, brilliant results were attained. Four distinct camigns were made, a third, the most important, in 1893, and a fourth in 1899.

During the larger part of the time, Dr. J. H. Haynes directly superintended the work, Professor H. V. Hilprecht of the University of Pennsylvania acting as scientific director.

"In the course of these four campaigns a large number of antiquities of interest and value were brought to light, vases, bronzes, coins, and many thousand inscribed tablets, furnishing a vast store of literature. The ruins of an immense ziggurat built by Ur-Gur about 2,800 B. C. have been unearthed, below which was discovered another pavement of the time of Sargon and his son, Naram Sin; while still further excavations proved the existence of at least two temples below the pavement of Naram Sin, which cannot be dated later than 6,000 or even 7,000 B. C. In the division of the antiquities the University of Pennsylvania has been justly rewarded by a valuable share in the treasures from Nippur."

Miss Edith Abbott ('04) in reporting "Latest News from Crete," told of the finds at Knossos and Phaestos. "The British School, since 1890 under the guidance of Mr. Arthur J. Evans, has carried on work in Crete. A vast pre-Mycenæan palace was discovered at Knossos, covering over five acres and containing courts, private apartments, state chambers, bath rooms and galleries, the sewerage and sanitary arrangements of this palace being quite modern in character. Fragments of wall frescoes in a fair state of preservation still remain. These represent processions of men and women, giving an idea of the dress of the times. Miniature paintings on delicate blue backgrounds picture scenes in courts and gardens, while among the figures that of a cup-bearer is especially to be mentioned.

"Many treasures of historical and artistic value were found, large deposits of clay tablets bearing pre-Phœnician inscriptions both linear and pictorial; statuettes and mosaics in large numbers. An exquisitely wrought draught board incased in a frame of marguerites testifies to the skill of the workers in gold and ivory. Several fragments of sculpture point to a connection with foreign countries. Such are a diorite figure similar to Egyptian work of the twelfth dynasty, an alabaster vase bearing the name of an Hyksos king, and a gold-mounted cylinder of lapis lazuli, showing Babylonian influence.

"At Phaestos, the excavations were under the supervision of the Italian Archæological Mission. Another palace of immense proportions was uncovered here. It contains a colonnaded court, surpassing any before discovered, megaron, store chambers and private apartments. This palace is architecturally more beautiful than that at Knossos, but less rich and grand."

Miss Abbott's report was illustrated by a series of photographs sent to the college by Miss Ransom ('96), after a voyage to Crete last spring.

day evening, January 24, the club came together at Dwight Hall to
rts from the annual meeting of the American Archæological Insti-
December 31st to January 2d, at Princeton. Miss Boalt gave an
: the delightful place of meeting, the address of welcome by President
Wilson of the University, and the charming reception tendered the
at the President's house. Miss Boalt also referred to the exhibition
niversity Library of photographs, casts and the like, illustrating
e by the expedition to Syria under the leadership of Professor Butler
ton. An outline was further given of some of the valuable papers
e meeting: "Post Mycenæan Influences in Cyprus," Dr. Baur of New
The Greek Colonial Movement as a Commercial Factor," Professor
f Bryn Mawr College; "A Comparison of the scenes on White
and on Grave Stelae," Professor Fairbanks of the State University
and "The Rule of Symmetry in Oriental Art," Dr. William Hayes
New York city.

Katharine Wolcott Dwight, who was present at the Princeton meet-
sday, January 1, told briefly of the interesting address by Professor
f Michigan University on "The older Parthenon," and by Miss Alice
of Washington on "The Significance of Dress."

these reports, a paper was read before the club by Miss Florence E.
('03) on "The Bronze Charioteer of Delphi," a cast of which, ordered
is, is expected at Dwight Hall within the year. Concerning Delphi
rench excavations, Miss Randolph read a few extracts from letters
y Miss Ransom during a recent visit to Delphi and Troy, giving
rt of Dr. Dörpfeld's very interesting lectures at these ancient sites.

MUSIC.

T of eighty-nine volumes has just been made to the department of
These volumes come from the library of the late George W. Steele
great addition to the musical library. About one half of the books
t publications on musical history; the other half are old and rare
which can be obtained only with great difficulty.

GERMAN.

DAY afternoon, January 27, Professor Kuno Francke of the depart-
German literature at Harvard University, read to the German
and their friends selections from Hauptmann's latest drama, *Der*
nrich. Professor Francke introduced the reading with a brief esti-

mate of the work, expressing his conviction that this drama will endure as a powerful representation of struggle and final victory.

In the evening Professor Francke spoke to a large audience in the chapel on "German City Life in the Middle Ages." A brief abstract of the lecture follows.

Public life in the German cities of the Middle Ages formed a threefold union of apparently opposing forces, uniting as it did liberty and order, private enterprise and devotion to public interests, material things with those of a spiritual nature. In the consideration of the extent to which the cities of this period were representatives of liberty and order, the development of emancipation, continuing from the tenth to the fifteenth centuries, may be followed through three distinct and successive steps. At the beginning of the period the cities were little more than settlements made up of bondsmen, and there was not a trace of civic independence to be found among them. With the gradual increase of local commerce, however, the settlers began to work with a view to private gain and the Bishops, to whom heretofore had been paid all the wages earned, received now either stated tributes or fixed sums of money. The second step toward civic liberty was taken in the thirteenth century, when a City Council was established. The transition from agricultural to industrial activity had led to a conflict between the Bishops and the more prominent citizens, the former clinging to the primitive agricultural idea, the latter demanding a government corresponding to the growth of the city. The Council, in this its earliest form, was made up entirely of those families who were distinguished either for birth or for wealth, and, with its powers of perpetuating itself and of participation in public affairs, it became the basis of an oligarchical form of government. The rise of the guilds, which up to the thirteenth century had concerned themselves solely with the economic phase of life, constitutes the third step in the advancement of the cities toward political liberty. The loss of disinterested devotion to the public welfare, on the part of the members of the Council, had led to the adoption of measures so arbitrary and unreasonable that the guilds had arisen in opposition to the tyranny of this ruling body. A bitter contest followed which toward the close of the fourteenth century resulted in the reorganization of the city government on a democratic basis, with a Council whose members were chosen equally from the guilds and patrician families, and in the extension of the franchise to all property holders. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the Council had two distinctive features: the possession of exclusive control of public offices and official authority, and the continuity of its administrative principles. To this Council is due the establishment of

aristocracy without factions, a monarchy without tyranny, and a democ- without disorder.

The fact that in the fifteenth century Germany was the world's center ndustrial and commercial activity proves how well this new form of govnent succeeded in reconciling the interests of the individual with those he public. The cause of this extraordinary activity lay in the guilds, the of which was the use of the individual success of its members to the advan- of the other members in the community. From this close relationship ting between the guilds and the community there arose a labor legislation h placed the greatest emphasis on individual responsibility. The weak of the paternal spirit, which disregarded such matters as municipal tation, and set up a multitude of rules that seem to-day intolerable, was eighed by the moral effect on the community. Personal dignity and ect for law were fostered.

The success of the government in encouraging ideal aspirations in the st of material pursuits is abundantly illustrated. The number of cathes built and the subscriptions given for the founding of monastic orders time when the population of the cities was comparatively small, prove the people with all their material prosperity were not without religious or. This union of the spiritual and material phases of life is no better n than in the manner of celebrating the popular holidays with processs and plays significant of the religious life. The causes of the decadence inning with the sixteenth century lay in the unfortunate affairs of the pire rather than in the policy of the cities to whose spirit and traditions German cities of to-day owe their life.

Professor Francke has recently been appointed curator of the Germanic seum. The success of the museum has largely been due to his untiring rts both in this country and abroad, Professor Francke having given much e last year to choosing the photographs and casts now in place in the seum. The present quarters will prove too small for the collection when Emperor's gifts arrive in the spring.

A contribution of twenty-five dollars has made the German department fe member of the Germanic Museum Association. The department hopes nake an annual contribution that it may have its share in adding to the ection which will undoubtedly become one of national interest.

A German play is announced for March 10, the proceeds of which are to used for the benefit of the department. Dr. Hinsdale hopes to purchase tographs for the class rooms during her stay in Germany.

PHYSIOLOGY.

DR. THOMAS DENISON WOOD, professor of Physical Education of Teachers College, Columbia University, spoke in Assembly Hall, Wednesday evening, January 21. Dr. Wood is a graduate of Oberlin College, where he also took his A.M degree in 1891. He received his medical degree in 1891 from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University. He was director of the Men's Gymnasium at Oberlin College, 1886-1888, and professor of hygiene and organic training at Leland Stanford University, 1891-1901.

Dr. Wood's subject was "Health and Human Efficiency." Some of the points he made were as follows:—

We have high mental and moral ideals. To realize these we must have a sound body. We are filled with admiration for those who do great work in spite of poor health, and forget that with better health they would probably be able to do still greater things. We are satisfied with average health, but "average is the greatest hindrance to the best." One has not good health when one maintains a certain condition, but only when one is constantly improving one's condition. In the definition of hygiene the emphasis should be put on the improvement rather than on the preservation of health.

Health is not an end in itself, but a means for the development of the best and highest in human life. High, unselfish ideals of life and conduct are essential to health, and health is essential to the attainment of these. Time and strength used for the improvement of health are not taken from other things; we can do more in the time left when the proper amount of time is taken for health than in the whole time without this. Keep health in the bank.

People in general have less knowledge of the things that pertain to health than of any other subject of equal importance. Knowledge and definite purpose are necessary in order for man to maintain and improve his health, for in our evolution we have left the condition in which instinct is sufficient as it is for the lower animals.

ASTRONOMY.

PROFESSOR YOUNG of Princeton University will give a course of six or seven lectures during the month of February. These lectures will be of general interest and open to all.

GEOLOGY.

SEVERAL books of special value have been recently added to the geological department of the library. Among these is "The Diamond Mines of South

," by Gardner F. Williams; a most interesting account of the history mines from their earliest discovery until now. The book is profusely ated.

nother valuable work is "Asiatic Russia," by Prof. G. F. Wright of n. This book is in two volumes, and is also finely illustrated. It gives nirable account, among other matters, of the geologic events that have to make of Siberia the favorable country that it is for settlement. It ubtless surprise many to read of the rich, broad areas and the wealth in that there await cultivation and development.

everal gifts in the form of small collections have recently come to the m, one of fossils, illustrating the Cincinnati Group, from Miss eth Crowther, class of '87, and another, chiefly of fossils, from Dr. S. S. n of Chaumont, N. Y.

iss Cowles attended the meetings of the Geological Society of America, n Washington, D. C., during "Convocation Week," from December 27 uary 4.

PHYSICS.

VERY fine cathetometer has just been received from Geneva, Switzerland, e in the physics department.

COLLEGE NOTES.

N the afternoon of Wednesday, January 14, Mr. Hammond gave the in the series of organ recitals for the year. He was assisted by Miss de Heald, soprano, 1903, and the following programme was greatly d:—

1 in D major ..... *Wolstenholme*

I Grave. Allegro.
II Adagio.
III Allegretto.

le to 2d act of "Isaia" ..... *Mancinelli*

Arranged for the organ by N. H. ALLEN.

'Come Unto Him" ..... *Handel*

From the Oratorio, "The Messiah."

MISS HEALD.

Fantasie in F major ..... *Lux*

Sicilian Mariners' Hymn.

Abendfriede ..... *Rheinberger*
Chant, Sans Paroles ..... *Lemare*
Gavotte, "Mignon" ..... *Thomas*
Songs—
"The Die Post" ..... *Schubert*
"Mighty Lak' a Rose" ..... *Nevin*
"'T was April" ..... *Nevin*

MISS HEALD.

Marcia Villereccia ..... *Fumagalli*

A very helpful address was given by Dr. Alexander McKenzie of Cambridge, who spoke at the midweek service on January 15.

On Wednesday, January 21, Professor Thomas Wood of the Teachers College, Columbia, gave an interesting lecture on "Health and Human Efficiency."

The week of prayer was observed during the week beginning Thursday, January 22. Short prayer meetings were held each evening, and the week closed with the Day of Prayer for Colleges on January 29. Dr. Wilton Merle Smith of New York spoke in the afternoon on "Power and Its Responsibility."

The week beginning January 30 was devoted to semester examinations, and it was with great relief that the second semester, beginning Friday, February 6, was welcomed.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION NOTES.

CALENDAR OF MEETINGS.

Thursday, February 5.

Subject: "Kept by the Power of God." Leader, Louise Dodge.

Sunday, February 8.

A missionary meeting, addressed by Mr. Henry W. Hicks of Boston.

The leaders of the meetings held during the Week of Prayer were Dr. Clapp ('71), Miss Effie Smith ('86), Miss Helen Calder ('98), Miss Marie Welles (1900), Miss Alice Browne (1900), Miss Fanny Perkins (1902), and

Alice Warner (Smith, 1903), president of the Y. W. C. A. in Smith
e.

business meeting of the association was held January 10, at which
of the term's work were given by the different committees. A letter
Miss Olive Hoyt ('97) was read at this meeting.

cal Service Committee.

ne Practical Service Committee aims to be useful to the students in
s ways.

he Exchange Committee had in charge the loaning of books in the fall,
ass having been made in the spring and the books catalogued during
nmer. Over seventy dollars passed through the hands of the committee.
he Employment Bureau has answered all demands for work. At present
are many more girls who would like work than those who wish work

he Lost and Found Committee has charge of all articles found on the
s, and as far as possible returns them to their owners. Each morning
is in the association room to receive any who bring found articles or
e for lost ones. From time to time a sale of unclaimed articles is held.
arnestly hoped that every article that is found will be brought at once
association room.

he Room Committee has been unsually busy this fall, owing to the
e of location from Brigham to Wilder. Four new chairs, curtains for
ws and bookcase, a fern, and six pillow covers have been added to the
hings of the room. The sweeping, dusting, and lighting is regularly
by members of the committee, who also assist in decorating for recep-
The room is lighted for general use every evening except Saturday,
nyone who wishes a quiet place for study is urged to take advantage of
pportunity.

he Poster Committee has made sixteen posters for association meetings.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

HE Alumnæ Association of Washington, D. C., held its first meeting in
er at the home of Mrs. Eugene E. Stevens (Gertrude MacNulty, '93),
Columbia road. A revision of the constitution was the important fea-
f the meeting. The officers of the association for the year 1902-1903 are:

President, Mrs. Julia T. Bodfish; vice-presidents, Mrs. Eugene E. Stevens and Miss Lucy Hewitt; recording secretary, Miss Alice Clark; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Edward L. Morris; treasurer, Mrs. Robert S. Browne. Programme Committee: Mrs. Frank G. Wilkins, Mrs. James H. Hensley, Mrs. Mary H. Myers and Miss Sadie B. Pritchett.

On the 19th of November a most enjoyable evening was spent with Mrs. Theodore W. Birney, at her home in Chevy Chase, Md. The programme for the evening consisted of vocal solos by Mr. Eugene E. Stevens and piano selections by Mrs. Bodfish and Mrs. Wilkins. A social hour followed by a supper closed the evening. On Wednesday afternoon, December 17, the meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Edward L. Morris, 1679 31st street.

In response to roll call, each member gave some interesting note on "Current Events." The topic for the afternoon was "Child Labor in the South." Mrs. Theodore W. Birney, who has had the privilege of visiting in the interests of philanthropy the cotton mills of Alabama and South Carolina, gave an interesting introduction to the subject, which was followed with papers by Mrs. Morris, Miss Clark, and Mrs. White.

On Friday afternoon, January 2, an informal reception was held at the home of Mrs. Bodfish, 58 B street, N. E., in honor of visiting alumnæ. In spite of a most disagreeable afternoon, nearly fifty of the alumnæ gathered to meet the members of the faculty who had come to Washington to attend the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The members of the faculty present were: Dr. Cornelia M. Clapp, Miss Cowles, Miss Keith, Miss Laird, Miss Moore, Miss Young. Dr. Clapp gave a few interesting incidents about the Mount Holyoke of to-day, and Miss Edith Richardson ('03) spoke of the Student League and the necessity of a student building.

The annual Christmas tea of the Worcester Association was held Saturday afternoon, January 3. The colonial suite of the new Woman's Club building made a most attractive place for the gathering to be held, and, although the weather was stormy, nearly the usual number attended. The hours were from three to five, and during that time the Ideal Banjo and Mandolin Club furnished music, adding much to the occasion. In the receiving line were Mrs. Arthur Comins, president of the association, Miss Greene, registrar of the college, Miss Averill and Mrs. Gaylord.

'66. Miss Elizabeth Davis sailed January 10 for Europe, expecting to spend the winter in Italy and the summer in Switzerland and England. Her address is, Care Brown, Shipley & Co., London.

Miss Abbie Ellis visited college recently.

Mary F. Farnham is Dean of Women and Professor of the English Language and Literature in Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oregon. During the past year, which she spent in Europe, she gave special attention to literary and historical work in the universities.

Miss Mary C. Bradford, who taught in the Latin department from 1880-1900, is spending the winter in Asheville, N. C.

Miss Frances Dean is making her home in New Haven, Conn.

Miss Elizabeth M. Elliot teaches mathematics and science in Fairmount Seminary, Washington, D. C.

Mr. F. C. Lowman, the husband of Mary Coryell Lowman, died November 5, 1902, at his home in Nichols, N. Y.

Miss Etta M. Eaton is employed as computer in the Naval Observatory, Washington.

Miss Ida Galloway is teaching in one of the high schools, New York city.

Grace Berry, who is Dean of Colby College, Waterville, Maine, spent a few days at college recently.

Clara Hix is teacher in high school, New York city.

(Non-graduate) Harriet Pierson is employed in the catalogue room of the Congressional Library, Washington.

Minnie T. Herrick, who has been teaching in the Girls' College, Constantinople, is at present studying German at Göttingen.

(Non-graduate) Theresa Soule is teaching in Skyland Institute, Blowing Rock, N. C.

Olive Hoyt is spending three months with Cora Keith ('96) in Maebashi, Japan.

(Non-graduate) Belle Sage has a position in high school, New York city.

Elizabeth Stowell is teacher in Williamsburg Academy, Williamsburg, Ky. She writes that the destruction of two dormitories by fire within the past year has not discouraged them, and that they have gone as bravely to work at the task of rebuilding as Holyoke did in '96.

Hide Yegasira is back at the Plum Blossom Girls' School, Osaka, Japan.

Ida Dougherty is studying under Howard Pyle, Wilmington, Del. She designed the covers for the December numbers of *Frank Leslie's Monthly* and *The Delineator*. Next winter she expects to have an independent studio.

Grace McKinley is spending several weeks in Washington with her brother and her aunt, Miss Helen McKinley.

Elizabeth Potwin is teaching in the high school at Windsor, Conn.

'01. Ethelyn Hull has resigned her position in the high school, Madison, Conn., to accept one in the normal school, Willimantic, Conn. Sophia Dudley is taking her place at Madison.

Lavinia Rose was a recent visitor at college.

Irma Wieand is studying this year at Jena, Germany.

'02. A few visitors at college lately were Maude Aldrich, Frances Bell, Anne Davies, Blanche Hellyar, Eleanor Parsons, Edith Peck, Fanny Perkins, Clara Tillinghast.

Louise Gilman has accepted a position to teach in the fifth grade in Easthampton, Mass.

Florence Messer has a position to teach the sixth grade, Reading, Mass.

Eleanor Parsons has entered the library training class in the Springfield Library.

(Non-graduate) Mary E. Pierson is in Laconia, N. H., for a few months finishing portraits enlarged by a photographic process. She is in the employ of a Boston firm.

Fanny Reed is doing club and class work in connection with the Gospel Settlement, 211 Clinton street, New York city.

'05. (Non-graduate) Elsie R. Metcalf has entered Simmons College Library training school, Boston.

MARRIAGES.

'78. (Non-graduate) Holmes—Smith. In Randolph, Mass., November 19, 1902, Harry B. Holmes of Lyme, N. H., and Mary E. Smith of Winchester, N. H. At home in Winchester, N. H.

'86. Fuller—Fisherdick. July, 1902, W. H. Fuller and Anna L. Fisherdick. At home Palmer, Mass.

Ferguson—Fitch. July 18, 1902, Edwin Ferguson and Orianna P. Fitch.

'89. Köhler—Williams. October 21, 1902, at Catasauqua, Penn., Richard Otto Köhler of Chemnitz, Saxony, and Grace Williams.

'97. (Non-graduate) Jones—Fisher. December 29, 1902, at La Belle, Missouri, Lewis Jones and Mary Margaret Fisher.

'99. Garfield—Owen. December 30, at Barton, Vt., Rev. John Pearl Garfield and Julia French Owen. At home after February 1, Enfield, Conn.

'02. (Non-graduate) Sinclair—Alexander. January 28, 1903, Washingon, D. C., Robert Soutter Sinclair and Elizabeth Jeannette Alexander. At home after April 13, 816 Third avenue, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

DEATHS.

'50. (Non-graduate) Miss Mary A. Dickinson, December 26, 1902, at Romeo, Mich.

'57. (Non-graduate) Mrs. Virginia Thrall Smith, January 3, 1903, at her home in Hartford, Conn.

'87. (Non-graduate) Elsie D. McIntyre, October 23, 1902, at Catasauqua, Penn.

CLASS OF 1850 (NON-GRADUATE).

The death of Miss Mary A. Dickinson at Romeo, Mich., December 26, emoves an old-time pupil of Mount Holyoke and a loyal friend and supporter f the college. Miss Dickinson was one of those rare women whom to meet is steemed a privilege and whom to know intimately is an inspiration.

Possessed of a winning and dignified presence, with a mind enriched by ravel and the finer culture that comes from books, she took an unusual interest n all things pertaining to educational and missionary effort, and during a ng life kept herself young by keeping in touch with the world's work and evoting herself to high ideals.

The late Dr. Todd said of her that she "was the brightest woman he ever et." At the same time she never forgot to be the gracious lady, and the iend to be depended upon. Her interest in Mount Holyoke College was rengthened with every year, and she was a firm believer in its work and in s future.

Miss Dickinson will be especially remembered through her timely and luable gift to the college, a membership in the Egypt Exploration Fund. he membership secures to the department of art and archæology the very portant and handsomely illustrated annual publications of the Fund, to- ther with some share in the distribution of original illustrative material om Egypt. Only the past summer two boxes of ushabti, Egyptian terra tta figurines, were received at Dwight Hall, forwarded from the American anch of the Egyptian Exploration Fund in Boston.

Concerning this unique and self-perpetuating gift, Miss Dickinson wrote a recent letter to Miss Randolph: "The offering is a little one, but it is companied with a real desire that the students of Mount Holyoke College

should reap in a larger way what I have tasted in the narrow limits of my studies within the past few years.

"It seems more and more marvelous to me that the records of these early peoples should have remained concealed until this late time, and I most devoutly feel that these discoveries have been reserved for this generation for some specific purpose.

"Do you recall a sentence of Rev. Josiah Strong in 'Our Country' which might be appropriated by the Egypt Exploration Fund? He says, 'The inner chambers of God's great granite safes, where the silver and gold have been stored for ages to enrich this generation, are fastened with time locks, set for the advent of the railway.'

"Safes made of sand are just as secure as granite safes—when they are God's. So it is proved in old Egypt."

IN MEMORIAM.

Whereas, our beloved friend and classmate, Freda Jeannette Williams, has been called home by our Heavenly Father,

Resolved, that we express the high esteem in which she was held by us because of her sweet, sunny disposition, her gracious ways and Christian character; and our feeling of loss in this first break in our class ranks.

Resolved, that we tender our sincere sympathy to her family and friends.

Resolved, that these resolutions be placed on the class records, that a copy be sent to her family and to THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

For the class of '97.

NETTIE EVELINE COOLIDGE, *President.*
ELLA MARINDA DEYO, *Vice-President.*
MARTHA J. TAYLOR, *Secretary.*

OTHER COLLEGES.

News for the month seems to consist largely of alumni association meetgs, fraternity conventions, and the like. Several new buildings are reported, owever, among which the following figure prominently:—

The University of Michigan is the proud possessor of a new engineering uilding in process of construction, the estimated cost of which is $140,000. t will consist of a main part and three wings, and will contain, among its ost important features, a naval testing tank, compressed air room, hydraulic aboratory, cold storage department, steam engine room and electric rooms.

Of the $125,000 necessary for the erection of Harvard's new philosophy uilding, only about $65,000 has been raised. The building is to be called Emerson Hall," and it is greatly hoped that the corner-stone may be laid on ay 25, which date is the 100th anniversary of the birth of Emerson.

The trustees of the University of Pennsylvania have for some time been quiring land adjoining that on which the university stands, and now the uilding of a new dormitory, which shall be the first to be erected outside the esent limits of the university grounds, has been announced. This building, hich is to cost $200,000, is the gift of Joseph Wharton, founder of the harton school of finance and economy at the University of Pennsylvania. he whole present endowment of this school was the gift of Mr. Wharton. The mand for dormitory rooms for next year is already much greater than the pply and, in consequence, five large private houses owned by the corporation ll be converted into dormitories and rented to students. Meanwhile, an dition to the old dormitories is being built.

Princeton is rejoicing over the announcement that she is soon to have new dormitory. The classes from '92 to '97 are planning to erect one in the othic style, and the class of 1902 has just made the announcement that in a years it will give a dormitory to the university.

EXCHANGES.

Having recovered from a temporary bewilderment resulting from the nfusion of brilliant colored magazines recently received, and having scanned th care the inner pages of these periodicals, one comes to feel that the outer nfusion suggests that within. Our feeling while reading page after page this printed matter is one of disappointment, occasionally varied by pleasure

at finding a few thoughtful and attractive articles. This criticism should be qualified, however, by saying that the Christmas vacation has interrupted somewhat the usual flow of exchanges, so that some of our most interesting visitors have not yet arrived.

The stories are distinctly sentimental, and show an obvious striving for that curious twist of thought or expression, that peculiar quality of writing which creates a passing interest and earns the ambiguous adjective "clever." When the clever twist is not accomplished, the style becomes inane. Many bits of writing are smooth and musical, but what do they mean? Sound without thought will leave but an ephemeral impression.

One editor has remarked that the cause of so much poor writing is the necessity for frequent publication; this seems a reasonable explanation. Less frequent publication might result in a reserve supply of ideas and more careful technique.

The Monthly Maroon has two animated articles, one "On the Pleasure of Spending Money," and the other, "Education of Women." The author of the last believes that woman is as yet a "long way from ideal womanhood." The education of women, it is further said, will not be suited to their needs, until it has ceased to be imitative of men's education.

Some of the best verse of the month is the following:—

FOR THE MADNESS OF OUT OF DOORS.

Oh, it 's not love, it 's not love!
  It 's only the world and I!
And it 's not the red of the passionate rose,
  But the far, cold red of the sky!
And whether the wind lean down like a fate
  And sing to the stripped trees their dole,
Myself is running apace with the world;
  Myself, and the world's own soul!
Oh, it 's not love, it 's not love!
  It 's only the world and I!
It 's only this joy of the being alive,
  And the singing up to the sky!

Oh, it 's not love, it 's not love!
  It 's only the song and the leap!
It 's only the lifting of arms to the moon,
  Half-poised on the sky-cliff's steep.

And whether the wind swoop down like a hawk
  And wrest the day from the land,
Myself is praying the world-prayer strong,
  And standing where world-priests stand.
And soon as the temple-veil of the clouds
  Is rent by my wild, high prayer,
The temple lights of the stars shine out
  And the Moon God stands in the air.
Oh, it 's not love, it 's not love
  That makes me worship and cry;
It 's only the prayer of the world and myself,
  To the rest of the world in the sky!

—*Smith College Monthly.*

THE STORM.

Out of the cloud-banked west it rolls
  Far o'er the moaning sea;
Over the reef the bell buoy tolls
Fitful warnings of sunken shoals,
Telling of shipwrecked, storm-tossed souls,
  Telling its tale to me.

Screaming and wheeling the gulls fly low
  Breasting the hissing spray;
Down drops the sun and the lurid glow
Fades from the piled up clouds that go
Sailing across the heavens slow,
  Sport of the winds at play.

Hark to the shriek of the squall that leaps
  Down from the inky sky!
Woe to the bark whose pilot sleeps,
Woe to the wife who vigil keeps,
Woe to the sweetheart who waits and weeps,
  Woe, ye, who fear to die.

—*The Morningside.*

BARE BOUGHS.

Bare boughs, stark-black, and gaunt, and seeming-old;
  Yet, even so, more beautiful, some say,
  Than when first fair in lushest greens of May,
Or gaudy-rich in autumn's red and gold;
These plain, black lines against the sky's gray cold
  Have yet a grace beyond the bright and gay—
  The tragic beauty of the color Gray—
Such beauty as the sad, old ballads hold.
Not otherwise some Lives of which we know,
  Tho' stript by storms of every living joy,
The buds of hope, too, dead beneath the snow—
All pain and weariness and ever dull,
  Have still this grace which no winds can destroy,
Quite bare, yet most exceeding beautiful.

—*The Minnesota Magazine.*

THE LETTER FROM HOME

How gladly do I spy it;
How speedily I seize it;
And with what joy I read it;
Then into sweet dreams weave it,—
  The letter from home.

The paper 's not the finest make,
The writing may be cramped,
'T was written when the hour was late,
With a mother's love is stamped
  The letter from home.

I saunter down the village street,
Cross neighbors' thresholds o'er,
I live again 'mid friendships sweet,
See faces loved of yore
  In the letter from home.

Pre-eminent among earth's joys
This one shall ever be,
While next in close proximity
Seems *Johnson's* store to me,
  To the letter from home.

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THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

ol. XII. MARCH, 1903. No. 7.

ANNA GRACE MCGOVERN, 1903, *Editor-in-Chief.*

Editors.

AY FISKE, 1903. IVA JUNE SMITH, 1903.

HARLOTTE ELLEN FARNHAM, 1904. EDITH LILLIAN SMITH, 1904.

HARRIET MURDOCK MARCY, 1904.

HELENE MAUD POPE, 1904, *Business Manager.*

ARGUERITE ELIZABETH BOWEN, 1905, *Assistant Business Manager.*

ENGLISH SCHOOL LIFE IN FICTION.

IN his book on "Anglo-Saxon Superiority," M. Demolin attributes e supremacy of that race largely to the school training of its youth. f these youth and their equipment he says, "The young men brought p in the Anglo-Saxon way,—that is, made strong in their bodies, accus- med to material facts, having been always treated as men, trained to ly upon themselves alone, and looking upon life as a battle,—bring superabundance of youthful strength to cope with the struggles of istence; they enjoy these difficulties, expect them, triumph over em; fitted as they are for the strife, they improve in the midst of it in their element."

The same idea is voiced by the old serving man in "Lorna Doone," ıo, arriving in the school yard before his young master's greatest fight, ys, "I zim thee had better faight, Jan. There be a dale o' fighting ore thee. Best wai to begin gude taime laike."

C. W. H.

The present national system of elementary education dates from 1870 and its schools have not yet found a place in literature. Before their establishment, village schools were supported by patrons or by the church. Such were the schools kept by the "Schoolmaster" in "Old Curiosity Shop" and by Jane Eyre at Morton. The instruction was of the most rudimentary nature. A little reading, less arithmetic and geography, and as much catechism as possible was the curriculum. The children of the laboring classes only attended; those of the well-to-do were taught at home or were sent to private or public schools.

Private schools have received but scanty commendation from their chroniclers. Of the worst of these, Dickens is the historian *par excellence*. In "Nicholas Nickleby," "David Copperfield," and "Dombey and Son," he has shown us the coarse, brutal master, the underfed ushers, the dingy schoolroom, and the half-starved boys treated in the morning to treacle and brimstone, eating their poor porridge "for much the same reason that some savages eat earth,—lest they should be inconveniently hungry when there is nothing to eat." Trembling with fear "the children sat" before Nicholas, "crowding and shoving together, and seeming to lack spirit to move about."

Dotheboy's Hall is no doubt an extreme type, a caricature with a purpose; but Dickens is not alone in the portrayal of these physically and morally degrading establishments. Thackeray, too, bears witness to their existence in the glimpse he gives us of Dr. Swishtail's Academy.

Mr. Hughes tells us that the private school which Tom Brown attended was a "fair, average specimen" of its class; but tested by Mr. Hughes's standard it utterly failed. The ushers, whose duty it was to be constantly with the boys, encouraged tale-bearing and bullying, and paid more attention to the "ramming of Greek and Latin into the boys than to making them good English citizens."

The report of the Endowed Schools' Commission drew attention to the fact that the teachers in many schools were ill adapted to their work. "Sometimes the pedagogue was an extremely agreeable type of English clergyman and gentleman, . . . one of the most delightful people to fill a place in a picnic party; but who, in an evil hour, had taken to

schoolmastering. . . . Frequently he was . . . really a scholar, or had a pretty turn for science, archæology or metaphysics. The unimpeachable character of the pursuit did not much mend matters." Of these two types, does not the first claim the Reverend Mr. Stelling to whom Tom Tulliver was sent to gain a knowledge which would outwit the lawyers? And, though with all due respect we place him there, must not the good old Dr. Strong with his gaiters and his dictionary be included in the second class? We even venture to hint that to all he was not so inspiring as to young David fresh from the companionship of Mr. Micawber and Mealy Potatoes.

In the private schools for girls, whether we take Amelia Sedley's or Lucy Deane's or Gwendolen Harleth's, or Jane Eyre's orphanage, or, in later times, the school where Mrs. Ward's Marcella was so wretched, we find the same stern uncompromising discipline combined with superficiality of mental training. We would like, though, to know the pupils of the large-souled Maggie Tulliver.

Thackeray gives us the equipment of a young lady at the close of her school life. Miss Amelia Sedley is presented to her parents "as a young lady not unworthy to occupy a fitting position in their refined and polished circle." They are assured that, besides being adorned with the virtues of a young English gentlewoman, sweetness, industry and obedience, "she will realize her *friends' fondest hopes* in music, dancing, orthography and every variety of embroidery and needlework." "A careful and undeviating use of the backboard four hours daily for the next three years is recommended."

Mary Somerville in her "Personal Reminiscences" describes the torture of the backboard in an account of schoolgirl life uncolored by the license of fiction. With steel bands drawing her shoulder blades together and a steel rod supporting her chin she and all the younger girls were obliged to prepare their lessons. The chief exercise was "to learn by heart a page of Johnson's Dictionary, not only to spell the words, give their parts of speech and meanings but, as an exercise of memory, to remember the order of succession."

It is in the public schools such as Eton, Rugby, Winchester and

others, that we see especially that self-reliance which M. Demolin praises in the English youth. "The general principles on which the great public schools are administered," says a writer upon English life, "are, first, that of recognizing and organizing the natural tendencies of the boys; and, secondly, that of appealing to their good feeling and honor." In consequence of this, the monitorial system has grown up, which recognizes the fact that large boys will control smaller, and has become an organ tending to lessen the abuse of this instinct. The Englishman feels, too, that it is a part of education to learn to rule and a waste of power not to utilize the governing instinct. Therefore, under the head master and his associates, the older boys exercise control.

"Tom Brown's School Days" is, of course, the final authority upon English public school life. In it is shown by one who never outgrew his boyhood, the English boy's love of out-of-door life and physical manliness, his sturdiness, his honor, and his spiritual nature; and, on the other hand, the provision for developing these traits. Kipling in the "Brushwood Boy" has given us almost an epitome of "Tom Brown."

"Above all, he (the Brushwood Boy) was responsible for that thing called the tone of the school. . . . Home was a far-away country . . . but school was the real world where things of vital importance happened and crises arose that must be dealt with promptly and quietly. . . . Behind him, but not too near, was the wise and temperate head . . . leading him on to see how boys and men are all of a piece, and how he who can handle the one will assuredly in time control the other."

" . . . So, Cottar, *major*, went the way of hundreds before him . . He did not know that he bore with him from school and college a character worth much fine gold, but was pleased to find his mess so kindly . . . His training had set the public school mask upon his face, and had taught him how many were the things 'no fellow can do.' "

When we consider that it is from schools of this kind that the men who govern England came, the testimony of English fiction certainly strengthens M. Demolin's argument. The boy, who, like Tom Brown, is "chucked into a great school—like a young bear with all his troubles before him," will, if he is of the right stuff, bring with him a super-

›undance of youthful strength to cope with the struggles of existence, ıd will show himself a man in the strife.

—Elizabeth B. Potwin, 1901.

THE LAST ACT; CONFESSIONS OF A HERO.

BY HIMSELF.

Chapter V.

My first impulse was to return at once to the city and make search r the genuine papers, but a moment's consideration convinced me that ch a course would be foolhardy. The deception which held the Villain ıprisoned could not continue forever, and perhaps at this very moment was in pursuit. The result of an encounter would be my capture stead of the securing of the papers. Even as I reached this conclu›n I observed a rough-looking fellow loitering along the road a few ls behind me, and seeming to eye my movements with half-disguised ›erest. To test the truth of my suspicion I turned carelessly from › main road into a blind path which led, I knew, only to a dilapidated ; cabin in the woods, long since deserted. If the man followed, it ıld be with no other motive than to watch me. The ruse succeeded ly too well for my peace of mind. As I turned, half way up the th, as if to regain the knife I had purposely dropped, I saw the ruffian ›ser to me than before. To turn towards camp now would be to ›ure my immediate arrest. It was at this juncture that I had cause bless the roving spirit of my boyhood which had made me familiar th every foot of ground in the region, and now gave me immense vantage over these intruding British.

In the neighborhood of the cabin I pretended to scan the under›ush for a healing herb, here and there digging a few roots with my ıife blade. Then with an air of dissatisfaction I struck into the

forest as if in further quest of herbs, by a path leading away from our camp. For a while I continued the simulated search for roots, but, when I had so doubled and twisted on my track that my pursuer could not know in what direction I led, I strode rapidly by zigzag paths toward camp and soon had the satisfaction of knowing that the spy had abandoned the pursuit.

My progress had been so delayed that it was near four when I arrived at my tent. My hand was on the flap when I heard a step behind me and started with the nervousness resulting from the day's excitement and privation.

"Do not be alarmed," said a voice which I at once recognized as General Washington's. "I have only come to look for my aide. Your long absence alarmed me."

"I am most sorry," I returned, saluting him with reverence, "to have caused General Washington uneasiness. I had hoped you would not notice my delay."

"Ah," he replied, with great seriousness, "these are troublous times;" and he added the prophetic words, "If I am to be the father of my country, I must be on the alert for all that passes."

A sudden wave of confidence and love swept over me as I gazed upon his noble features. It was a feeling I recognized at once, for in all my adventures it had never failed to come when I was face to face with a real historical hero. I knew that it meant that I should presently make him my confidant, so despite a certain fear lest he chide me for my rash visit to Philadelphia, I began my story at once.

A tear glistened in the General's eye as I concluded, and placing one hand on my shoulder he said:—

"May good fortune attend you, my boy. Win your lady, and I promise to be present at your wedding. You may depend upon me," he added, as he walked slowly away, "for you know I cannot tell a lie."

Entering the tent I paced restlessly to and fro, for though weary to the point of exhaustion I could not so far belie my character as to cease striding up and down like a caged lion. Over and over in my mind I turned the situation, always arriving at the unanswerable

eries, "How can I rescue Beauty from the Villain and give her the ivilege of marrying the Hero?" and, "How can the plot be resolved one more chapter when the papers are still in the Villain's hands?"

Suddenly the front of my tent was thrown open and Powdered ig burst in, breathless.

"Man—just taken—trying pass lines," he gasped. "Say he—only ınt—give this. Arrested—for spy."

He thrust a note into my hand and sank down to recover from his haustion. Though the note showed evidences of haste, correct spell- g made it a striking contrast to the note given me by the Clergyman.

"Dear Hero," I read, "I send you this by a faithful servant, trusting you free him should he be arrested. Beauty leaves Philadelphia at half-past ır this afternoon to seek refuge with rebel friends—the family of the verend Mr. Todmore—beyond the river. Will cross by the ford nearest the el camp. Send word to Todmore at once to prepare for her reception, and urself meet her on your side of the ford. I will see that she has escort so far.

"Yours in faithful service,

"First Resolving Element."

A horrible realization came over me. I knew, as my friend evi- ntly did not, that though the ford had been regarded as nearly impass- le and left unguarded on the Philadelphia side until that day, it ıs now once more in charge of a sentry directly under the Villain's mmand. Without the countersign, Beauty not only could not pass, t would be arrested in the attempt and brought before the Villain.

I glanced at my watch. It was now a quarter before five. In lf an hour she would have reached the ford. I hastily scrawled a te to the Rev. Mr. Todmore and handed it to the boy, with a few ief but accurate directions for reaching the house. Then I buckled saddle upon my good mare Trix, fortunately in a shed close at hand, .d leaping to her back was off for the ford.

The sentries gazed in wonder as I gave the countersign, and tried warn me of the guard at the other side, but I was gone before their ords were out, and now, wholly hidden from the opposite bank by the rly winter darkness, I plunged into the icy flood. The ford, though

an easy one in summer, was barely passable now, for the water was almost to my knees as I rode, and so cold that I thought it must freeze poor Trix's blood. But she pressed forward bravely while I whispered words of encouragement in her ear. We were half way over when a great mass of floating ice struck full upon us, and we were swept down beyond our depth in the stream. A moment's frantic effort while Trix struck out with swimming stroke, and we were safe once more upon the bar. The shore seemed near now, and there, I knew, paced the sentry of the king.

A few rods from land I turned Trix's head at an angle down stream, and without hesitation she swam with me diagonally across to the river bank. This brought me to a clump of bushes a short distance below the sentry's beat. I tied Trix to a tree close by the water, throwing over her the dry cape of my own army cloak, and taking care that she was wholly concealed in the shadow of the bank. Then I crawled stealthily up through the bushes. I was now on a level with the sentry and near enough to hear his footfalls as he reached the extremity of his beat nearest my hiding place. I consulted my watch. It was five minutes after five, and I had at most ten minutes in which to advance from my present stand to a point some distance up the road which led straight from the ford to Philadelphia at right angles to the bank and its skirting road. In such a position I could hope to warn Beauty before she was seen by the sentry, and persuade her to turn back. The moon, just now emerging from clouds, made clearly visible a tall tree a quarter of a mile up the Philadelphia road, and I fixed upon this as the point toward which to aim. As soon as the sentry had turned his back and begun to pace away from me, I stole forth from my covert and advanced diagonally across the shore road directly toward the tree. By the time the sentry turned I was safe in the field beyond the road. Here, however, I found myself in marshy ground, and was obliged to abandon the direct route to the tree and strike out at once for the lower end of the Philadelphia road. I was within a stone's throw of the fence when I heard the rumble of wheels not three rods distant and saw a farm wagon approaching. The sentry heard, too, for he turned and stood

ıcing the approaching team, ready to challenge its advance. Anxiously scanned the faces of the occupants of the seat. Beside the sturdy ırmer who drove sat one who appeared to be his wife, gray-haired, ent and meanly clad. But by the miraculous power of discernment hich had never failed me in my rôle of Hero, I immediately recognized leauty. My efforts had been in vain; I was too late.

"Halt!" cried the sentry. "Who goes there?"

"Farmer Wilkins," answered the man, evidently quite unprepared or the challenge.

"The countersign?" demanded the sentry.

The farmer's face paled, but my beloved one straightened herself nd cleared her voice to speak. Again my hero-soul was supreme, and read her uncertainty and her resolve at a desperate move.

"Lorance—Darthea—Jocelyn"—she began, and I knew that she as acting on the certainty that the Villain had made her own name ıe password. "Virginia—Mary—"

The sentry had dropped his gun and seemed to wait, satisfied with ıe beginning but impatient for the end of the countersign.

"Janice—Cornelia—Charlotte," she continued, in clear, deliberate nes.

That 's enough," the sentry said, wearily. "The rest would take night."

The bewildered farmer whipped his horses and they started across ı river road just as the sound of galloping steeds was heard. Beauty ned deathly pale. She knew, as did I, that the pursuit was upon her.

One startled cry she uttered as down the road thundered a black ırger bearing the low-browed Villain, while at his back clattered a f-dozen armed attendants. In vain the farmer lashed his strong m horses and brought them to the very brink of the seething water. used to such fierce cuts of the whip, they reared and recoiled. As nade a sudden mad dash across the road, with some wild notion of ıring Trix and so bearing Beauty across the ford in safety, I saw brave girl seize the reins and the horses yield to that magic touch. t though in trembling submission they plunged obediently into the

foaming stream, it was all too late. With a yell that might have befitted the leader of a band of redskins the Villain was upon them.

A confused sight of upturned wagon, suppliant farmer, defiant Beauty and triumphant soldiers, the sound of a fusillade of shots from the sentries on both banks, then a rush of stars before my eyes, and all was dark.

—Per R. K. K. (L. N. S. S.), 1902.

Secretary pro tem.

Chapter VI.

If perchance there creep into this chronicle too many of a Hero's stock phrases, too much of the machinery of his trade, I know he will be forgiven. Because forsooth I ride a Trix or a Rollo at breakneck, sword-out, villain-spitting gallop through interminable lines of bristling type, does Little Beauty fancy I am a fit subject for the Humane Society? Or does Hero Junior flatter himself I shall soon be sated with adventures? Were it not for me, historical novels had never been invented. And were it not for historical novels, what wearying inanity and endless improbability would we lack in our lives!

But my narrative loiters.

When I came clearly to my senses I was racing neck to neck with the Villain. I seemed to have been galloping thus for ages. At full tilt we crashed through the wooded road; on either hand the forest flew past us, an interminable on-rushing blackness, turning aside impenetrably every silver dart of the moon. The keen sting of the wind was in my face; the dull thud of the hoofs was in my ears; before my eyes that shadowy, galloping figure bearing my lady on his arm; in my heart fierce joy and hatred.

The melée at the ford, my stumble, the early part of that wild ride punctured by the shots of friend and foe, were to me as the pantomime of a dream: I saw myself overtaking and cutting down the Villain's companions, not as myself but as some puppet jerked through his part

an invisible hand. Only this was real, this straining race through e darkness. To end in resolution or catastrophe—who might tell? or what is one man's comedy is another's tragedy. 'T was ever thus. ver at the crucial moment some nicety of thought, some refinement reflection, will crop up in my brain and turn my mind to a very ilosopher's garden. Yet am I dull-witted enough in general without icks of phrase to turn my lady's sallies when it pleases her to play ith me.

And Beauty? There had come no word from her, no scream. Fear id its cold clutch on my heart. Might she be hurt? But no. Well knew Beauty's pride. Never would she by ineffectual struggle or ootless outcry add to the Villain's evil satisfaction. Nor might she lo aught save tangle into harder knots the threads of this parti-colored eb we wove, this masque of life and play of hearts—a Villain's, a Iero's and a Maid's. Yet where her hands were bound, mine were ree. And glad was I to feel the fierce blood leaping in my veins and o know that for what I had to do I had also the power.

"An you be not a coward, Villain," I cried, "turn and fight."

Even as I spoke I knew the man felt he risked too much in show- ng himself faint-heart in Beauty's presence and I understood not, there- ore, why he disdained my challenge.

Leaning from my saddle I struck him sharply in the face with my are hand. "To warm your blood, my lord Craven," said I, "my ould-be bridegroom," and I laughed loudly.

I had scarce time to leap from my horse before his steel crossed ine.

"Who laughs last, laughs best," he cried. "To it, Sluggard. If dig not my graves deep enough this time——"

"Marry," I broke in, "this time methinks thou digst thine own."

"Not so fast, my fine Quaker buck," he sneered thickly, noting the mile still on my face. His lunge would have needed no second stroke ad I not leaped aside. We closed and at once I recognized a master roke. Yet quick as was his hand, I felt mine would be ever quicker. hink it not strange that I should be so confident, for he is slower-

brained than I who knows not 't is the Hero that ever takes the trick. Methought the Villain remembered this and gave way a pace but ere I could press my advantage he was at me again with a thrust so subtle and venomous that I was forced to play all the skill I was master of to hold my own. Hatred had conquered fear in his heart.

Ah, these quiet times men prate of! Each to his like, say I. And for me, give me a good blade in my hand and my dearest foe armed to the teeth not two feet off! One glance I stole at Beauty leaning white and still against a mossy tree trunk, disguise thrown aside, her hands clasped on her breast, her eyes following my every motion. I paid for the picture with a prick in my shoulder. Then I set my dear maid's face before my thought and struck for her with all my skill and might. The Villain swayed back into the shadows and his sword flashed in the moonlight as it clattered on the frozen road.

Before I could turn to Beauty the muffled thud of horses' hoofs smote my ear and in a second a score of mounted forms surrounded us, as though sprung from earth like Jason's human crop, so unheralded was their approach.

"Well ridden, my men," cries the Villain recovering himself, "and just in time, though I had thought to have met ye somewhat earlier. Wilt laugh now, my prince of rags and tatters?" turning to me. "Trice him up, my lads. Morley, bring me a horse. And you, Mistress——"

The moonlight still glittered on cold steel and my lord's teeth snapped his sentence short as a dozen torches revealed the masques of highwaymen. A more evil-looking set of rogues it has never been my mishap to clap eyes upon. Naught of mercy might we expect from these marauders. I glanced at my companions. The Villain stood erect, his head held high and haughty, the wicked beauty of his face lit arrogantly by the torches' glare, a thin trickle of blood reddening the ruffles on his breast; and beside me, pale and pure and unshaken as a lily, my Beauty, her eyes fixed proudly-beseeching on my face.

With a loud guffaw the captain, he of the scarcely healed slash on the head and the pink satin waistcoat, approached her. Then and there I caught at the rein of that ofttimes lucky steed, Sheer Audacity, and

g myself into the saddle I stepped before Beauty and ran the
hrough with as little compunction as I would have killed a rat,
ffed my cap to the whole devilish crew with the boldest flourish
command.

[o, gentlemen," I cried, "press not too close. Put up, put up.
t one gentleman of the road meet others, aye and settle with one
ıom he hath a quarrel without all taking a hand in the game?
" says I, noting a movement of astonishment among the pack,
not know me then? Faith, I had not thought to find such igno-
Fame is a short-winded gossip an' t it be she 's not blown you
ıe. Turpin*—" and I smiled gently at the rascally circle.

.eir mouths widened in amazement, perchance in mirth. But
not to think of what might seem a human certainty—failure.
kes were too great to recoup my throw if I lost.

ıe laid his hand on his sword hilt. "Odsbodikins! He—
!" he sneered with a hideous laugh.

'es, Turpin," I repeated steadily, staring the fellow in the eye.
ı, than whom there 's none on the road more feared in England
olonies; Turpin, against whom your whilom captain ran up too
score to pay in British crowns or booty; Turpin, your leader for
ıt. An you know me not, you shall strike an acquaintance with
rd. 'T will freshen your memories mightily as 't will cure your
" I paused and glared around me.

.et him have his way," yelled a ruffian with a broken arm forcing
r forward.

grim shout approved this speech, and the rascals crowded up
g and swearing to claim a niche in the past I had so suddenly
l as my own. But this was no more to my taste than a rope's
I fell back upon all the vituperations known to the Villain's vo-
y, devoutly hoping Beauty had sealed her ears.

TOR's NOTE:—The famous Dick Turpin was executed in 1739. This
tance would appear to have slipt the memory both of Captain Hero
the highwaymen.

"Mount," I ordered at last. "You, sirrah of the yellow breeches, bring hither horses for my prisoners. Now forward."

Thus we rode, we three and the murderous roadsters. And from my lady's eyes that night I drank of a rare wine, an intoxication that thrilled my blood. In a truce with Death we rode and knew it, a truce to be broken at any moment when the taste of my bravado should cease to tickle these rascals' palates, when my ruse should begin to weary their fancy.

How long the play held I know not. It seemed a lifetime, yet perchance the sand had but run a quarter of its course when the scene shifted. The forest fell away behind us and we rode beneath the open sky. The moon was slipping toward the horizon among clouds and here and there a star lit its pale torch as from her departing radiance. From the dimness before us came a sound of many hoofs, the shouts and laughter of men, the blast of a bugle.

The Villain lifted his head more proudly and leaned toward us. "My troupe," he said smiling. "It blows your wedding march, lady."

Together he and I wheeled our horses and covered Beauty, but as the masked ruffians dashed forward he spoke again.

"Your Hero here shall see you in your wedding dress, my bride, before the hangman has his way."

"You mistake, sir," returned Beauty quietly. "He'll sooner see me in my shroud."

Then they were upon us. My lord rose in his stirrups. "Rescue!" he thundered. "To the rescue, Morley!"

Verily I want not another such coil. Clash and flash and whirl of steel, quicker than eye, swifter than thought. Account we two had given of a dozen ere there was a rush of hoofs behind us.

"Cut down the knaves," shouted the Villain. "No quarter!"

A charge of British dragoons and the conflict had swept past us.

The Villain turned to me with a sneer. "Who laughs best now, Sir Spy?" He motioned to the red-coated cavalrymen to close in around me. "'T is a rope's end and a short shift;" quoth he, "too often have ye thwarted my plans. For you, Mistress Beauty," flicking at the stiff

ıss clumps with his sword, "my name shall salve any wound your ıor may have taken; much is forgiven a maid an she be made a wife."

Tall and cold Beauty looked upon the man. Egad, I had thought see him shrivel 'neath her eyes. Then she crossed to my side and ıe made to prevent her.

"I marry not a coward or a knave, my lord Villain," says she with ı in her tones and her head in the air.

I took her hand and though there was small occasion for dalliance ›ressed my lips upon it.

"'Slife, you have your answer, my lord," said I grinning un-ɔasantly.

"That have I not," cried he in a terrible rage. "The day is mine d my wedding day, young fool. 'T is a wiser man than thou that ows when he 's beaten——"

"Say you so, my most wise cousin?" cried I with a laugh of relief d a mocking bow. "Look yonder."

With the others Beauty followed the direction of my eyes.

"La, sir," says she sweetly to the Villain, "since when have you ld command of rebel troops, my lord? Hast taken a commission ıder His Excellency, Mr. Washington?"

I waited not for the Villain's answer. With one arm around ɔauty and sword drawn I sprang outside the circle of steel as the sol-ers leaped forward. A brown sinewy arm shot between me and a yonet thrust and like a thunderbolt my brave lads fell upon the scat-red dragoons turning victory to rout, plucking safety from defeat and ath. But 't was a victory dearly bought by the life of my faithful ıdian horseboy, Powdered Wig.

"Faith, Hero," cried the aide Hamilton, "'t was he dragged us ther, willy nilly, declaring you were in some danger. Verily a wild ose chase it seemed till now."

"He hath ever served me to his own hurt," said I sadly, rising om the Indian's side as a horseman galloped up.

"The Villain?" I demanded.

"Gone, captain," gasped the man. "Escaped with a handful of

his men though we chased 'em half a mile. 'Sdeath, 't is a devil on a horse."

"Let be," said I. "You have done well, my lads. A drink of Jamaica to each man when we reach camp." I knew and my heart was glad that the Villain's part was played. "To horse," I ordered. "Sound return."

I made my way back to Beauty. I found her beside a prostrate figure.

"'T is the Wicked Clergyman, Hero," murmured she, "he would speak with you."

I frowned. "He hath done me harm enough," I said.

"Nay," says my lady softly. "He is nigh death, sir. You will speak to him?"

I bent over my old tutor.

"Yea," said he faintly, "'t is so, Hero. I have worked you ill, truly, yet now am I minded to undo the evil an I may. I was ever open to a bid from you. And I liked you, lad, but the Villain's service paid the higher wages. The papers——"

"The papers?" I questioned.

"In my waistcoat," he murmured.

I drew them out. Again I held a fortune in my hand.

"You knew—I stole them in your sleep—last night? They certify your rights," the Wicked Clergyman continued in stronger tones. "You through your mother are sole heir to immense wealth. An you claim it not, 't will fall to the Villain. He paid me dearly for my silence." His voice failed a moment, then he went on softly. "I was that boy your grandfather rescued from the wreckage of the pirate ship. Your mother—'t was a winsome little maid——"

We rose from our knees, my Beauty and I, and she held out her hand for the papers.

"You want this fortune, sir?" turning the documents over and over with a frown on her white brow.

"Not I," I answered. "'T is not of my seeking, Beauty, nay, nor

my desiring. Egad, I have enough for us both and to spare—and fortune, I have thee."

"Yea, sir; i'faith, methinks you are rich," she said softly. "And Villain is grown a poor man."

She stood a moment, her eyes on my face. Then quicker than ought she flung the papers into the flame of a fallen torch that blazed side us on the ground.

"We will not be selfish, sir."

I caught her in my arms and laughed for pure relief. She was ine, aye, she had proved it past unsaying, for what was mine she ated now as hers.

"Sweetheart," said I, as she lifted her fair cheek to my bronzed , "Sweetheart, the act is ended, the curtain falls. 'T is but left for to be happy, my lady, and say the epilogue. Strife and villainy and nplication are behind us; love and joy and quietness before us. 'T is wedding day, dear maid, thy wedding day and mine. And the solving Element——"

Here Beauty took up the word. "'T is to him we owe our happi-s," she said tremulously, her eyes soft and very tender.

"Bless his brave English heart," I added.

And with winter all around us but with the singing of the spring-e in our hearts, we rode side by side through the evening gloom, rode light and warmth and eager welcoming hands—and to the Reverend . Todmore.

THE END.

—*Per B. B. G.* (*L. N. S. S.*), 1902.

Secretary pro tem.

AFTERWORD.

When I penned the figure of a play and the last act, I little thought have its finality final. Yet so it is. Verily, when a man has diced d fought, loved and conquered, bluffed and brazened as long as have small wonder if it wearies other men to hear of his exploits *ad infini-*

tum. Yet I dreamed not the public would be bored so soon. *Soon,* say I? There is an end to all things and it boots me not to stay to the finish. So I leave this business, this reckless, devil-may-care, blood-and-steel stage of the historical novel, leave it to who of my understudies may choose to remain. Mark you, they are of lesser breed; the only original Hero warranted does this day quit the theater of history.

To whom it may interest I will state here and now that I am of two minds as to the course I shall pursue. My choice is a very weather-cock and veers now this way, now that! At one whiff I am all for becoming a Newport swell; the next, for running for United States president. Madame Beauty inclines to the latter career as being more in keeping with her colonial ancestry, and General Washington would, I feel sure, with his customary gallantry agree with my wife. Certainly my war record insures success. I may—who knows?

But a light hand rests on my shoulder. My lady, mine through many a lifetime of devoted service, leans over me in the firelight. Grown older is the dear face of that gay and wayward maid who fled through the winter darkness from redcoat to rebel, older yet none the less fair in my eyes. I tell her so as my fingers close upon the little hand and I draw it to my lips. A roguish light darts into Beauty's eyes.

"Will you never tire, sir," says she softly, "of such flattery?"

"Nay," I answer soberly, "'t is but the truth, Sweetheart."

And so holding her hand in mine and with her sweet face looking over my shoulder I write *Finis* after this chronicle.

—*Per B. B. G.*

A GLIMPSE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY JEW IN THE DRAMA.

THE position of the Jew in the life of the seventeenth century was not an enviable one. An outcast and wanderer over the earth, a Hebrew had no rights of citizenship, no claims to friendship in the lands where he sojourned. His stay in a city or country depended in no way upon his own desires but altogether upon the laws and customs of the country or the whims and caprices of its rulers. Even when financial difficulties made him a convenience because of his money bags, he was none the less despised by the people to whom he was useful. The universal feeling of the time was expressed by Salanio when he said of Tubal, "Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew."

The seventeenth century estimate of the Jew was arrived at by hearsay more than by experience with representatives of the nation. Among the popular legends was that of St. Hugh of Lincoln, whose mysterious disappearance two hundred years before had been laid at the door of the Jew. The widespread suspicion and fear of the race caused by this story was increased by the appearance in the last years of the sixteenth century of Barabas, the Jew of Malta.

His character as it appeared on the English stage has been summed up by Charles Lamb in his criticisms of early plays. "Barabas," he says, "is a mere monster, brought in with a large painted nose, to please the rabble. He kills in sport, poisons whole nunneries, invents infernal machines. He is just such an exhibition as a century or two later might have been played before the Londoners by the royal command, when a general pillage and massacre of the Hebrews had been resolved on by the cabinet." Unconvincing as a typical Jew as Barabas appeared to Charles Lamb, it is not safe to suppose the mass of people who heard the play had the penetration of the essayist.

So it was that when Shylock, a merchant of Venice, appeared, he had the traditional qualities of the Jew, but, what is a matter for surprise, he combined with them qualities associated with his people when they were the chosen ones. The traditional qualities of racial exclusiveness, hatred of the Christians, avarice and greed for gold, were recognized as the regulation features of the Jew, as much a part of him as his long nose and Jewish gaberdine. The exclusiveness which kept him apart from all other people had earlier in his history been coupled with a peculiar reverence for family ties and a warm affection for his own kin. Shylock shows a trace of this feeling when he says, "Jessica, my girl."

He is made human. His hatred of the Christians is shown to be, if not a righteous indignation, at least one easily excused. Antonio's manner and address when he asks for the loan of three thousand ducats is contemptuous and insulting without any provocation on the part of Shylock. The remark that "sufferance is the badge of all his tribe" with which Shylock consoles himself does not apply to any virtue of patience or long-suffering in himself. The frenzy which seizes him under the torture of Tubal, who works upon his emotions by alternating reports of his enemies' losses and those of his daughter's extravagance, brings out his passionate rebellion against injustice. From this time on he is known as one of a stiff-necked and rebellious generation who endures insults because he must, after using all the force he has to prevent or avenge them.

Shylock at home, ridiculed by his daughter and deceived by all his household, has a companion in his sufferings in Harpagon, the Jew of the French stage. Whether L'Avare represents a later development of relations between the Jew and Christian or not, it is evident that the Hebrew was as interesting to Molière in the last years of the century as he had been to Shakespeare at its beginning. In this play, the spectator, without any preliminary glance into the street or the office of the money changer, sees the miser in his home. The scene is recognized as a counterpart of the one which Jessica describes when she says, "Our house is hell."

Harpagon is first of all a miser. The results of his ruling passion appear in the starved horses, insolent servants, and cunning, distrustful children. Like Shylock he loses his money and vents his despair in excited exclamations which combine curiously the ridiculous and pathetic. The climax is reached when the miser falls in love with a poor girl. A situation like this which usually brings out all the generous impulses of the man, when it finds none, emphasizes most strikingly the lack of them. Harpagon after much agitated deliberation decides to marry without a dower but absolutely refuses to provide a supper for his bride. The extent to which he is ruled by this meanness brings him to the borderland of the grotesque, but the genuine human discomfort which he displays makes him still a man.

Shylock is heroic, with a strength and depth which Harpagon does not approach. His bursts of passion, with the ring of feeling long shut in, show themselves when the tumult within is too great to permit outside calm. Harpagon in his extremity of helplessness is pitiful. His complaints have something of childish petulance intermingled with the woe of a man who is struggling against great forces and recognizes his impotence. Shylock, when he leaves the court room, dishonored, penniless, without a friend or kinsman, by his brief, "I am content," makes it evident that pity is the one indignity he hopes still to escape.

—Helen Frazer, 1903.

VINETA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELIM MÜLLER.

From the deep, deep fathoms of the ocean,
Evening bells are ringing, soft and low;
And they bring me strange and wondrous tidings
From a city of the Long Ago.

Sunk forever in the deep blue waters,
Still its towers, ruined now and old,
Stand in beauty, by the waves reflected,
Flash in gleams of fiery, liquid gold.

When the boatman, in the haze of sunset,
Once has seen that fleeting image bright,
Careless how the crags may 'round him threaten,
Still he seeks again the wondrous light.

From the deep of my heart, faintly pealing,
Like the bells of evening, soft and low,
Come to me the oft-repeated mem'ries
Of a love I cherished long ago.

There the ruins of a world of beauty,
As they flash in fitful, mystic gleams,
Are reflected, like the stars of heaven,
Mirrored in the ocean of my dreams.

How I long to sink beneath those waters!
Seek that city of the Long Ago!
For I fancy still that angel voices
Gently call from out the depths below.

—Hellen J. Gay, 1904.

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"A DOUBLE ROMANCE."

ſADAME's kindergarten was flourishing. The devoted mammas
ntreal had all decided that Madame was exactly the proper per-
amuse their children, and it saved so much trouble of getting
ıesses. Madame was not always as sweet, however, as these fond
ıas imagined. Had she not, this very morning, aided the villain
ındergarten tragedy? For there are such tragedies.
'he American boy who had come in simply as a visitor had been
ro, and of course there had to be a heroine. The tragedy had been
ıt about by a quarrel between the hero and the villain, quite as
ıld be. The villain had teased the heroine unmercifully at recess
ng her black curls to the iron fence in the play yard, so that she
ade a prisoner. All the little boys and girls stood in great awe
villain, so no one came to the heroine's rescue until the hero saw
ight. He was a real son of the Rebellion; there was no lack of
ıg blood in his veins. With his chubby fist he knocked the villain
the grass, and in a twinkling the pretty prisoner was free. Of
the vanquished set up a deafening howl, whereat the tragedy
Madame promptly tied the hero up in a corner, with his back
room, so that he could not even see the tears of sympathy
stood in the eyes of the heroine, all for him. He was
:oud to tell of the villain's misdemeanors, and the heroine
oo little to explain it all, so there the hero stood. He
ɜally the picture of misery as he choked back the sobs, hating
ne and the villain with all his five year old might. But the
y had a romance. At the end of school, as the hero trudged sul-
ıome a soft little hand was slipped into his and right in front of
ɜtone house he received a silent kiss of thanks from his grateful
e. Neither the hero nor heroine saw the mother smile from the
w. The heroine had run quickly up the steps into the house with
:y smile and nod, and the hero was gazing admiringly after her.

That was all. The next day the American boy and his mother went away, and the heroine was left without a champion.

It had been a cold, gray day in Saint Pierre. The village was never particularly prepossessing, and to-day it was at its worst. The wind howled dismally, and the Saint Lawrence groaned beneath its load of ice. The little French houses looked quite ready to tumble down at the wind's command, and even the village store looked woefully rickety as the wind rattled the tin tobacco signs, under which it was nearly hidden.

But the village was not deserted. An excited group of French Canadians stood on the store step, all talking at once, all gesticulating wildly, and all using their powers of persuasion in vain on the new doctor.

He stood with one foot already in his sleigh, laughing merrily at their warnings. In vain they argued. Stanley Bennett was not so easily turned from his purpose. One of his patients had sent for him and that was enough. Assuring his new peasant friends that all would be well, he was off. His advisers looked after him helplessly and shook their heads. What was the matter? His horse was fresh, his sleigh strong, and the doctor young and vigorous. And yet the peasants watched him out of sight with faces drawn with anxiety, and the old priest muttered, "He will not come back to us like that."

Hardly had he spoken when a sudden grinding and creaking filled the air, a terrific crash followed, and the Saint Lawrence, a prisoner for so many months, was free! Crushing its captor, it plunged madly on to the sea, flinging itself high in the air as it went, as if to take one parting glance at the little village.

The doctor's safety was forgotten now in the peasants' fears for themselves. With a cry of terror they rushed into the back streets, followed by the old priest, who had paused a moment to pray.

But their terror was not yet wholly necessary. The river could not rise into the village for hours yet, and the doctor realized this.

With his passionate love for the magnificent in nature, the sight

f the turbulent Saint Lawrence filled him with delight instead of read. He little knew the hardships which this king of rivers caused ach year. As he drove on he became more and more fascinated watchng the huge blocks of ice hurling themselves angrily against the ice reakers. It did not occur to him that he was nearing the valley region ve miles below Saint Pierre. Hardly had he reached it, however, hen a flood of water, mud and ice rushed in upon him. With it came rush of stories told him by his peasant friends of how the valley was alled the Bastille, on account of the number of prisoners it had taken nd kept.

But this was no time to moan. If he worked quickly he might rn back. His efforts were vain, however, for his horse, unaccustomed) such sights, wild with terror, bore him into the very arms of the flood.

After that he remembered nothing save the sensation of being urled from his sleigh, and hearing the distant pitiful neighing of his orse.

The old manor house was chilly and gloomy, and the pretty English rl who sat in the window staring out at the waving branches of the ees was more gloomy still.

"Will father never get strong enough to go back to Montreal?" e muttered. "It must be so gay there now at Easter time! And I ı missing all the fun." Anne was rarely in such a mood. The old nor house with its many memories of bygone glory had charmed her, ed with the winter's gayeties, and her father had gained so much in s quiet retreat.

But to-day the trees groaned instead of whispering together, the r threatened instead of protecting, and everything was horrible. The ıvy front door rattled, and its brass knocker seemed to pound as if ıched by superhuman hands. The tall clock ticked relentlessly on, :n though the fire had become gray and lifeless. The faded oil paintgs in the hall stared gloomily at the girl as if accusing her of usurping :ir right to the house. As if answering their look, Anne exclaimed,

"Yes, I will go. You can have this old house to yourselves. Even the river is better company than you, for that moves."

Snatching her long fur cloak she stepped out on the low porch. This distant glimpse of the river was not enough, however. Picking her way through the mud and snow, she reached the manor gate and stopped for breath. Just outside she heard the neighing of a horse and her quick eye soon saw the wreck of a sleigh in the ice.

Forgetting the ice and mud she flew back to the stables.

"Gaston, come at once!" she cried. "There's some one in the Bastille."

That is how it came about that Stanley Bennett opened his eyes to find himself in a dimly lighted chamber, quaintly furnished in rich old mahogany, with a beautiful dark-eyed girl sitting beside him as an austere looking physician prepared some medicine.

Could it be for him? What had happened, anyway? Where was he now? What had become of his horse? He could hear him neighing. He could hear the rush and roar of the river—the crashing of the ice.

Anne's color came and went as she saw that her patient had regained consciousness, and rising hastily she said, "I am so glad you are better. I must go and tell father now." And with the old smile and nod that Stanley thought he remembered, she had gone.

But this time the American boy did not go away the next day, and the heroine was not left without a champion.

—Kathleen Robinson, 1905.

SAILING.

THERE's a silv'ry moon in the dark blue sky;
We 'll go sailing, baby and I;
Right through the cool, white clouds we 'll float,—
Baby and I in our silver boat.

And while we sail on the moonbeam sea
All the stars, with their lanterns wee,
Over our pathway shall watches keep,—
When baby and I go fast asleep.

—HELEN L. PADDOCK, 1905.

A THUNDERSTORM.

A CLOUD on the far horizon,
  A stir in the lifeless trees,
A sudden hush of bird-notes,
  The mournful sigh of the breeze,

The sun's face overshadowed,
  The crash of the thunder clap,
The lurid glare of lightning,
  And the branches' ominous snap.

The rush and roar of the tempest,
  The deafening sound of the rain,
The leaves whirled hither and thither,
  Till all nature seems insane.

Then again the gradual silence,
The peace that follows the storm,
The rain falling slower and slower,
And life once more takes form.

—ETHEL S. BLODGETT, 1905.

A MAINE FOG.

THE fog often hovers for weeks off the eastern coast of Maine, waiting impatiently for a favorable wind to blow it to the mainland. Whenever the sun and an adverse wind oppose too vigorously, it retreats to the Bay of Fundy, where, old sailors say, it renews its youth. However that may be, it remains there, nursing its wrath, until an opportune time when the sun forgets his work and hides behind a cloud. Then the fog sends out spies—small clouds of mist that steal along the shore, keeping, however, a close watch on the sun.

Meanwhile an unruly wind beguiles some of the sluggish fog away from the dreary coast of Newfoundland. The great, grim, gray bank goes slowly westward till it reaches the western point of Nova Scotia, where it is joined by the fog from the Bay of Fundy.

Together they advance for a joint attack upon Maine.

The little fishing villages far away from the reach of telephone or telegraph have nothing to warn them that the fog is coming, and the boats go out as usual in the early morning.

By noon the fog begins to creep stealthily in from the open sea. It covers the islands with a thick damp robe, and slowly steals in towards the land. The fishing smacks as they come in one by one seem to bring the mist in with their sails. Long before the gray afternoon has given way to the grayer twilight the fog envelops everything.

As the tide rises the waves grow larger. The mournful sound of

he fog-horn is almost drowned by the boom of the breakers on the star-oard side of the islands and the pounding of the waves on the beach.

Every seacoast town in Maine has had its tragedy, and many more han one. Those who have spent a night upon the beach listening in ain for some sound from a boat that is lost in the fog have memories hat cannot be effaced. They never forget how the fog, cold and wet, ressed against their faces as if forbidding them to try to pierce through ts blackness. In their dreams they see the great searchlight, carried p and down the shore, which, though it could not throw its light more han a few feet out over the angry waters, awoke all the tiny wild things long the margin of the beach. The sandpipers fluttered along after t, and myriads of insects flew wildly against the glass, and fell to the and dazzled and stunned. They hear, as if awake, between the crash f the breakers, the rifle shots that rang out over the ocean, and the only eply that came back—the long drawn out moan of the fog horn that eemed like the cry of some dumb creature in pain. They awake with a hudder and escape from their unpleasant thoughts. But from the real ight there had been no escape. That night wore itself away. The tide bbed slowly and with it the waves subsided. Again and again the uns were fired. Again and again the listeners fancied that they heard he faint sound of a fish horn, but it had proved to be only the echo in heir overwrought minds of what they wished to hear.

At last the waves became mere ripples, the darkness lessened and he sun began to scatter the mist. The gulls with shrill cries flew over-ead, their white breasts glistening in the sun. Slowly but surely the og was rolled back beyond the islands—back towards the Bay of Fundy nd the Banks of Newfoundland. But the watchers on the beach saw othing bright or beautiful—all to them was dark and filled with sad-ess—for there was no boat.

—Emma Longfellow, 1904.

MISS SOPHRONIA'S TRIP.

"I 'LL do it," said Miss Sophronia, surveying her little old-fashioned sitting room. "For thirty-five years I 've jest seen this old house and little village without a peep into the world. An' now I 'm goin',—goin' where we planned to, Eben an' I, on our weddin' tour. Poor Eben! But it was n't my fault."

She turned with a sigh to the window and gazed out upon the lonely country road, then briskly trotted up the narrow stairs to look over her limited wardrobe.

A week later one of the villagers was astonished to see at the railway station a little stiff figure, expectation showing in every line of her faded, pretty face.

"Why, Sophrony!" cried Mrs. Allen, bustling up to her friend. "Where be you a-goin'?"

"I 'm goin' off on a trip," replied Miss Sophronia, happily.

"You don't say! An' I never heard one thing about it, Sophrony Rennolls. I do declare, if you hain't got on your best poplin dress with satin trimmin's! How long do you calc'late to be gone?"

"I have n't quite decided," answered Miss Rennolls, collecting her possessions. "Here 's my train. Good-bye, Mis' Allen."

"Well, if that don't beat all!" murmured Mrs. Allen. She hurried up the street toward her home, full of her news. Just before she reached her own gate she saw a man approaching, and waited, thinking it might be some one to whom her news would be welcome.

"How-do, Eben?" she called, as he came up. "Warm day, ain't it?"

"Yes, it is," heartily responded the man. "But I guess we c'n stand it."

"Kinder warm fer a trip, don't you think?" asked Mrs. Allen, beginning to enjoy her piece of news.

"Why, yes; are you thinkin' of takin' a trip, Mrs. Allen?"

"Me? Oh, mercy no! But Sophrony Rennolls, she 's jest started off to Boston, you know."

The man started with surprise, but said calmly: "That so? Good
y, Mrs. Allen, I must hurry on."

"Little Sophie gone away," he thought, "and I not with her. And
was to Boston we were going on our wedding trip. Poor little Sophie!
ıt—it was her own fault."

Miss Sophronia boarded the train with a feeling of strange new
citement. It was her first journey alone. Even the farms of her
rn village seemed strange to her as she saw them through the car win-
ws. As she passed out of the familiar region she gazed delightedly
the rushing landscape.

"I must take this all in," she thought to herself. "For it 's got
last the rest of my natural life. Would n't Eben enjoy seein' that
rm now? It 's jest such a one as he 'd like to own."

"Tickets, please," said a voice at her side.

"How long does it take to get to Boston?" timidly asked Miss
)phronia, as she handed the conductor her ticket.

"Arrive at Talcottville Junction at 1.45, change there and take
ain leaving at 2.09. You 'll get to Boston at 4.49."

"Thank you," said Miss Rennolls, replacing her punched ticket in
ır satchel. She repeated it to herself: "Talcottville, change at Talcott-
lle," and even wrote the name on a piece of paper before turning again
enjoy the flying scenery. She liked best the waving fields with occa-
)nal homelike farmhouses in their midst. The towns frightened her;
e thought that one of them, a bustling manufacturing place, must be
ıarly as large as Boston itself; and she sighed with relief when its
ırrow streets were passed and she could again see the clean broad fields
the country.

"Talcottville, Talcottville!" suddenly called the brakeman.

"Thank goodness," she thought, as she came to herself with a start.
What if I had n't heard it?"

The station was a bare, lonely shed, from which a sandy road led
rough barren sun-dried fields. One lone house stood a few rods away,
ıt there was no other sign of civilization. Miss Sophronia was stand-

ing hesitatingly on the little platform when she heard a gruff voice behind her.

"How-do? Goin' ter Talcottville?" inquired a lank, shabby man.

"Oh, you 're the station agent!" Miss Sophronia said with relief. "Can you tell me when the next train leaves for Boston?"

The man stared. "They ain't no trains fer Boston on this ro'd," he said.

"Why!" faltered the little woman. "He told me so—the conductor in the train."

"Sorry, mum," reiterated the man, "but they ain't none on this ro'd. Ye 'll hev ter go t' the Junction. Next train fer there leaves at 3.52."

The man disappeared up the road, leaving Miss Sophronia to wait alone. After two long, hot hours on the sunny platform and a tiresome ride in a stuffy car, which made her head ache, she finally reached the Junction, to find that the only remaining train to Boston that day would not leave until late in the evening. She found a shady bench on the platform and settled herself to spend the five hours before her train was due as comfortably as possible. The heat, instead of lessening as the sun went down, seemed to become more intense, and Miss Sophie's head ached harder and harder.

"I sh'd think I was old enough to take care o' myself by this time," she said half aloud. "I wish I had n't come. I don't think I like trips."

Her eyes filled with tears, and the passengers who alighted from an incoming train seemed far away and in a mist. To hide her tear-stained eyes she began to hunt for something in her carpet-bag and did not see a gray-bearded, eager-faced man stop before her.

"Sophie," he said.

"Oh, Eben!" The glad relief in her voice gave new courage to the man who had not heard it for many long years.

"I could n't stand it, Sophie, thinkin' you 'd come off all alone."

"I was goin' to Boston, Eben," she said, "like we planned to—and oh, Eben, that was all my fault, that trouble then——"

"It warn't, neither, Sophie; 't was all mine, an' I come to tell you

; I can't get along without you any longer. Will you let me go with on the trip, Sophie?"

"Oh, Eben," faltered Miss Sophie, "I 've been wantin' you so!"

—E. L. Smith, 1904.

QUO VADIS.

Over the hills the sun sends streams of glory,
The light falls crimson on the Appian way,
Along the road an old man hastens, trembling,
Alone and fleeing in the dawning day.

A sudden light—a flame-clad form before him,
Low as the ground he bows his silvered head,
"And art Thou come to help, to take me, Master?
Quo vadis, Domine?"
"To Rome," he said.

"Thou hast forsaken them, the sheep I gave thee,
And bade thee feed them for a little space;
Thou hast forsaken—and I go unto them,
To die for them again, and in thy place."

Still grows the daylight o'er the eastern mountains,
The sun climbs slowly in the brightening sky;
The light falls softly on a man's bent figure
Hastening toward Rome—to keep his trust, and die.

—Marian McGown, 1904.

EDITORIAL.

THE spirit of democracy is one of the most marked characteristics of our age. Largely to this spirit we owe the present height attained in all the various lines of human thought and action; its influence is felt in every phase of life. When comparing the past with the present, even in our small college world, we note great improvements brought about by its workings. Naturally we are proud of our independent spirit and, on account of it, rightly claim for our Alma Mater a large share in advance educational movements.

However, just as the dangers of this democratic or independent spirit are recognized in the realms of civil government and theological thought, so its dangers should be recognized in our college life. A moderate amount animating the whole student body is necessary to avoid stagnation, but the extreme is to be guarded against, that state of excess which corresponds to self-sufficiency in the individual.

Even though, we have demonstrated—to our own satisfaction, at least,—our ability to govern ourselves, it does not follow that we are competent to manage all college affairs, schedules, for instance. All would resent as an exaggeration the statement that, at the present rate, we shall soon be able to dispense with the faculty altogether; yet the drift is that way. We must change it.

It ought not to be true, as would seem from remarks lately dropped, that members of the faculty feel their presence at our Y. W. C. A. meetings not needed, because we seem to get along as well without them. Surely we are losing much when we lose their help and support.

Again we are not living up to our opportunities in the matter of general culture when we are little known to our instructors outside the class room. In everything they are able and willing to give and we should be both willing and anxious to receive; but only as we demand it can they give us their best.

The tendency toward self-satisfaction and undue self-dependence which is surely creeping into the heart of the student body should be

combated by a strong and healthy feeling of our dependence upon the faculty for guidance not only in our studies but also in our judgments, actions, and faith, especially if this feeling of dependence be seasoned by a little more reverence for the good old ways, the well-tried paths.

Do you remember with what mingled joy and fear we used to hear the game, "Follow the leader," proposed? Outwardly brave, we asserted that we would do anything those big girls could do, but inwardly we did hope they would not suggest jumping from the hayloft to the barn floor or forcing a way through that prickly hedge behind the house, where our short, bare legs were sure to be scratched.

I wonder if our mothers would have seen much difference between the hot, tired little girls who came in from play with dishevelled hair, torn dresses and bruised legs and the flushed, nervous, hungry girls who came out from the post office at two o'clock one day, holding six pieces of pasteboard each,—the tangible result of standing in line for tickets since chapel time. We had waited five hours instead of the usual one hour, because some one had started the standing in line for concert tickets, and we would not be outdone. We needed just as much to be comforted and soothed by our mothers, and we would certainly have given the same reply to the logic that this waiting was foolish, by agreeing to all the unreasonableness of it but pleading that "some one began it." Is n't it the old story of "Follow the leader"?

In a community where wise public sentiment can work wonders, it seems a pity to let each successive year mark an increase in the amount of time wasted in order that our guests may have seats two rows in front of those occupied by the friends visiting the girl who rooms across the hall or who sits next to us in recitations. When we consider that, after the rush for tickets was over, the supply was almost but not wholly exhausted, we see that every one of us is reasonably sure of a seat from which we can see and hear. It is too bad that such an excitement and

rivalry should be created in a college where the friendly spirit is always our pride and our joy. Believing that another will lead if she does not, some one is sure to "begin it," but—need we "follow the leader"?

JUST as many events of life occur in rhythm, so moods may come and go rhythmically. Depression of mind alternating with hope and joy as seen among girl students illustrates this fact. To the person who is sensitive to the changes of mood in the student life of a dormitory this rhythm is evident.

There may be as many rhythms as there are individuals, but several in a group of intimate friends are prone to have their "blues" at the same time. One of a group remarks to her friends, "I'm discouraged," and one or two are sure to say, "Well, *so* am I." Such a confession acts with depressing force on the listeners.

Among the characteristics of this mood rhythm, the observer has noted the following: A girl with a strong physique has a longer swing between the extremes of her moods. The swing toward depression occurs from three to six times in a college year. One may be precipitated in the direction in which she moves, but the precipitation is always in that direction toward which the movement already tended. Very discouraging things may happen at the middle of the swing and be easily, gracefully, and quickly thrown off. During examination week the exact rhythmic condition of each girl's moods is most noticeable.

Who does not know the symptoms that mark increasing depression! Trifling remarks become significant, as one grows more sensitive; in other words, molehills assumed the magnitude of mountains. Something is continually going wrong till one feels her "doll is made of sawdust." It costs a supreme effort to smile at an acquaintance, for there is no joy or even happiness bubbling up within. Burdens as heavy as those the street ragpickers carry seem to be weighing one down mentally. How long the days are, and how intolerable it is to begin a new day of "grinding"!

After a few days of this, the extremity is reached, and the girl is in tears. From this time on her spirits rise; she grows daily more cheerful, until her maximum happiness is reached and the return to the old mood commences once more.

This rhythmic recurrence of depression is not noticed by every one, because the student, realizing that such a state is a hindrance to progress, strives to disguise her discouragement and to throw off care. Strangest of all, a student while judging other students may not perceive this rhythm in herself.

DEPARTMENT NOTES.

ENGLISH.

PROFESSOR GEORGE PIERCE BAKER of Harvard University gave two illustrated lectures, February 6 and 7, on Shakespeare's London. Many of the one hundred and twenty slides used were made from rare views in private collections in London. The first lecture, "London, the City Side of the Thames," furnished a background for the second called "The Bankside." The two lectures made very vivid the London of 1600 as Shakespeare knew it.

The lecturer is best known to Mount Holyoke students as the author of "Principles of Argumentation" and the compiler of "Specimens of Modern Argumentation." A second volume of "Specimens" is nearly ready for publication, and a revision of the "Principles" will soon follow.

In addition to the courses in argumentation at Harvard, Professor Baker gives, primarily for graduates, a course called "The Drama, from the Miracle Plays to the Closing of the Theaters," and another called "The Drama in England from 1642-1900," and directs research work in The English Drama: its history and its relation to Continental Drama. The successful reproduction of several Elizabethan plays at Harvard has been largely due to Professor Baker. During his recent trip to England and the Continent, Professor Baker continued his own study of the drama of the present, comparing conditions in France and England with those in this country.

BOTANY.

Miss Baker will be absent for the remainder of the college year for study. Her work is to be under the direction of Chicago University, with residence a portion of the time. Miss Emily Curtis Robbins will have charge of Miss Baker's classes for the semester. Miss Robbins is a Radcliffe student, her last year at Radcliffe being '97.

GEOLOGY.

Through the courtesy of Dr. E. O. Hovey of the New York Museum of Natural History, the department has received some fine lantern slides, illustrating the recent volcanic outbursts at Martinique and St. Vincent. Dr. Hovey has now gone, for the second time, to the Lesser Antilles to supplement the studies which he made there last summer.

Dr. Edward Hitchcock of Amherst has presented several specimens of the rare fossil fern, Clathropteris, found by him some years ago in the sandstone of Mount Tom.

LIBRARY NOTES.

Complete files of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, the *Journal of Biblical Literature* and *World's Work* have been added to the library.

Dr. Edward Hitchcock has given several volumes to complete our set of the *Proceedings of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections.*

The library has received from Mrs. George W. Steele a valuable gift of about one hundred volumes of works on music. These books belonged to the library of the late Prof. George W. Steele of Hartford.

The library has purchased the supplement to the Encyclopædia Brittanica to be completed in eleven volumes, which with the original twenty-four of the ninth edition is called ten.

Sargent's "Silva of North America," a valuable set containing descriptions of the trees which grow naturally in North America, exclusive of Mexico, and illustrated with beautiful plates, was presented to the library in 1899 by Mrs. Clara Leigh Dwight. The index volume has just appeared, also a supplementary volume which Mr. Dwight has given to complete the set.

reports of the Industrial Commission appointed by Congress in 1898 ɔn secured for the library through the courtesy of Hon. F. H. Gillett. total number of volumes added from December 15 to January 15 is few representative titles are given below.

ɔrnest. History of English utilitarianism. 1902.
'isher. Works. 1809.
· R. S. In the high heavens. 1901.
l, A. F. Life and health. 1902.
Daniel G. The basis of social relations. 1902.
Stopford A. Poetry of Robert Browning. 1902.
ɔrge Albert. Religion of a mature mind. 1902.
un, A. R. Mastery of the Pacific. 1902.
gs, Charles A. History of architecture in Italy. 1901.
hard T. The coming city. 1902.
Sydney George. True history of the American revolution. 1902.
ald, J. S. A. Stories of famous songs. 2 v. 1901.
. E. A. Ancient Athens. 1902.
ɾius, Ferdinand. History of . . . Rome in the middle ages. 8 v. in 13. 1894-1902.
l, E. S. Science of fairy tales. 1897.
ɔn, J. B. American diplomatic questions. 1901.
W. H., *ed.* American text-book of physiology. 2 v. 1901.
., W. S. Nature study for grammar grades. 1901.
Morris. Study of religion. 1902.
ı, Clara E. Evolution of a girl's ideal. 1902.
e, William. Roger Wolcott. 1902.
o, Cesare. The man of genius. 1901.
illiam J. School of the woods. 1903.
). T. Woman's share in primitive culture. 1902.
n, R. B. Life and letters of Thomas Cromwell. 2 v. 1902.
Œuvres, ed. by Despois. 13 v. and album. 1873-1900.
Educational Association. Journal of proceedings, 1890-1902. 12 v.
F. L. Physical education. 1901.
Stephen. Ulysses. 1902.
P. de. Œuvres complètes. 8 v. 1857-1867.
'. H. Feudal England. 1895.
, H. A. Physical papers. 1902.
Alex. Shakespeare lexicon. 2 v. 1902.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE second of the lectures for this year under the auspices of the Students' League was given Tuesday evening, February 17, by Arlo Bates, Litt.D., professor of English, Massachusetts Institute of Technology since 1893. Mr. Bates, Bowdoin, 1876, was editor of the *Boston Courier* and correspondent of the *Providence Journal, Chicago Tribune,* and *Book Buyer* from 1880 to 1893. Mr. Bates has written a number of novels, also "Talks on the Study of Literature" and "Talks on Writing English," first and second series.

The following is an abstract of Mr. Bates's lecture:—

Imagination germinates the thought and brings it to the deed; it is an impulse of life, a force which has been instrumental in forwarding the evolution of the race. Yet from the fact that the conceptions of the value of imagination differ widely according to individuals, arises the difficulty of formulating a definition which will be acceptable to all. Without referring to the psychological standpoint, the imagination may be said to be the power of appreciating emotionally things which are impersonal. It bears a relation to practical everyday life in that it offers the possibility of getting rid of the narrow personal view of life. One way in which it promotes this is by assimilating knowledge. A lesson which modern teachers and students need to learn is that they should make a definite choice between knowing and acquiring, between knowledge which has been assimilated, which educates in the true sense, and the collection of mere facts. It is imagination which prevents science from becoming a tabulation of facts without relations or principles; the great scientists, as well as the great artists, have been those who were capable of seeing and realizing through this power the possibilities of the world about them.

Not only is the imagination of use in assimilating knowledge, but it also gives almost prophetic vision of what has happened and what must happen. The persons who see are, by virtue of that sight, those who think to do things, who are keenly alive to the possibilities of any situation, and who know not only what needs to be accomplished, but the means by which it may be brought about.

The cultivation of the imagination cannot be accomplished in a short time, nor is there any set of rules to follow; but whatever tends to flexibility of mind helps to develop the imaginative power.

Reading,—not to carp at the writer's thought, nor simply to gain the plot, —but to comprehend the truth stated through the book, and the thoughtful study of the masterpieces of art, are both of importance. By far the most

efficacious means is, however, the appreciation of the beauty of the little things in nature and in human life which lie close at hand, for beauty kindles the imaginations and thereby life is enriched and strengthened.

It has been the custom for some time past for a midwinter concert to be given by the college musical clubs on the twenty-second of February, and for the past two years the junior promenade has followed on the next evening. This year the concert was given on Saturday evening, February 21. The programme was original and bright, and gave opportunity for the very good work of the clubs to show to the utmost.

PART I.

I. (*a*) Genevieve, ... *Geddes, '98*
(*b*) Snowflakes, ... *Cowen*
GLEE CLUB.

II. Prince of India, ... *Van L. Farrand*
MANDOLIN CLUB.

III. Slumber Song, ... *Nevin*
GLEE CLUB.

IV. Prince of Pilsen, ... *Gustav Luders*
BANJO CLUB.

V. Cavatina—Violin solo, ... *Raff*
JOSIE EDNA JOHNSON, '06.

PART II.

VI. College Medley, ... *Arranged by Bickford*
BANJO AND MANDOLIN CLUBS.

VII. The Sailors' Christmas, ... *Chaminade*
GLEE CLUB.

VIII. Down the Pike, ... *A. J. Weidt*
BANJO CLUB.

IX. Medley, ... *Arranged for the Club*
GLEE CLUB.

X. Chanson de Berceau, ... *Hauser*
MANDOLIN CLUB.

XI. (*a*) Ensemble, ... *Selected*
(*b*) Holyoke, ... *Averill, '98*
GLEE, BANJO AND MANDOLIN CLUBS.

After the concert a reception was given by the Students' League to the clubs and the visitors at the college. Assembly Hall was very prettily decorated for the affair, and light refreshments were served during the evening by members of the freshman class. The leaders of the clubs, May Fiske, Annie Miller and Eunice Goddard assisted by Elizabeth Colby, president of the League, received.

On Sunday there were many guests at college, but the dignity and quiet befitting the day were well maintained. In the evening the regular vesper service was held in the chapel, at which Miss Woolley spoke and special music was given by the choir.

Monday's programme was a full one. In the morning a patriotic service with vested choir was held in the chapel. The early part of the afternoon was devoted to teas and "at homes," and the houses were open to guests. At 3.30, Professor Hammond gave a delightful organ recital assisted by Miss Edna Johnson, 1906. The programme contained several new numbers and was greatly enjoyed by the large audience.

PROGRAMME.

March from the "Leonore" symphony,.....*Raff*
Adagio from the "New World" symphony,.....*Dvorak*
Violin solo, "Meditation," .....*Saint-Saens*

MISS JOHNSON.

Fantasie de Concert, ...*Lux*
Chorus and Dance of Elves,.....*Dubois*
Romance in D flat major,.....*Lemare*
Gavotte, "Mignon," .....*Thomas*
Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana,".....*Mascagni*

MISS JOHNSON.

Overture to Semiramide, ...*Rossini*

In the evening the junior promenade was given in the gymnasium in honor of the senior class. The hall was very attractively decorated in the college color, relieved by large balls of the senior class flower, the yellow daffodil, which during the evening were distributed among the guests. The stage was screened with palms and ferns, and was occupied by Cartier's orchestra, which gave the following promenade programme:—

Part I.	Part II.
1. Florodora.	9. Charmion's Swing.
2. Dance of the Honey Bees.	10. Yale Boola.
3. Prince of Pilsen.	11. King Dodo.
4. Our Director.	12. Miss Simplicity.
5. Please Go Way and Let Me Sleep.	13. Fan Tan.
6. The Chaperons.	14. Maid Marian.
7. Under the Bamboo Tree.	15. Yale Banner.
8. The Strollers.	16. My Bamboo Queen.

In the large booth at one end, Miss Woolley and the honorary members of the junior class, Miss Snell, Miss Marks, Miss Flintermann, and Professor Hammond received, together with Bessie Brooks and Grace Webb, the president and vice-president. Down the sides of the hall were numerous booths prettily decorated with couches and cushions. Supper was served during the evening by Frissell of Holyoke. As chairman of the executive committee, the vice-president, Grace Webb, deserves great credit for so successful an event.

We have been very fortunate in having had with us at the vesper services of the past month several eminent speakers. On Sunday, February 15, Dean Sanders of Yale University described the convention recently held in Chicago for the purpose of considering systematic Bible study. On March 1, the address was given by President Harris of Amherst College, and on March 15, Dr. James MacAlister spoke.

The preparatory service of February 26 was in charge of President Henry C. King of Oberlin, who also gave a lecture on "Psychology and Life" on the afternoon of the same day.

A characteristically pleasing song recital was given by Miss Dickinson on Friday, February 27.

On Wednesday, March 4, the musical clubs of Amherst College gave a concert in Mary Lyon chapel under the auspices of the sophomore class, which was very enjoyable both in the programme itself and as a social event. During the evening, members of the freshman class acted as ushers. After the concert a reception was given to the guests of the class and the visiting clubs in Assembly Hall, which was very prettily decorated and lighted.

Two interesting meetings of the Current Events Club were held during the past month. At the meeting held on Friday, February 20, in the parlors of Wilder Hall, Colonel C. W. Abbot spoke on the Philippines. On Friday, March 6, Mrs. Wheeler, social secretary from Providence, addressed the club.

On the third of March, Mead Hall was the scene of a very happy occasion

when the portrait of Mrs. Mead, ex-president of the college, was unveiled. The portrait was a gift to the house which bears Mrs. Mead's name, and will hang in the faculty parlor.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION NOTES.

CALENDAR OF MEETINGS.

Thursday, February 19.

Reports from the Massachusetts State Y. W. C. A. convention by Miss Calder, Marion Cowell, Helen Wood, Sarah Loomis, and Belle Morrill. Leader, Helen Wood.

Thursday, March 5.

Subject: "Phillips Brooks, an Inspiration to Christian Students." Leader, Harriet Quick.

Sunday, March 8.

Subject: "The Supreme Decision of the Christian Student." The speakers were Miss Mabel Milham, Smith, 1900, and Miss Louise Holmquist, Vassar, 1901. Leader, Alice Van Doren.

A union meeting of the Bible classes was held in Assembly Hall on Sunday, February 8, immediately after church service. The meeting was addressed by Miss Margaret Kyle, state secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, on extension work in New England.

On Wednesday afternoon, February 11, the cabinet was entertained by the cabinet of the Smith College Christian Association in the rooms of the general secretary, Miss Alice Jackson. The company resolved into couples, the chairman of each committee comparing notes with the chairman of the corresponding committee in the other organization; in this way a very profitable and enjoyable afternoon was spent.

The Hon. Emily Kinnaird, vice-president of the World's Y. W. C. A., talked to the Volunteers on Monday evening, February 23, concerning zenana work in India.

The state convention of the Young Women's Christian Associations of Massachusetts and Rhode Island met at Lawrence, February 13 to 15. There were present at this gathering one hundred young women representing all the colleges of New England, and sixty-four delegates from city associations. Mount Holyoke College was represented by five delegates. Five association

secretaries and several outside speakers addressed the different sessions of the convention, giving to the young women present a new vision of the greatness and importance of association work, and of its ability to meet the needs of women the world over. Perhaps one sentence from an address by the Rev. J. A. Francis of Boston will give the thought that pervaded all the addresses of the convention, a thought that lies at the basis of all association work as well as of the personal life: "The true test of a Christian is her concern for the welfare of others."

A large and interested audience gathered in the Old South Church, Boston, Sunday evening, January 25, to listen to stirring addresses in behalf of the International Institute in Spain, and to express their interest by their gifts. Samuel B. Capen, LL.D., president of the corporation and also president of the American Board, presided, and made the opening address. This address was a brief, clear, telling résumé of the work of the Institute, and a statement of the immediate, imperative need of $60,000 for the new College Hall. In explaining why this need was presented to that audience, President Capen said:* "We know what Spain was in the past and we know what she is to-day—practically bankrupt. Officials have robbed the people by taxes until they are not only bankrupt, but kept in ignorance. There is a great class in Spain eager for something better, and in this class are public officials and many of the brightest minds of Spain. Many of the press are among those eager for something better. Now, if there is a great need and if it is recognized, who is to meet it? Neither France nor Italy has the moral earnestness to do this sort of work. England and Germany have their own problems. If anything is to be done it must be done by the Christian people of America. Now, it seems to me that it would be a great thing to put into the city of Madrid a Christian college like Wellesley or Holyoke for the education of Spanish girls."

Dr. Albert J. Lyman of Brooklyn, who has recently visited Spain, spoke of the remarkable change in the sentiment of the Spanish people since his first visit to their country fifteen years ago. Dr. Lyman said: "I met in San Sebastian men well qualified to judge of Spanish feeling—men representing the best part of the London press, for instance. One of them said of the Institute that it was the best educational enterprise in Spain, closest to the heart of what the people need. 'If you establish it in Madrid,' he said, 'you will light a torch that will shine over the whole land.'"

Mr. Van Ness of Boston in describing the impressions received from the

*The quotations from the addresses are copied from the report printed in the *Boston Herald* of January 26.

school during his recent visit to Spain told what had been accomplished for one girl. A number of years ago a shepherdess came to Mrs. Gulick, begging to be admitted to the school. The girl's face showed scarcely a ray of intelligence; her hands scarcely knew how to hold a book; but she was given a trial. When it seemed hopeless that the girl could ever learn anything from books, she was taken out of the schoolroom and put into the kitchen. One day a little later Mrs. Gulick found the girl crying as if her heart would break, so disappointed was she that she could not learn. She was taken out of the kitchen and returned to the schoolroom. She worked day and night with a perseverance and determination that, as Mrs. Gulick said, "shamed them all." Before long they noticed a wonderful change in the girl's face; it was like watching the birth of a mind and soul. Mr. Van Ness saw and talked with this young woman, who is now doing typewriting and other work for the school and found her attractive, intelligent, educated.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale thought that the Spanish-American war, our one hundred days' war, as an epoch-making war, deserves a monument. What shall the monument be? Dr. Hale thus answered his question: "We are going to build this school, not because we believe a Spanish girl is any more ripe for education than any other girl, but because we want to erect a monument there which one hundred years hence shall be regarded as marking the change from a reign of the devil to the reign of Jesus Christ. Such a monument must be erected, and the place to erect it is not at Washington, but in Madrid, the capital of the Spanish nation."

President Eliot said: "The International Institute for Girls in Spain stands for the American ideal of girlhood and womanhood. I believe that to be a higher ideal than other nations have. This Institute is meant to bring out of oriental seclusion the women of Spain. We are asked for $60,000 to improve the buildings of that school and to plant them firmly in the capital of Spain. How small the sum; how great the possible fruition! Let us give to Mrs. Gulick this reward, that as she grows old she may have the sense that this Institute is not dependent on her single life."

President Tucker said: "Mrs. Gulick has shown the instinct of leadership. Money is not everything, and that is why Spain does not establish colleges for the education of her women. Why is there a constant appeal to New England from other parts of this country? Because the idea is here. Spain is growing more prosperous, but she has not got the idea. We have the idea, and our duty is to plant it there."

Pledge cards were circulated at the close of the addresses. The amount received in pledges and money, including a few additions made the following day, was $18,106.

The Mount Holyoke committee on the International Institute was represented at this meeting by Miss Stevens, secretary, Winifred Tilden (1903), and Irene Horton (1904). A number of Mount Holyoke alumnæ were also present, among them Mrs. Sarah (Clarke) Lane (1845), Mrs. Harriet (Marr) Adams (1866), Mrs. Idella (Plimpton) Kendall (1871), Miss Kate L. Adams (1887), and Mrs. Amy (Sanborn) Phinney (non-graduate).

The secretary was able to pledge for the Mount Holyoke organization $700.

Class of 1906,	$75.00
Several students of the classes,	19.00
A few members of the faculty,	43.75
Two alumnæ,	13.00
————	500.00
	$650.75

It will be seen that the secretary pledged $49.25 more than she had, but so few of those who did not contribute last year had, at the time of the Boston meeting, responded to the call made before the holidays that it was thought safe to assume that more would wish to help. It is expected that the $49.25 will be in hand before this report is printed.

Miss Mabel Murdock Mason (1883) has been chosen to represent the Massachusetts alumnæ in place of Mrs. Gulliver, resigned; Miss Helen B. Calder (1898) has been appointed to represent the Connecticut alumnæ.

CLARA F. STEVENS,

Secretary of the Mount Holyoke Committee.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Maine Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association was held at the Congress Square Hotel in Portland on Saturday, January 3, at six o'clock. After dinner, which was served in one of the private dining rooms, a short business meeting was held. The association nominated for alumna trustee, Miss Grace E. Berry, Mount Holyoke (1892), at present dean of the woman's department of Colby College. A few other items of business were transacted and the meeting adjourned.

The first toast of the evening was given by Miss Julia H. May, who recited "The Cathedral of the Woods"—one of her own poems—which was beautifully adapted to the occasion. Many other informal toasts followed. On account of the inclement weather the meeting was small, but it was especially enjoyable in that it gave a fine opportunity for a comparison of Mount Holyoke in the '50's, '60's and '70's with the Mount Holyoke of the present day.

The Alumnæ Association of New York have had two social afternoons this winter. The first was held in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, January 17. After a short business meeting, Mrs. Sherwood M. Hard sang charmingly several times, and tea was served.

The second afternoon, February 14, Mrs. Edwin F. Ward, 15 West 96th street, New York, opened her home to the association from 2.30 to 5. Mrs. A. D. Jenkins entertained the association with delightful vocal and instrumental solos. The reunion with old friends, informally, and the daintily served tea were much enjoyed.

The Boston Alumnæ celebrated Gentlemen's Night by a reception and banquet at the Vendome on the evening of January 23. In the receiving line were Dr. Elizabeth Samuel, president of the Boston Association, Miss Woolley, Bishop Lawrence, President Lefavour of Simmons College, Dean and Mrs. Hodges, Miss Sarah P. Eastman, Mrs. Bourdon, Mrs. J. Frederick Hill and Mrs. Judson Smith. Dr. Samuel presided over the after-dinner speaking.

Miss Woolley, who brought greetings from the college, spoke of college life, and brought out the fact that woman's education is not simply an acquirement of facts, but the development of a purpose in life—the gaining of a power which shall make itself felt in the world for good.

Dean Hodges, as the next speaker, took up the subject of personality. He referred to the day's services in memory of Phillips Brooks, whose wonderful personality impressed itself on all who saw or heard him, and causes him to be held in such loving remembrance to-day.

President Lefavour, who was next called upon, spoke of himself as the "homeless college president without any alumnæ" and expressed his appreciation of the opportunity to sit at a banquet with the representatives of a college so rich in alumnæ and friends. He spoke of the opportunities for work which lie in the power of a college's alumnæ and said we should go out from college as apostles to carry to the world the good things we have received.

Bishop Lawrence, who was introduced as the next speaker, referred to the inscription on Mary Lyon's tomb, "I fear nothing in this world so much as that I shall not know my duty or knowing it shall fail to do it," as the finest

pression of Puritan character he had ever heard. His closing thought was at our colleges to-day afford opportunity for the development of a grace and raciousness of character which has not always been associated with New ngland life.

Miss Ellen M. Stone, whom the alumnæ were delighted to honor as their uest, referred to her recent deliverance from great peril, and said that since oming back into the rush and sweep of life she could not but think longingly f the women of the far East who so much needed help and deliverance.

Miss Lucy Anne Allen sang a group of Chadwick's songs.

The Alumnæ Association of Hampshire County held its quarterly meeting i Amherst at the home of Miss Sabra C. Snell on Saturday, January 31. bout forty were present, including Mrs. Gulliver, former principal of Mount olyoke, Miss Bowers, Miss Cowles, Miss Hazen and Miss Williams, of the iculty. After a social hour during which refreshments were served, the eeting was called to order by the president, Mrs. A. D. Morse. Notice was iven of the recent death of three members, Miss Mary Daniels of Enfield, rs. Clara Dana Adams and Miss Catherine Merrick of Amherst.

It was voted to send five dollars for the American School at Athens, and n dollars was given for casts to be placed in Dwight Hall in response to Miss andolph's plea for the needs of the art department. Twenty dollars was iven for the same purpose a few months ago.

Announcement was made of a gift to the association of five dollars from rs. L. D. James of Williamsburg, also of a legacy from Miss Catherine errick of Amherst of her books and bookcases to the college, and a small sum f money to aid some needy student.

Dr. Mary P. Dole was chosen as candidate for college trustee.

A letter was read expressing thanks for the gift of silver donated by the sociation for the Everett House, the college infirmary.

Miss E. J. Mayher of Easthampton sent an invitation to the association meet with her on the last Saturday in April.

It was incidentally made known during the afternoon that this was the irthday of the hostess, which added not a little to the pleasure of the occasion.

Misses Anna and Emily Reed of Philadelphia, alumnæ of the college, are ending the winter with Miss Snell, so could renew old friendships on this casion. Miss Anna Reed is the author of "Mount Holyoke Days in War-me."

'55. Miss Helen E. Carpenter is spending the winter with Miss Adaline E. Green ('67) at Montreat, North Carolina.

'71. Miss Mary C. Bradford, while traveling with friends through the South, visited Miss Adaline E. Green at Montreat, North Carolina.

'86. Mrs. Knowles of Westfield has recently given a scholarship in memory of her daughter, Mary E. Knowles, of the class of '86.

'90. Charlotte Barton has a position as teacher of Latin and calisthenics in the State Normal School, Valley City, North Dakota.

'92. Bessie Turner is teaching the seventh grade at Thomaston, Conn.

'96. Mary E. Hallock has charge of the science department of Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri.

Emma C. Tucker is teaching English at Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri.

'97. Recent visitors at the college were Minnie Deyo, who is studying at Yale, and Henrietta C. Stone.

Christine Hamilton is spending the winter with her sister at Madison Barracks, Lachett's Harbor, N. Y.

Margaret B. Koehler continues her work this year as lady principal and teacher of Latin at Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri.

1900. Angeline Adams, who is teaching in the mathematics department of the Springfield high school, was a recent visitor at the college.

Louise Allyn is teaching in the high school at her home in Bristol, Conn.

Ruth Arnold is in charge of the instruction in physical culture in the schools of New Britain, Conn.

Florence Chamberlain is one of the English instructors in the Springfield high school.

Eleanor Guild is teaching in Quincy, Mass.

Helen Kendall is doing graduate work in history at Columbia University.

Mary Kendrick has been studying in Boston to fit herself for a trained nurse.

Maud Webster has been called from her position in Tonawanda, N. Y. to be with her mother at Warsaw.

Eva Woodwell has a position in Newton, Mass.

'01. Emily Bettes, Anne Hamilton, and Annie O'Hara visited college recently.

Lillian Edmands is teaching in Dover, Mass.

'02. Frances Bell, Helen Broeksmit, Jennie Copeland, Beth Gilchrist,

Louise Gilman, Bertha Gleason, Rowena Keyes, and Fanny Reed visited college during the last month.

Rowena Keyes has passed the New York city examinations for teacher of English and has been appointed junior teacher of English in the Wadleigh high school, borough of Manhattan, the appointment taking effect February 2.

Edith Reed is teaching in Stamford, Conn. She also recently visited college.

'03. (Non-graduate) Ina Tenny visited college lately.

In the January issue it was stated that Mrs. Thurber of Chicago had been commissioned by the alumnæ, through President Woolley and Miss Hazen, to paint a portrait of Mrs. Mead. This statement was not correct, since the alumnæ have had nothing to do with it.

MARRIAGES.

'98. (Non-graduate) Thompson—Orcutt. In Northfield, Vt., January 28, Mr. Thompson and Mary C. Orcutt. They will reside in Naples, that Mr. Thompson may devote himself for a time to the study of music.

BIRTHS.

'95. Hana Oshima Ibuka, September, 1902, a son, Masumi.

'96. (Non-graduate) Dorothy Barron Leonard, November 1, 1902, at Kenwood, N. Y., a daughter, Mary Irene.

'97. Anna Sherman Arnold, January 14, 1903, a daughter, Margaret.

DEATHS.

'50. Mrs. Eliza Hallock Rouse, November, 1902.

'63. Mrs. Abbie Scribner Brown, February 6, 1903, in Manchester, N. H.

Thomas C. Jones, husband of Anna Hamilton, November 11, 1902, in Scotstown, Quebec.

Mrs. Amelia Todd Kingsley, October 10, 1902, in Somerville.

'72. (Non-graduate) Miss Lillian W. Dunton of Westport, Maine, October 4, 1902, in Italy.

'91. (Non-graduate) Mrs. Amy Whitmore Stevens, January, 1903, at Brentwood, N. H.

'99. Katharine L. Shearer, January 26, 1903, in New York city.

IN MEMORIAM.

The youngest to graduate in the class of '99, Katharine Shearer has again outstripped her comrades of college days and passed on to the higher school of the Immortal Life. There can be no doubt of her readiness and joy in going; the realities of that unseen world were so constantly present with her, the hidden springs of a joyous enthusiasm with which she entered into all the work and the play of life. But the bright spirit seemed to forget the limitations of the body, and to wear itself out in the zest of teaching. She had had three years and a half of work, full to the brim with activity and fragrant with Christian sweetness. Then the illness came. It did not last long,—only a month,—and was borne with bright and hopeful patience, for Katharine had a thoroughly healthy love of life. Yet who would reject the summons home? We who have still our "promotion" to earn shall miss her, if we think of ourselves, although her going means one more beautiful tie uniting us with the "communion of saints." To us the entire message of her life is one of gladness for opportunities for service, of high aspiration, and of undaunted courage.

"No, at noon-day in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
'Strive and thrive!' cry, 'Speed,— fight on, fare ever,
There as here!'"

OTHER COLLEGES.

THAT the summer school is increasing in popularity is a fact evident from the announcement that there are to be one hundred courses offered at this summer session of Cornell University.

The medical school of the University of Pennsylvania has received a gift of $2,000 from the Carnegie Institution. This is to be used in research work concerning the action of snake bites and poisons.

The foundations of the new engineering building—detailed mention of which has been made in a previous issue—and those of the new dormitory at Brown University are now being laid. The $20,000 swimming pool, the gift of Colgate Hoyt of New York, is almost finished and will be ready for use in a few weeks.

The medical school of Harvard University is to have, in the near future, an addition to its buildings in the form of an infants' hospital. It is to be located near the Fenway in Boston and will accommodate about fifty patients. The hospital will be for children under two years of age, and in equipment and appliances it is to be the most perfect of its kind in the world. It will have several laboratories, an incubator room and a large lecture room for chemistry lectures.

A novel institution at Princeton is that of a duplicate French Chamber of Deputies of about 100 undergraduates, organized recently by the professor of politics. The aim of the organization, which meets every fortnight, is to acquaint its members with the workings of some of the governing bodies of the great European nations. It is probable that the French Chamber will soon be resolved into the Reichstag or the English Parliament. A great deal of interest has been shown in bills relating to such subjects as the abolition of titles, compulsory arbitration, "the child problem," etc.,

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EXCHANGES.

"COLLEGE PHILOSOPHY" in *The Dartmouth Magazine* is the result of a careful observation of the attitude which men students take in regard to reverence for women and a passion for money. The conclusion reached on the second topic is that a passion for money is a desirable thing, one argument being that higher education is made possible to many by the donations of

college buildings and other gifts from men who have had a passion for money-getting. Not all will accept this as conclusive, if we may judge from the recent discussions in prominent magazines concerning the right of a college to receive gifts coming from owners of ill-gotten wealth. Even if a man's absorbing passion for money does result sometimes in ultimate good for several other individuals, it is not therefore beneficial to himself. It may be, however, that the donor has gained his wealth honestly, that he does not love money for its own sake, but for what it will secure, education, for instance. In such a case, then, it is not a passion for money which brings good to the institution. In another argument prudence and thrift are confounded with the love of money. All the reasoning about money reported in this article seems unsound.

The Morningside has a simple tale .called "Gustavus Adolphus," which merits higher praise than any other contribution printed in the latest number of that magazine.

The Touchstone, in the "Letters of a Junior," gives a lively little exposition of insincere college spirit, leaving the reader to infer what real college spirit is.

There is an excellent criticism of "The Spirit of Pater" in the *Brunonian*. Although one may not agree with the writer, it is possible to appreciate the criticism, especially the final sentence. "It is [after reading Pater] as if we stood in a dream before some ancient pagan temple, from whose shadowy depths the voice of perished deity is borne faintly to our ears."

"Browning's 'Childe Roland'" in the *Nassau Literary Magazine* presents an interpretation of the poem in which the author expresses a conviction "that the whole poem of 'Childe Roland' is intended to typify the life of a man who has pledged himself to combat the evil which the 'under half' of the world has always been heir to." "'The hoary cripple, with malicious eye' is a cynic who gloats over the failure of 'The Band'—the knights who seek the Tower."

The following are among the best verse of the month:—

MORNING SONG.

Rosy cloud and a skylark's song!
Wake, my little one, wake!
The spurge lies russet the fields along,
And the daisies dance to the wind's blithe song.
Wake, my little one, wake!

The faint moon floats in a sea of blue,
Wake, my little one, wake!
Where only a white-capped cloud or two
Ever hides her wan white face from view.
Wake, my little one, wake!

Wake, little girl, and I 'll show to you,
Buttercup gold set with diamond dew;
Strawberries crimson before the sun
And the gossamer web on the grasses spun,
That shimmers like silk on the tender green,
A wedding robe for the fairy queen.
Wake, my little one, wake!

—*The College Folio.*

NORSE SONG.

Dull is the North Sea,
Dreary the mountain.
Cold blows the shrill wind,
Chilling each fountain.

Thund'rous the folk songs
Peal through the rafters,
Love song and war song,
Shouts and great laughter.

Ruddy the hearthstone,
Cheerful the fire:
Sparkles the brown mead;
Drink to desire!

—*The Dartmouth Magazine.*

SILENCE.

I know a place where the still pines grow,
Where the tide of the world seems to ebb and slow;
Its silly din and its gaudy glare
I leave behind when I enter there.
And into my heart with sweet caress
Steals, like a friend, the loneliness.

—*The Vassar Miscellany.*

THE HARPIST.

The master's dead; and through the harpist's hall
The night breeze moans and sobs; while in their places
Left, as when he touched them last, the quivering harps
Long for the subtle hand. Here, years agone,
The master stood and played among them all.
"As now the breeze attunes your strings, alike
May I the hearts of men." The deepening night
Is hushed. In from the sea a zephyr steals,
Touches the strings; and gently through the gloom
A lingering wail gives echo to the bells,
Tolled and re-tolled in memory of the dead.

—*The Dartmouth Magazine.*

A SENIOR'S SOLILOQUY.

But three months more of college life
And then, O woe is me!
These theories which I hold dear
Must face reality.

A few years since (can it be true?)
I thirsted for the strife,
Was wearied of the class room dull
And sighed, "O give me life!"

'T is not a coward's fear, I own,
I long to useful be;
But the joys I lose when I leave here
Will ne'er return to me.

E'en now as I in prospect see
These pleasures pass from view
Comes promise of a larger life,
Fresh glories, and visions new.

Yea, all school delights shall be displaced
By greater far I ween,
Save those the many happy hours
That in *Johnson's* store I 've seen.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

Vol. XII. APRIL, 1903. No. 8.

ANNA GRACE MCGOVERN, 1903, *Editor-in-Chief.*

Editors.

MAY FISKE, 1903. IVA JUNE SMITH, 1903.

CHARLOTTE ELLEN FARNHAM, 1904. EDITH LILLIAN SMITH, 1904.

HARRIET MURDOCK MARCY, 1904.

HELENE MAUD POPE, 1904, *Business Manager.*

MARGUERITE ELIZABETH BOWEN, 1905, *Assistant Business Manager.*

THE UNVEILING OF MRS. MEAD'S PORTRAIT.

THROUGH the generosity of a few friends an oil portrait of Mrs. Elizabeth Storrs Mead has been secured for the faculty parlor of the hall which was named in her honor. This was unveiled on the third of March at an informal gathering of the faculty, a few of the trustees and the members of the college who reside in Mead Hall.

Miss Hazen made a brief statement in regard to the painting and its artist, Mrs. Caroline Nettleton Thurber of Washington. Mrs. Thurber received her art education largely in Paris, at the Julien academies and as private pupil of Laurens and Constant. She has executed commissions for distinguished persons on both sides of the Atlantic.

After Miss Hazen's statement she introduced Miss Cowles as best acquainted with the details of Mrs. Mead's work for the college. Miss Cowles spoke as follows:—

It is somewhat difficult to know what will be expected of me to-

C. L. H.

night. Since she in whose honor we are assembled has been so recently one of our number, and we hope will soon be with us again, there seems, at first, little to say beyond the glad welcome with which we await her coming. Yet there are some present who never knew her; so, for a few moments, I shall beg the indulgence of those to whom my words may seem an old story.

Doubtless all are aware that Mrs. Mead was elected President of the (then) Seminary and College in 1890, beginning her administration in September of that year, and filling the position for ten years; the full college charter being granted early in her presidency, in 1893.

When, in June, 1889, the tragic event occurred by which the loved and gifted Miss Brigham was taken from us, the heavy burden fell upon our Board of Trustees of filling the place so suddenly made vacant. It was not long, however, before their minds were directed to Mrs. Elizabeth Storrs Mead, who, at the time, was traveling in Europe.

She was no stranger to Mount Holyoke, having had, for years, the deepest interest in the institution. She was instructed from childhood by an elder sister, who, in her own younger days, had been in close companionship with Mary Lyon. Thus she had drunk at the very fountain whose clear waters gave to Miss Lyon her vision of what Mount Holyoke might be to the world.

After her own student days were over, she taught for some years. Then coming to South Hadley in 1857, as the bride of Rev. Hiram Mead, pastor of the village church, and soon elected to our Board of Trustees, she was brought into close touch with many of the faculty and students.

For the next ten years both Mr. and Mrs. Mead were frequent, welcome visitors in our midst, and many still remember the tender sympathy and aid that were always found at the parsonage in any time of perplexity or trial.

In 1867, greatly to the regret of his parishioners, both townspeople and students, Mr. Mead went to another, perhaps wider, field; as in two years more he was called to a professorship in Oberlin Theological Seminary, where he remained until his death in 1881. Thus they were

brought again among students, and from that time until Mrs. Mead resigned the presidency here, she was never without connection with academic life. Both before and after the death of her husband she, too, was a member of the faculty of Oberlin College; and though she, perhaps, would modestly withhold the fact, it is well known that on several occasions she declined appointment to permanent and lucrative positions.

Probably no one was ever more surprised than was she, when, in a distant land, the proposal from our trustees reached her that she would consider the subject of accepting the presidency here. Anxious days and nights were spent over the question which, happily for us, she eventually felt constrained to answer in the affirmative.

From the first day to the last of her work here, growth—in character first, in true scholastic life and spirit next—was her unceasing desire for student and college. Appreciating all that her predecessors had done, through more than half a century, in laying deep and broad foundations for a work already of high order, she knew what they, too, would have recognized, that the time had come when the superstructure must be reared still higher.

The period at which she entered upon her presidency here, that of transition from Seminary to College, was not always brightened by sunny skies. Days and weeks must be given to questions of grave consideration. Perplexities innumerable arose. But did anyone ever see Mrs. Mead's serenity disturbed, or find her in any other mood than "at leisure from" herself "to soothe and sympathize"?

Her prayerful courage never faltered!

She realized that Miss Lyon's plan for the institution was cast in no iron mold. It was, rather, so flexible that it could be adjusted and readjusted to time and circumstance, while always embracing within its limits definite work for Christ and His needy world. And so her first six years here were spent in efforts to deepen and broaden the work, and to fulfill plans and purposes, many of which were not new, but had lain on the hearts of those who preceded her.

Then came the fire! You shall be spared lengthy details concerning an event with which all are more or less familiar. But will you

think, for a moment, what must have been her feelings, when she saw the historic walls, all that had sheltered the home-life here for sixty years, crumbling to ashes?

Let me picture to you a little scene, as it lies indelibly stamped upon my memory.

As she was crossing the street, after leaving the burning house for the last time, she said, "I do not know what this means! Perhaps it is the end!" Then from the steps of the schoolhouse opposite, she watched chimney after chimney and the high brick walls go crashing down under the power of those demon-like flames!

After a half-hour or so, our ever-watchful trustee from over the river, who had seen our fiery signal and hastened to us, found her there. Meanwhile, friends from the town and vicinity had already been offering to take us, at least temporarily, to their homes. When she told this to our trustee, he asked, "Well, what do you think we can do?" She said, "I think we can go on!" Even so soon had her hopeful courage risen! And he replied, "Very well; if you think so, we will stand behind you!"

All honor to our good trustees! They did stand behind us, from that crucial hour under the light of the still burning building, through the following hard months and years, and they stand behind us still!

Then followed the night of suspense, during whose sleepless hours she was praying that daylight might not bring the knowledge of some precious young life sacrificed—the calamity which would be unspeakably worse than all!

But the next morning! Some of us will never forget the supreme hour, when, as we had assembled in the vestry of the church, and every name had been answered for as *safe*, Mrs. Mead voiced our united thanksgiving to God for our wonderful deliverance.

Then she read these words of inspiration. Had they ever meant so much to us before? How the thought of those ruins still smoldering so near us burned them into the very soul! "Be strong, all ye people, and work: for I am with you, said the Lord of Hosts. According to the word that I covenanted with you . . . so my Spirit remaineth among you. The silver is mine, and the gold is mine! The glory of this latter

house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of Hosts: and in this place will I give peace!"

As we gradually came out from our fiery trial her faith and courage were an inspiration to us all, and included in eager expectation, as she was wont to say, "everything that it was best for us to have." So that, as building after building has risen, thanks to our alumnæ, good Dr. Pearsons and other friends, she has never been surprised,—only more and more grateful for the good hand that has been over us.

I shall be pardoned if I quote here from the Resolutions presented by the faculty to Mrs. Mead on her retirement from the presidency.

"In the series of transitions crowded into her term of office, the faculty cannot forget the morning after the fire, when the president's faith in faculty and students, her strong confidence for the future, and her noble courage, gave the impulse to the life of the year. Her unwavering faith and hope, her constant thought for the college in the months that followed, were a stimulus to all who worked with her.

"With President Mead's administration have come the organization of the faculty, and the appointment of the various standing committees. The curriculum has been materially changed, courses in the different departments have been multiplied, elective work has been increased, the department of pedagogy established and the arrangement of studies made to lead to the one degree of B.A."

Do some of you girls remember—I know you do—how, from the veranda of Mary Brigham Hall, on that December night just before leaving us, she pleaded with you to be true to Mount Holyoke colors, and left in your keeping the future of the Students' League, which for so long had lain, a dear burden, on her heart? May I say you little knew how dear it was; she longed for such intellectual and spiritual growth as would lead to the highest ideals of self-control and true womanhood.

For many years an enthusiastic student of history, literature and art, and having already made several foreign tours, Mrs. Mead was especially prepared to enjoy her well-earned rest and recent journey through classic and sacred lands. But whether in Greece, Egypt or Palestine, her heart has been more here than there. She has followed us daily,

from chapel to recitation hall! The Day of Prayer for Colleges, Commencement and Founder's Day have been carefully noted in her calendar. Do you all know that for the annual observance of Founder's Day we are indebted to her?

Now that she has returned from her wanderings, though happy in her own beautiful home, she eagerly awaits the time when she will again go in and out among these familiar scenes.

No one, more truly than she, rejoices in every sign of continued prosperity and growth here,—in the success of the present administration, and the loving loyalty that supports and surrounds our president. Always optimistic, she expects to see far greater things than have yet been accomplished.

Let me assure you, too, that wherever you may meet her, whether you knew her here or not, the name "Mount Holyoke" will always be an open sesame to her interest in you. So never hesitate to announce yourself if you are near her.

No canvas can portray her sympathetic voice, the brilliant flash of her eye, or the heart that beats in constant sympathy with us. But her sweet Christian womanliness is reflected in the lives of many of her pupils who are working to-day in the world's needy places, or are making home life happy.

And let us hope that this portrait will represent, in some small measure, to all who may see it, now and in future years, what Mrs. Mead was,—nay, still is, and always will be, to Mount Holyoke College.

At the conclusion of Miss Cowles' most interesting paper, President Woolley gave a noble tribute to her predecessor in office. She spoke of the eagerness with which all were waiting for the unveiling of the portrait, an eagerness mingled with anxiety lest it should not represent to those who knew Mrs. Mead the qualities which they most admired and loved in her. She said:—

It is hard for the pictured face to represent all for which the original stands. If this portrait is true to the life, it must first of all speak to us of courage, that courage which springs, not from the buoyancy of

youth, but from the deeper reality of faith. Mrs. Mead was not a young woman when she began her work at the college and it is marvelous that she could meet the perplexities, discouragement and even disaster of that transition age with an undaunted faith which is only another name for heroism. From the point of view of the present it is hard to realize what bravery it required to take up the work after the fire and see in the ashes of the old Mount Holyoke the fair structure of the new. . . . .

This portrait must speak to us also of progressiveness. It would be a revelation to many of us were we to trace the history of those ten years and see by what changes in the curriculum, customs and life of the college they are marked. This is not the place to enumerate the innovations of her administration, but we should fail in our estimate of her spirit and work did we not notice her singular freedom from conservatism and her readiness to try the new whenever she saw that it meant greater and better things for the college.

A progressiveness to be helpful in its results must include foresight. I am glad that we have this opportunity to place Mrs. Mead's name beside Miss Lyon's. She was in a very true sense the second founder of the college and, like the woman to whom Mount Holyoke owed its birth, had an almost prophetic vision of the future and its possibilities.

President Jordan has said: "Wisdom is knowing what to do next, Skill is knowing how to do it, and Virtue is doing it." Wisdom, Skill, Virtue, a glorious trinity! Can we more truly characterize the woman whose name we delight to honor!

GIRLS AS THEOLOGUES.

A WEATHER beaten old Maine fisherman once described to a visitor the succession of ministers who had labored on his lonely island, in the words, "Some be young,—and some be old,—and some be women!" The three phrases could be taken quite as well as describing the classes of students at some theological seminaries,—some, I say, because not all

are broad-minded or open-doored enough to welcome the third class. In only a few have the faculties deemed it possible, wise, or necessary to allow women to join the ranks of divinity students, with the natural result that people rarely know there are any. And it must be confessed that usually the few who do know, think wondering thoughts.

The seminary at Hartford, Connecticut, was the first to admit women on equal terms with the men, and has the largest proportion,—about one tenth of the total enrollment. Altogether about forty women have taken full or partial courses since eighteen hundred eighty-nine, when they were first admitted. Unfortunately there are no authentic records of the experiences of those first women students, but some annoying and laughable incidents must have occurred, if only the staid and somber walls of the old lecture-rooms and halls could speak. It was such a new and untried course then, though most other professional schools were open to them, that the women must have felt the responsibility of making an experiment a success, in spite of obstacles and misunderstanding. Their determined purpose, their high scholarship and splendid service after graduation won the victory, and their pioneer work has made it easier and simpler for other girls to follow.

Another fact which made it easier for women than if they had had to blaze an independent path was the preliminary organization of a committee of ladies. This Advisory Committee assisted in raising scholarships for the girls, in securing suitable boarding-places and in helping in every way to make their three years of study as pleasant as possible. So the girl student did not find herself in a wholly alien atmosphere.

Perhaps the most incomprehensible thing about the whole matter, is a girl's possible reason for desiring such a course. A theological training is not thought to fit for any other form of work than that of the pulpit. Consequently, a girl who seeks such a course of study must be either a freak or a bluestocking. Yet the very fact of its being a rather unusual proceeding would show that there must be very good and sufficient reasons for undertaking it. The idea of taking studies at a divinity school is not inherently attractive to a girl. But suppose a college girl decides she could do her best work by teaching the Bible. The time has

passed when it was considered possible for anyone to teach the Bible, and it has come to be realized that there are especial difficulties attending its teaching. The very familiarity of the subject matter makes it hard to treat its study with dignity, to give to it the hard work which other courses at college demand. In these days of so-called higher criticism and the agitation of so many questions that our Puritan forbears used to think were settled for all time, a college student of wide-awake mind faces many a problem which can be settled only by scientific study of the Bible and the philosophy of religion. To meet this growing need, with its fine opportunities really to help in broadening others' horizons, a teacher of the Bible must be well equipped by years of special scientific study, reading, and thought. It is a wide field for work, with many lines of effort opening suggestively out, and by studying at a theological seminary she can fit herself to enter it as in no other way.

Then there is the girl who is bending all her energies toward preparing for work as a foreign missionary. It is a significant fact that the majority of workers abroad are women. When one considers the importance of their responsibilities as leaders and guides, it is strange that more of them have not sought specialized training before entering their life work. It is no light thing to meet the age-old religions and finely-spun philosophical systems of the Orient, and to maintain successfully the superiority of Christianity, even with a knowledge of comparative religions in addition to the fundamental truths of our own. When the time comes to face an eager, quick-witted audience in some Eastern land, the girl missionary will be thankful for every bit of historical and devotional Bible study she has had in her theological course. She will need it all to enable her to answer readily and truthfully the earnest questions that are enough to puzzle Confucius himself. To build strong, sure foundations for the faith of a nation newly awakening to Christianity, and to do really strategic work with the educated classes, there is necessity for years of preparation and study. Nor should she leave out some normal training, both in the principles of pedagogy and their practical application to teaching the Bible and religious truths.

Besides these results for which the women definitely strive, they

gain others valuable in themselves to any student. If one is a student of literature, what more rewarding study could she ask than the masterpiece, "Job," reading it as she does in the stately, sonorous Hebrew? Scarcely less wonderful are the beautiful passages in Isaiah, fiery or tender,—the stern simplicity of the prophets, the poetry of the Psalms, and some of the matchless historical narratives,—all bound up in that collection of the finest of all literature, our Bible. It surely is worth while, merely from the literary point of view. For the language student there is Hebrew, Arabic, Sanskrit, Syriac, Assyrian, each opening wide a path into a new and delightful unexplored country. For the one who rejoices to grapple with problems, no higher or deeper or broader questions can be found than those to be met with in the philosophy of theology. No earnest student, man or woman, can face such problems and think them out, and not be broader, nobler, more useful, in serving the present age.

That these aims and purposes are no idle assumptions is evident from the work that these women students have done after graduating from the seminary. A large number have been teaching in colleges and schools, both here in America and in foreign lands,—Africa and Turkey. Another has done good work in preparing outlines on Bible study for the Young Women's Christian Association, in supervising its Bible-study department, and in writing,—all of which she admits she could never have done without her three years at Hartford. Distinguished work in Semitic languages has been done by one or two. A few are putting their training to very practical use as pastors' assistants. One even is the principal of the School of Domestic Science in Boston,—so no charge of narrowness can be sustained against these feminine theological graduates.

Study is not the exclusive occupation at the divinity school, for one-sidedness is no more encouraged there than elsewhere. So the student has her Sunday school or mission-study class, some work at the Settlement or News Girls' Club, is ready to give a missionary talk now and then, and help as much as she has time and strength. As for her forms of relaxation and recreation, they are as varied as the girls themselves.

Living as independently as at any university, each has her own circle of friends and acquaintances, beginning with the cluster of college friends found in every city, soon adding new ones from the hospitable homes of the faculty, and gaining many others as the months pass. In a city like Hartford, there are endless opportunities for attending lectures, plays, and concerts.

Of her own private life in the midst of this setting, the girl student has many a tale to tell. She will paint in vivid colors the awfulness of the first qualms at finding herself, with perhaps one other girl, in a class of two dozen strange men and expected to recite with them. Nor will she forget the crimson face and shaking knees with which she walked up to the blackboard during the first week, to inscribe in wabbly characters her first Hebrew words. Time and custom work their merciful changes, however, and she discovers with Socrates, that "all men are mortal" as far as perfect lessons are concerned. She grows able to look on with calm amusement at the ridiculous pranks to which the men treat each other; she does not even grasp her desk to steady herself at some tremendous crash outside the door, or at the remarkable athletic exhibitions carried on in dangerous proximity to her peaceful chair, before the professor enters. She finds she is always undisturbed. Except for meeting in the class room, and at receptions and informal gatherings outside, the men and women live lives quite apart. There are very few social functions at the seminary. The men all live in the huge dormitory irreverently dubbed the "Geological Cemetery" by an ignorant outsider, while the girls either dwell singly in boarding houses in the ordinary way, or together, in what they are pleased to call an extraordinarily delightful way. For five or six years, several girls have had a coöperative home in a flat, that has been a haven of rest and independence. To be sure the parlor is a strange composite of pictures that have come from various college rooms and from all over the world,—and a little brass Indian god will nudge a pair of Turkish shoes on a Mexican mat on the mantel. The family bookshelves will furnish anything from a "Handbook on Tennis" or a "Marathi Dictionary" to Malory's "Morte D'Arthur" or Walter Pater. Yet the

members of the happy family manage to combine their variegated tastes, natures, and talents into an harmonious whole that makes the three years of life together one of the gladdest recollections of the seminary course. They form a little republic by themselves, electing each year the financial head of affairs, paying over their shares to her, and discussing in solemn conclave the exigencies of the coal question or the devastation caused by the illness of the housekeeper. In the latter emergency, the "Interregnum" had to be filled by the theological family itself. Now that those days are past, the student will gleefully relate the mirth-provoking tribulations of getting all one's own meals and attending over twenty lectures a week. She will tell how incantations of Hebrew conjugations and Assyrian vocabularies were muttered over the boiling potatoes, or how cakes were mixed to Greek exegesis, and tables set to theological discussions,—and all bound together by the enjoyment of the funny side of it all, despite the extra work. There 's a deal of wicked satisfaction in proving, by the lightness of the bread or toothsomeness of the pudding, that theology is inconsistent neither with domesticity nor practical life. To be sure, the students will admit such a home means oversight and care, but they are richly repaid in the simple homeyness, and in the pleasure of welcoming old friends as guests.

Such is the life of a girl divinity student, with its study and work inside the seminary halls and out, and its happy companionships, all held together and shot through with the thread of an earnest purpose.

—Alice Seymour Browne, 1900.

THE PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

"Three hundred ninety-ninth," said the secretary, laying the typewritten sheet on a pile at her left. Then she waited for Beverley to go on. The man eyed the young woman suspiciously. She was college-bred and might be expected to know a good thing when she heard it.

is fancy, grown morbidly active of late, suggested that her avoidance his glance was studied.

"That will do for to-day," throwing down his manuscript. "You n't mind a shot at vacation now and then?" he hurried on, guiltily nscious that there had been three such "shots" within as many days. ove, this weather 's too compelling—can't stay in and plug with a clear nscience, you know."

The slight flush on his face found a scarcely perceptible counterpart the hint of pity in his secretary's eyes as she picked up a roll of cor-cted proof sheets. "Shall I mail these?"

"Oh, thanks awfully. Yes, if you will. Good day."

As the door closed Beverley flung himself back in the big desk chair. efore him lay a communication from his publishers. Scattered phrases ught his eye: "delay in receiving manuscript"; "postponement of the te of publication"; "eagerness of the public"; "hundred thousand or-rs in advance." With a quick gesture the young man tossed the letter ide, drew paper toward him, stared unseeingly into space for several inutes, his eyes black with the effort of concentration, then seizing a n he began to write doggedly and swiftly.

"Tick-tock," murmured the tall clock with the colonial accent re-ovingly to the inquisitive sunbeams. But the sunbeams paid no heed. hey danced across the heavy rugs, climbed up the backs of the books acked along the wall, first editions, folios of old dates, authors' copies esh from the press, until they gleamed playfully on the two swords ossed above the cases. Then they began in another direction. "One," arned the clock as they crept toward the desk; "half-hour," it expostu-ted as they clung to Beverley's knees; "two," it reiterated as they tri-nphantly rioted over a pair of broad shoulders.

Beverley laid down a damp pen. "Gracious, it 's hot," he said oud as he shut out the obstreperous sunbeams. He came back to the sk, picked up what he had written and began to read. In the days efore Beverley's fame had sprung up in a night a fellow reporter once mplained that his criticisms were scathing. "Bev treats imperfec-ons to a death by scorn," the reporter had said. Denton coming in

suddenly as the young man finished the last sheet caught a fleeting glimpse of this old scornful smile on Beverley's face.

"Hello, Bev,—working? How goes it?"

"Could n't be worse, thank you."

"Nonsense. Where 's 'Sword Blades' now?"

Three hundred and ninety-ninth page," quoting grimly.

"H'm, yes. Trial scene? Slow work, but it 'll get on quicker soon. How 'd you do that— Hold on, hold on, what are you tearing those up for?"

"Bad."

"Stuff! you 're as fussy as any old woman, Bev. Risk a little on your reputation, man."

"Lose, you mean. Bother my reputation, anyway."

Denton studied the younger man closely. "What 's to pay with you now? You 're getting into a regular blue funk over this book. 'Ducks and Drakes' will float you for a good while yet. You struck the bull's eye there. Why, I was reading only this morning that criticism of Griffith's. He says you 've founded a new and distinctively American school in literature."

Beverley groaned. He knew by heart that particularly sententious paragraph of the great reviewer's. There reposed in the right hand drawer a fat little scrapbook already bulging with favorable comments on his first novel and eager anticipations of his second, which was announced as forthcoming in the near future. Denton looked up with quizzical solicitude. His was the love of a hard-working newspaper man for his younger and more brilliant companion. Beverley's triumph had been his triumph, and though Beverley's new world had not become Denton's also, still in interest the older man followed the younger through all changes.

Now he leaned over and laid a hand on Beverley's wrist.

"Fever?" he inquired briefly. "Feel well?"

Beverley laughed. "O, my *health's* well enough, Denton, worse luck. Only wish I had that excuse!"

"Any trouble between you and Sarah Jane—what 's her name—Miss Shirley?"

"No."

"Walton getting in his innings?"

"Can't say."

"I say, Bev, Miss Shirley's enough of a girl to pick and choose between you and Walton. Give her credit for some sense."

"And myself for some conceit?"

"Well, there 's no discounting Yankee brains."

"Which is to say Walton's an Englishman?"

"If you like. Anyhow his roar has sunk into insignificance beside yours. There 's nothing like a lion among ladies. So don't worry."

"I don't care to talk about it," Beverley said shortly. Striding over to the window he stood for several minutes looking out across the city roofs. Then with one of those swift changes of mood which were growing more noticeable in him of late and whose gayety Denton more than half suspected was assumed to cover a heartsickness that seldom left him, he whirled around to his friend.

"Ha, I have it! The very thing for to-day. Let 's drive. You come out with me to the clubhouse. Nothing on hand, have you?"

"Sorry—engagement at 'The Crossroads,' just this side. You can drop me there. It 's a jolly day for a drive."

So indeed the two found it. Beverley's mare felt the frolicsome quality in the blithe spring air and swiftly put behind her the winter dinginess of the city. It was a day in one of those weeks of warmth and sunshine which sometimes seem curiously transposed from May to March, as though Nature were trying to play a trick on the calendar. A hint of greenness was creeping over the brown fields, though the buds on tree and bush had not yet answered to the touch of the sunshine. But from hedges and woodsides peeped silvery pussy willows, song sparrows trilled from their perch on barn or tree-top, and in the air was that indefinable sense of awakening, of stirring life, which is the breath of the springtime.

To it Beverley responded as swiftly and as characteristically as did

the mare. Hopefulness was the note of the day and he was too healthy in mind to remain out of harmony. His keen eyes caught every sign of the approaching transformation of field and hill slope, and when he dropped Denton at "The Crossroads" and drove on to the clubhouse, it was in a mood of good will toward all men which was not dissipated even by the discovery that Walton's trap had brought Miss Shirley.

"Hello, hello, Beverley," called the men. "Have n't seen you for a week. Where have you been keeping yourself?"

"Aw fancy you 've been working jolly hard on that new book, doncherknow," drawled the Englishman.

"Reckon you 'll have to take him to task, Miss Shirley," put in another. "Tell him to let up a little for the sake of the rest of us, won't you?"

"O, every one 's *so* anxious to have the book come out," murmured one of the girls, "and it 's nearly time now. Mr. Beverley's other book is so fascinating, you know. When will 'Sword Blades' appear, Mr. Beverley? I 've ordered a dozen copies already and I shall expect you to sign them all."

Elinor Shirley laughed with the others, but she repeated the question to Beverley when he had succeeded in getting her to himself for a few moments over a bed of snowdrops on the north side of the clubhouse.

"And when *is* the book coming out, Mr. Beverley?" she asked gayly. "You have promised me the first copy, remember."

Beverley watched the slim white fingers moving here and there among the green shoots, noted the deftness and gentleness of the steady pull which drew the snowdrops long-stemmed out of the brown earth. He was silent so long that the girl looked up in surprise.

"O, I beg your pardon," he stammered. "About the book—I don't know, really. There 's some delay, it is n't going as—fast as it promised. If it were only out and I could give you that copy now, what do you suppose I 'd get," a trifle wistfully, "a snowdrop?"

"The whole bunch," exclaimed Elinor Shirley, impulsively smiling up at him.

"Snowdrops will be gone when the book comes out—now. You know it 's quite the thing for one to ask for something," he hurried on.

The girl wrinkled her brow thoughtfully. "Would pansies do?"

An odd look crept into Beverley's eyes. "You gave me a rosebud last year," he hazarded. "Just a bud. Do you suppose—I could have the full rose this summer?"

Elinor contemplated the snowdrops. "Perhaps. Yes," lifting her head, "when you bring me my copy of 'Sword Blades' you shall have a rose,—if there 's one in bloom," she added quickly.

On his drive back to town Beverley pondered the girl's words. Late afternoon had brought a change in the day's mood, a change he was quick to feel. With the fading of the sunlight had passed the joyousness from the face of the countryside. It was as though a smile had vanished, leaving a settled sadness in its place. An element of bleakness had crept into the air; the song sparrows were silent and the pussy willows clung shiveringly to their slim twigs. The mare frisked no longer, but laid back her ears and took long strides through the early darkness. As Beverley let himself into his library and turned on the lights his face wore an expression of grim determination.

"I must have that rose," he said.

He worked far into the night. His secretary the next day experienced unwontedly full hours, but whatever surprise she may have felt she effectually hid under a non-committal manner. There were no more half-holidays, no more concessions to insistent calls from the outdoor world. The order of Beverley's life, day in and day out, was writing and re-writing, dictating and re-dictating, destroying and re-destroying. His secretary saw but part, yet she was a young woman of instinctive perceptions, and, though she did not understand its purport, she knew that she was looking on at a great struggle, aiding mechanically in a battle royal. The fight told on Beverley. He was too intimately concerned in its outcome not to labor under a double strain. Denton looked in increasingly often and urged more and more strongly a slower pace, but Beverley put before him the thought of what defeat must mean, and spurred himself on to renewed exertion.

In his mind the ignominy of failure owed its sharpest sting to the opinion, not of critics nor of mere men, though men's contempt and ridicule would be hard to bear, nor even of all women, but of one. Elinor Shirley's face, sweet, spirited, gracious, was before him night and day, her words sounded continually in his ears. His work was not for fame nor for the delight of creation, but as the struggle of some old knight in joust or tournament who waged mortal combat to win his lady. For this was what his book meant to Beverley. It was his lance wherewith to splinter his rival's steel. Not that he had consciously acknowledged this position. Since his sudden leap to popularity a year before without fully realizing it the young man had come in his own case to adopt the standards of this new world, Elinor Shirley's world, to which his literary success had admitted him. It seemed to him he had made headway against Walton primarily because he could write better. So his valuation of himself for what he was imperceptibly passed into a valuation of himself for what he could do. Failure in his new book carried with it the loss of Elinor Shirley. What girl would share ridicule with him?

It was curiously characteristic of the man that he never once thought of a compromise in the fight he was making. It never occurred to him to lower his literary standards to secure his end. Thus it came about that one day Beverley again dismissed his secretary in the forenoon and settled himself to pass judgment on the work that he had done. It was late when he laid down the last page and the dusk hid something of the bitter weariness in his face. Defeat showed in every line of his figure as he stretched out his arms over the desk before him and dropped his head upon them, staring across at the two swords on the wall.

"I have lost her," he said dully.

The first mail from home did not succeed in overtaking Beverley till six weeks after he had sailed. He was superintending the loading of the expedition's supplies at Cairo when the newspaper and letter were brought him. The sun glared down fiercely on his damp flannels and his hair curled in wet rings under his white helmet. He glanced at the

natives swarming around the ammunition cases, gave an order or two and unfolded the daily.

"Popular Author Suddenly Leaves Country!"

"Mysterious Departure!"

Beverley frowned and turned the pages impatiently until he found the paragraph he was looking for. His eyes dwelt on sentences at random.

"The Macmillan Company announce that Richard Beverley's new novel 'Sword Blades' will not be forthcoming as advertised heretofore. . . . The author wishes it distinctly understood that the non-appearance of 'Sword Blades' is due to no fault of the publishers but rests entirely with him. . . . Mr. Beverley sailed yesterday to join Clarkson's expedition to the Soudan. . . . Orders for 'Sword Blades' will be canceled."

Then Beverley broke the seal of the letter. It bore the monogram "E. S." and a scarcely perceptible perfume clung about it.

"Your letter has just been brought me," he read. "I wish you had come yourself, we could have talked so much better than I can write. You are dropping out to sea this very hour, but I cannot sleep without at least telling you that I for one am not disappointed in you. You say that 'Sword Blades' is never coming out because you cannot write it, that your one little spark of genius has burned out in a single book and there is nothing left. Do you know I admire you for that, for coming straight out and telling the real truth without any shams or pretenses. And more than all for refusing to put a poor book on the market,—'trash' you call it. O, you knew well enough that your name would have carried it along. Sold? Of course it would have sold! And yet—you kept it back. And you call this defeat—failure! I don't. Would you like to know what I say? It is a victory and of the very finest kind. Yet all this year while you have been here in Boston, in spite of the book and your success and all that, do you know I 've had a queer feeling that writing was n't your element. Somehow you seem to need more activity. You can handle live men, not merely characters in fiction. Yes, and now you are going to do it.

"Only don't stay away long enough to forget your friends. Please believe in them next time even if you don't believe in yourself. O, can't you understand that *you* are worth more than all the books that were ever written? Anyway your friends know it and they, your real friends—and you have many—will be glad, *glad,* GLAD to welcome you home again. As for me, if you want your rose—sometime, you know—and remember about it—I am sure it will be in bloom whenever you come. ELINOR SHIRLEY."

Beverley looked up from the letter. "Yes, that 's all right," he happily assured the man come to report a quarrel among the Arabs. "Everything 's all right. O, I 'll go and knock their heads together if you like. Anything to please," politely, "but it 's all right I tell you." And he strode off with a smile in his eyes and the old alert confidence in his step, leaving the man to stare after his tall figure and wonder what new trick this hot Egyptian sun had played with an American's brain. —1902.

THE INWARD EYE.

"It flashes on the inward eye."—
  Oh, precious memory that brings,
Mid scenes that April's charms defy,
  The loveliness of other springs.

Stone walks and walls are sudden gone,
  And at my feet I see again
A dandelion-studded lawn,
  With "Quaker ladies" now and then.

Again I watch with joyous glow
  The willow tendrils turn to green,
And changes weeks were wont to show
  In one swift moment now are seen.

I wander by the rushing stream
  Where pussy willows pertly stand,
Then watch the sunset's softened gleam
  On hills along the borderland.

Now soft upon the inward ear
  Fall even-songs of birds; the light
Has faded, and afar I hear
  By girlish voices sung, "Good night."

Oh, blessed knowledge,—in my heart
  The Holyoke echoes cannot die;
Nor can the outward bid depart
  The visions of the inward eye.

—Rowena Keith Keyes, 1902.

A CONSEQUENCE OF GREENNESS.

I.

"ONE to Holyoke," said the gentleman next in line, and passed three dollar bills through the window of the ticket office. Out came a long green orange-backed slip and a ten cent piece. The line before the window pushed on. Slender merry-mouthed Mattie waiting near by for her uncle caught the echo of his words. They were spoken by a short, stubby, laboring man now handing over his bills.

"One! to Ho-ly-oke!" Each syllable was drawn out proudly.

Then came Uncle Rob, picked up valise and umbrella and hurried Mattie away to check her trunk. That took a half-hour. It was almost nine o'clock when they came from the baggage room.

"Two?" One of the blue-coated fixtures of the Grand Central depot barred the exit. Passengers filed out from the waiting room between two iron railings.

"One—I see the lady to the train."

"All right!" The official snapped his punch and gave back the ticket.

Dozens of tracks stretched out under the dimmed glass roof. Country-bred Mattie looked with perplexed eyes at the dozens of trains.

"Holyoke?" said Uncle Rob. Another official pointed to the Springfield sign projecting from the rear car of the Boston express.

"Ho-ly-oke! Ho-ly-oke!" cried a gleeful voice behind them. It was the short stubby man with a short stubby daughter at his side. With gesticulations which seemed to express delight he waved an orange-backed ticket from daughter to Mattie and back again.

One glance she darted smilingly over the baggy, green-faded suit, over the clumsy, creased, and cracked boots. One glance took in the daughter. A startling thought drove Mattie's smile away.

"O Uncle Rob, hurry!" she cried.

Almost dragging him along she rushed away from the pursuing

couple, across endless planks, up the high step, on through a full car to an empty seat in the next. Uncle Rob swung the valise into the rack.

"Shall I put your box up there, too?"

"No, I thank you. It is my lunch. It holds some delicious peaches and I can't wait till noon to taste them."

The uncle seated himself by his niece.

"Two minutes to say good-bye."

"You have been so good to engineer your country-bred niece through this great city, Uncle Rob. I shall want to stop over every trip. Please thank Aunt Lu for——"

"Ho-ly-oke!" was the near triumphant shout. The short man seated his short daughter in front of Mattie. Uncle Rob laughed.

"You 've company, it seems. Don't be homesick. Here are some chocolates to comfort you. Write us soon, if home letters don't take all of the postage. I wish I had a daughter to send to college with you."

A kiss and he was gone. Another kiss and the girl in front was alone. Mattie eyed her closely. With every puff of the engine throbbed the dreadful thought.

"No gloves; but of course she is poor. O dear! And the style of her sailor hat is three years old; and that antique necktie! it never thought of being pretty; and her hair is done in a perfect Bridget's Psyche knot. But I should not know how to do up such a mite of hair myself."

Mattie's two long golden freshman's braids did not trouble her. Nor would they when she should learn the song:—

"Freshman came to Holyoke fair,
Green she was as grass is,
In pigtails she wore her hair——"

"Is this seat taken?"

The buttercups, perched among the blue ribbons of the hat which Mattie's mother had trimmed, nodded with Mattie's "No." A gentleman took the vacant place. He was blond and of uncertain age. Soon Psyche—so Mattie had dubbed her neighbor, preferring that title to

Norah or Gretchen—made room for another passenger. She lifted from the seat beside her a bundle tied in a giant handkerchief. Mattie shuddered and tried to think about something else. The gentleman was removing his hat. His blond hair was thin. Still his age was uncertain. Hers was not at all uncertain. So thought the gentleman looking at her eager, innocent face and at the childish hands which clung to the lunch box. Then he unfolded the morning paper.

Miss Martha Goldwin now tried to see other college girls among the passengers. She was sure that every Holyoke girl must have a distinctive air. She tried to assume that imagined air. Mount Holyoke College! How proud of her choice Mattie was! For months, while she and mother planned and sewed, her brain had been busy with enthusiastic dreams. She had read about Mary Lyon. She was prepared to give a whole lecture on the aims and ideals of that great worker for women. She knew just what the tone of the institution must be. To herself she called it *democratic*. That to her meant all sisters, all free and equal, all eager and progressive; no rank according to wealth, all esteem for intellect, all sisters.

Mattie never had visited Mount Holyoke College. She never had known any student there. But she had formed her own ideas of colleges in general, of this college in particular; even down to the minor details of student economics and Mount Holyoke's superiority in that line. It was these ideas which now were troubling the golden-haired freshman. Must she broaden her conception of the sisterhood at Mount Holyoke? For it was not yet quite broad enough to include this Psyche. How could such a girl have any fun at all? Of course she must be a very brilliant student or she never would dare to go. Mattie felt certain that no amount of brains could help her to face four hundred college girls in such an ugly, old-fashioned shirt waist; with that faded umbrella; with that bundle! But evidently Psyche intended to face them. And she had begun by forcing herself upon Mattie.

The gentleman putting down his paper saw Goldenhair solacing herself with a chocolate. She seemed to enjoy it. She tried another.

She seemed inclined to laugh. She would have laughed if he had not been there.

The locomotive had puffed them out of the city; away from the views of New York flats with their windows full of cats and children; away from the multi-colored boards which crown the flats, advertising pills, stove polish or tobacco. They were hurrying through elm-outlined villages, through Connecticut pasture lands. Psyche looked out of the window. Mattie read through her one little book. Psyche still was looking out of the window. Her face was turned enough to show the smallpox scars. Mattie looked out, too. The scenery grew monotonous. Both girls yawned. Psyche's companion did not notice it. Mattie's offered her the latest magazine. It was accepted with thanks. Later this led to conversation. Mattie had not learned from upper classmen that Mount Holyoke students must not talk with strangers on the train. Besides, this gentleman was middle-aged,—thus she decided,—and sleepy. So they talked. Naturally Mattie was led on to her favorite theme, Mount Holyoke College. She became quite eloquent, for a little girl. The gentleman was amused. He had taken a common car instead of a parlor car because he wished to be amused.

"You must count me as one more convert to the interests of Mount Holyoke," he said, in quite an earnest tone.

Mattie's appetite hastened ahead of her watch. They had not reached Hartford. But she was hungry for those delicious peaches. Was Psyche hungry, too? She certainly had no lunch with her. What a brave girl to come to college with no mother to help her! For no lunch meant no mother. Mattie felt sympathetic. She could almost bear to think of Psyche as a classmate. Poor despised Psyche! Mattie decided to make the best of it. She must begin to be friendly right away. She leaned forward and touched the girl's shoulder.

"Please have some of my lunch. I have too much. You know we cannot reach Holyoke until nearly two o'clock."

"Two o'clock?" A funny little nose, a broad smile, two lovely dancing brown eyes, a shy "thanks," and she took a sandwich.

The light in those brown eyes entirely beamed away Mattie's clouds.

How stupid she had been to judge a girl by her clothes! Perhaps those eyes would win class honors some day.

The blond gentleman then saw the brown-eyed girl lift from the floor a homely bundle. Out of it she took two warty green apples. With a smile she offered them to the golden-haired girl. The latter hesitated, smiled, took one. Then each settled back into her seat.

The gentleman was appreciative. He had no clue to conversation on this new subject. He asked if he might bring a glass of water. When he had left his papers and magazines the thought occurred to Mattie that he had been watching her. She looked at the hideous apple. It was more than she could endure, even for the sake of the brown eyes. She dropped it into her lunch box, looking regretfully at the peaches. She could not eat one now nor offer one to Psyche. The contrast with the apple might hurt Psyche's feelings. She tucked the box under the seat.

When the gentleman returned Mattie had begun to read her book through for the second time. The green apple had vanished. He wondered what she had done with it. He hoped she had not martyred herself for the sake of that stranger in front.

Mattie rose at Springfield to leave the car. Her valise was handed down from the rack. The gentleman lifted his hat. "A convert to the interests of Mount Holyoke," he repeated. Again alone with his magazines he soliloquized:—

"I would give a five to understand, just for amusement."

His appearance had not suggested such full payment for such small satisfaction. Psyche would have said he meant five cents.

Psyche? Mattie saw her fumbling about in the crowd. She turned smilingly and said, although she too was a stranger in Springfield, "Come, I will show you the way."

II.

"Mattie Goldwin! You discouraging girl! How dare you stay away from Student League meeting?"

"O Madam President, I 'm so sorry! I was so sleepy that positively I could not wake up at four-thirty."

"Sleep! And you pretend to sympathize with me in my cry for quorums. All the other students are just as bad. Did you sit up last night?"

"Please don't squelch me for it. I sat up only till one o'clock. I never meant to miss League meeting, truly. Have a cracker? There 's some jelly to put on it."

"Thank you, yes. But, Miss Penitence, I shall not let you beg off this way. Was n't last night your fourth sit up?"

"Only the third. And I finished my chemistry notebook."

"Good work! What a shark you are, Goldie! You are always doing up work ahead of time. You are a perfect paragon of a student!"

"How much do you charge—for—the——"

"Oh, I 'll send in the bill later. Now you know you 're a jewel."

"Yes, yes, set in gold. Do you want me to act as proctor over the 'second floor gang' next term? I hate it, reminding people to be quiet, to keep their own laws."

"No, Goldie, I 'm sure you could not keep them quiet. I shall not even nominate you. I 'd like another cracker, please."

"What did you do at League meeting, Edith?"

"You don't deserve to be told."

"Now, Ed, dear, you know I 'm dreadfully sorry. I 'll drum up quorums for you all the rest of the year."

"Thanks again. As I said before, you are a jewel."

"Anything else?"

"And drumming is your forte."

"Ah! Something dreadful is coming. I must smother you at once."

"Wait, please, Goldie. It is a committee."

"Reception? I won't! I hate and abhor——"

"No; finance. You know that Dr. Pearsons has extended his offer from January to June."

"Yes—one dollar for every three, fifty thousand for a hundred and fifty, endowment fund must be raised, trustees are bankrupt and weep-

ing, alumnæ are short and solemn, students are ready to live on bread and water——"

"Hush, Goldie! This is a serious matter. The League has resolved that the other thirty thousand must be obtained. You are to be held responsible for it, and for the endowment fund."

"But, Ed, am I to contribute the sum? I don't believe my father would sell the farm for the cause."

"You are to be held responsible."

"Edith—I—I—wish I had attended League meeting."

"And the moral of that is, don't sit up nights for the sake of being a shark. But now I will tell you about the work of the committee. The League has resolved upon organized begging from all the millionaires of the country. I have appointed you, Goldie, to be the Beggar-in-chief. You will be so sympathetic when they say they can't afford it; and your blue eyes will plead so earnestly; and——"

"Very well, Madam President, if I must, I must. But please do not dissect my charms. How many on the committee and who are the best? Some one for Boston and vicinity? And one for New York?"

"You should do New York yourself. With the aid of your Uncle Rob you will be able——"

"Edith, if you make fun of Uncle Rob!"

"O, I would not dream of it. He is just the dearest uncle in the world. He will not mind giving you introductions to some of his millionaire friends."

Here Edith was smothered in pillows until she screamed for the safety of senior cap and eyeglasses. Mattie was well aware that she had talked about her favorite uncle until all her friends knew his every virtue; this friend most of all. For Edith had been her chosen confidante since her first day at Mount Holyoke. (Mattie never had told why she had accepted so eagerly that first kindly greeting from a sophomore, but she knew. Their friendship had begun with her first look into Edith's gay brown eyes. "Just like Psyche's" she had said to herself.) Now Mattie continued cheerfully to pile on pillows until her friend pleaded that it was nearly supper time.

"League meeting was out so late that——"

"Silence! No more of quorums! I have accepted the penalty."

"Goldie, truly you will not mind, will you? You are such a loyal daughter of Mount Holyoke."

"Do I think of declining an opportunity like this? Am I too good to follow in Mary Lyon's footsteps? She collected without a committee to help her; without a League behind her. While I—but run away and fix your rumpled locks, lady. Come at nine and let us plan our committee."

"Nine o'clock, sharp. What have you done with my side combs, Goldie?"

"Here, under the pillows. Bring your chafing dish when you come. We must make some fudge to celebrate Dr. Pearsons's renewal."

III.

It was a morning of the last week in May. Mattie Goldwin stood frowning at a large plate glass window on Sixth Avenue. She could not have been frowning at the reflection of the tailor-made, millinermade figure, with its gold crown that gleamed in the sunshine. She must have been frowning at the eyes.

"O, I 'm so tired of it!"

A small urchin at play in a noisy group on the corner darted toward her and turned his face up to her.

"Gi'me a dime, Missis, please! fer a pair o' shoes. Aw, please, Missis!"

Mattie shook her head and walked on.

"That 's what I 'm doing, too," she thought. Then with a laugh she began to scold herself.

"Whoever heard of such a silly idea? It is just grand, to be able to help on Mary Lyon's work. I feel a little as I am certain Dr. Pearsons will feel when we tell him we have earned his fifty thousand."

Then she walked more slowly. She was considering some advice which Uncle Rob had given her.

"This is an introduction to Mr. Werther. He can give you a good sum if he wishes to. But I am afraid he may not wish to. I fear he will make you feel uncomfortable and helpless. I hope you will not need to use it."

She had gone to the others first. There was two thousand yet to be raised.

"How I hate to beg of Uncle Rob's acquaintances! But the other girls have worked nobly and I must do my share on this final two thousand. Now prepare yourself for the attack, Mr. Werther!"

Into the office stepped Miss Goldwin, radiantly beaming away the door boy and humbler clerks.

"Mr. Werther? Yes, ma'am, he has just come in. May I give your message?"

"I thank you, but it is important. I must see him myself."

Preceded by the introduction she invaded the sanctum. At ease in an elegant chair she noted the surroundings, the private secretary, the owner. The face of the latter seemed familiar but she could not place it.

"Miss Goldwin, on important business?"

"Yes, Mr. Werther; I feel certain that as a business man you will recognize its importance and interest."

He had turned to speak at the moment when she was puzzling over the resemblance. She had blundered in her answer. Now things would go wrong.

"Missions? My dear young lady, I am deeply interested in missions, but——"

"No, sir, though its ideal value is missionary. (Dear me, what is the matter with my tongue?)"

"Then it is practical values which you pursue. Is it a hospital?"

"No, sir; guess again! (If I could only remember! Perhaps he is not dreadful, after all.)"

"Not missions and not a hospital? Then I am sure that I cannot afford it. I have lost recently more than forty thousand dollars. This morning I resolved to limit my sympathy to missions and hospitals. In

my present straits I am compelled to draw some line; as you can understand, I feel certain."

"Now, Mr. Werther, I have heard that forty-thousand-dollar story too many times to believe it. (At this point Edith would have me use blue-eyed sympathy.)"

"An experienced beggar? You do not look as if you had had time to become one, Miss—Miss——"

"Goldwin. (I wonder if I shall grin as that little street urchin did at the 'No.') I thank you, but I am no younger than are most of my classmates who were freshmen three years ago. Have you ever heard of Mount Holyoke College, Mr. Werther?"

At this moment Mattie's vague memory of the face grew less vague. She wondered if this could be the same blond gentleman who had shared with her a seat in the train on her first trip to college. She decided to find out.

"Mount Holyoke College? Why, to tell the truth, I am not acquainted with all the educational institutions in the country."

"Yes, but you must have heard of the mother of women's colleges, Mount Holyoke. And surely you have heard of Mary Lyon? Mary Lyon whose one purpose was to help other women; to give them opportunity for a higher education; who taught to earn money; who pleaded and struggled to win supporters, who——"

"Mary Lyon?—Mount Holyoke?—Ah, I recall an incident in connection with that name. It happened some time ago. At the time I would have given five dollars for an explanation."

"Only five dollars? It must have been a small incident."

"Yes, and no. For the pleasure of seeing it repeated perhaps I might give ten dollars."

"Pray tell it, and I will procure the actors to repeat it. Even ten dollars would help our endowment fund to grow."

"An endowment fund?"

Mr. Werther returned to the subject proper and was all caution. He questioned interestedly and thoroughly. Dr. Pearsons had promised a fifty thousand if the trustees could raise one hundred and fifty

thousand. That was a very good scheme for raising money for an endowment fund. Mr. Werther cordially approved of Dr. Pearsons's method. He believed in higher education for woman. Mattie's hopes winged higher and higher. Why had Uncle Rob misrepresented Mr. Werther?

"But I have yielded to so many demands that my present duty compels me to refuse response to this one. Yet, Miss Goldwin, I wish you, heartily, success in your undertaking."

Miss Goldwin rose in gleaming-haired dignity. She understood Uncle Rob's warning now. The millionaire had lifted her hope suddenly to drop it and crush it flat. It did not matter what she should say to him after this.

"I thank you, Mr. Werther. I am sorry that the freshman of the green apple did not convert you with a deeper conversion. You said you were a convert to the interests of Mount Holyoke. This is a time to prove it."

Mr. Werther also rose, deliberately walked to the window, drew the shade so that the light fell on her face.

"Yes, I believe you are that same freshman," he said. "But why did you share your lunch with that stranger? Who was she? And what did you do with the green apple?"

"That I do not tell. It is a Mount Holyoke secret. I have to take the noon train, Mr. Werther, and must leave. I thank you for the time you have spared me."

"Fifteen minutes—I might charge high for it. But it is free if you will tell me that Mount Holyoke secret."

Mattie stepped respectfully backward towards the door.

"Secrets come higher than time," she said.

"One hundred dollars?"

"Never!"

"Five hundred?"

Mattie's temper was ruffled. The private secretary was listening; wondering, as Mattie wondered, why Mr. Werther had thrown away fifteen minutes in idle conversation with a little girl whose request was one

among hundreds. She would not sell the story of her freshman greenness even for an endowment fund. She felt green at the thought of it. She would not permit him again to build and then shatter her hopes. She had had enough of that.

"I did wrongly to speak so. The secret is mine, not Mount Holyoke's, and it is not for sale. Good morning, Mr. Werther."

"Stay a moment, Miss Goldwin. How much more do you need for the endowment fund?"

"Two thousand; but I accept your reasons for ruling your own expenses, Mr. Werther. I thank you for your attention. Good morning."

IV.

That afternoon in the hours between New York and South Hadley, Mattie again passed through, in mind, her freshman experience with Psyche. The familiar song hummed itself over and over to her.

"Freshman came to Holyoke fair,
Green she was as grass is,
In pigtails she wore her hair——"

The girls had laughed at her for her greenness in other things. Mattie was quite determined that she never, never could tell how green she had been in this case. Usually she did not mind being the cause of laughter. But this little memory picture could not appear to her in a funny light.

The electric car stopped in front of Mary Lyon Hall, where the students were gathering to wait for the five o'clock mail. Mattie was greeted with cheers.

"H-O-L-Y-O-K-E,
Holyoke, Holyoke, are we!"

"Mattie, Mattie, how did you get that last two thousand? The telegram has been waiting for you these two hours," some one said. Then there was a confusion of rah! rah! rah! with the names Goldwin and Werther.

Mattie does not know how she finally satisfied the girls. She fears that she told some white lies. She met the members of her committee. As Beggar-in-chief she had to share experiences with them. She succeeded in turning attention from her own to their stories. There were gales of laughter roused by tales of the eccentric; sighs over many chilling repulses; cries of wonder at the generosity of the miserly. At last Mattie was alone in her room. The retiring bell would ring in a few moments. She felt justified in going to the proctor and saying, "Please put me down in your record book. I must sit up to-night."

Then with fountain pen and on prettiest college paper was written this letter:—

MR. GEORGE K. WERTHER,

Dear Sir: The announcement of your gift met me on my arrival at Mount Holyoke. The students were cheering you. I wish you could have heard them. I write to express their thanks; more, to express my personal gratitude to you. Permit me to tell the story of the green apple.

Before I came to Mount Holyoke I was a faithful student of the college catalogue. The list of scholarships interested me. I had read of poor young people who win themselves glory by winning scholarships; who work their way through college and come out with all the honors. It pleased me to dream out pretty stories that might be connected with some of the Mount Holyoke scholarships. But my dream girl was as much limited in character as are the heroines of some novelists. She was heroic, not commonplace.

Then one day I made my first trip to Holyoke. A little stranger who learned that my ticket read as hers read, *To Holyoke,* insisted upon traveling in company with me. She was not troublesome. She only smiled and looked interested, and took the seat in front of me. But she so plainly asserted that we had the same interest in taking the same trip, that I believed her destination and mine to be the same,—college. She was not at all an attractive girl, you remember her, Mr. Werther. She was still less attractive to me because she became mixed up in my ideas of scholarships. She was a new type, not at all like my heroines. Yet she, too, I thought, is a winner of honors. I could not create a new heroine so quickly, nor reconcile myself to friendship with dozens like her. I wanted to leave out the bundle tied up in the handkerchief, the homely twist of hair, the poor dress. My heroines had good taste, or self-sacrificing mothers with good taste. My heroines made up for lack of money by skill with the needle.

You saw, Mr. Werther, how I tried to overcome my feeling of disappointment by a little kindness to the scholarship girl. You saw her answer to my attempt,—a green apple. And you know what a weazened, warty little apple it was. I had believed that none are poorer than poor farmers' daughters; and I come from a farm where apples are good. I, myself, am at college through the goodness of my dear uncle, whom you know. Yet I felt so ashamed of my sister in poverty; so terrified lest every one of the scholarship girls in that catalogue might present me with warty green apples, that I almost cried. The troublesome apple was hurried into my lunch box and hidden under the seat. And then I was distressed because I felt so ashamed of its giver.

At the Holyoke depot the little stranger and I walked together down the iron steps to the street. I took the electric car for South Hadley. She smiled farewell and turned up a side street. I now think that she never had heard of South Hadley, nor of any woman's college.

Here at Mount Holyoke I have learned that not a few students hold scholarships. I have learned that it is the same at other colleges. Such students do not insist upon wearing hideous, ill-fitting ancient costumes nor do they carry bundles done up in handkerchiefs. That little stranger, however, destroyed some dream people of mine who cannot be re-created. I have met too many who like her insist that the limits cannot be fixed for real heroines.

You may laugh at this simple story of an apple, Mr. Werther. I give it to you to be laughed at. Should I give it to the students here they might smile me out of college. Or perhaps, who knows, some of my best friends might be offended. You see this act of greenness was of value to me alone, to hide. For its consequences I have to thank you.

Respectfully yours,

MARTHA B. GOLDWIN.

—ROSE ALDEN, 1901.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THERE was once upon a time a young knight who would go out into the world to seek Fortune and his Heart's Desire. So, on a day when the Spring of the Year was come, and the time when daffodils blossom along every way, he rode out from his father's castle. And all the people

gathered to see him pass, and to bid him good-speed on his wanderings. And there came a little gold-haired maid from among the folk, and stood beside his horse—a right fair and modest little maid she was, with eyes like the blue of hidden violets in the April woods. In her hands she bore the silver goblet of farewell, and she gave it to the knight that he might drink. Now he, when he had drained the cup, bent low and saluted the little maid in knightly fashion; and so rode merrily away into the great world with never another thought of the gray old castle and the thronging folk.

He took his way through a green wood where little birds sang gayly, and he sang with them for that his heart was full of joy and good courage. And for the daffodils that laughed along the way, and for the whispering trees and jocund brooks, he thought them all right good company, for they spoke to him, each one, of Fortune and his Heart's Desire.

Now when he had come out into the world he found much doing there. And he fought many good fights, and overcame his enemies right manfully. He slew many evil dragons, and put to flight many wicked tyrants; but wherever he found men poor or oppressed, so far as he could, he gave them aid. Many fair maidens and many lovely ladies did he meet, and with some he walked in palace gardens, and some he rescued from parlous plights, and for some he rode in friendly combat as befitted a gentle knight. And in all things he gained great renown, so that men knew him as one that had made friends with Fortune. But still he sought and never found his Heart's Desire.

Now when the daffodils had blossomed twice three times along the ways, that knight rode back through the green wood to his father's castle. And it was the Spring of the Year so that all the wood was full of the singing of merry birds, but the knight was sad at heart and went but sorrowfully, for that he counted it but little to have made friends with Fortune, seeing that he found not at all his Heart's Desire.

And when he had come into the castle and walked in the garden there came to him a very fair and gracious lady, with hair of shining gold. And all about her as she walked were daffodils, but at her breast

were violets. And when she smiled and put forth her hands to welcome the knight, he thought her the little maid of the silver cup; but when he looked into her eyes—behold his Heart's Desire.

—Ruth Davenport Holmes, 1902.

THE BRINK O' THINGS.

Come stray with me to the brink o' things,
In the land of the rolling hills,
Where you never know,
As on you go,
What the winding roadway wills.

'T is now from the summit an aisle of elms
Blurs all but the beauty near;
Where they arch and meet
With idle feet
You linger, and forward peer.

'T is now on the rise you look before,
And over the crest there peeps
The eye of a lake;
And the leap you take,—
Will that land you in its deeps?

'T is dawn sometimes and sometimes dusk
When over the brink there blows
A wildering mist,
And all things whist;
And we wander—where, who knows?

—Rose Alden, 1901.

SONG SPARROW.

"Ha, ha, ha! You 've the blues and I don't care at all,
For my world is vast and your world is small.
I shatter the clouds and out-gurgle the brooks;
I don't care how misty the young daybreak looks.
I 'm hearty, I 'm happy, you 're draggled and sad;
Why don't you chirp up now like me and be glad?"
The song sparrow sings it defiant with glee;
He mocks me and dares me be mirthful as he.

—Rose Alden, 1901.

EDITORIAL

Point of view is responsible for an infinite variety of opinions. Ask the average sub-freshman what she expects to get out of her prospective college course. She will reply volubly in terms of a mass of general information, facts and dates, good times, special fitness for some contemplated business or profession, culture. Turn to the new alumna. If there is one fact of which she is sure it is that she knows lamentably little; if there is one date which she may confidently be counted on not to have forgotten it is the year of her Commencement. Good times she has had, glimpses she has gained of the unlimited vistas of learning, heart-culture is hers through the subtle impress of rich friendships, fitness for something she humbly trusts she possesses, but ask her what collegiate training has yielded her and she answers in one word, *power*. Not power to turn out at will a steady stream of heterogeneous information like some automaton of an encyclopedic fountain, but power born of self-knowledge and self-control, of mental mastery and spiritual insight.

It is because she is looked upon as a human dynamo that the college woman is watched so closely after graduation. It is because she is a workman skilled in the use of her tools that the world expects of her a "career." Other women may stay at home if they will, but the popular notion seems to be that the college woman's store of power must be turned into the world's work at some point which is to a certain degree conspicuous. True, the college woman herself has helped to establish this conception, yet it is an open question whether the stanchest adherents of the "career" mania are not the onlookers. Time was when the cry of "career," "career" was held to blackball the woman's college. Time is when if a girl thinks of staying at home for more than one year after graduation her friends grow uneasy. To stay at home is to waste her education. Why? The answer seems obvious; anyone can stay at home, not every one can successfully enter active life. Yet comparatively few even among college women are born teachers, doctors, lawyers, artists, scientists, writers, business women. It is the fad of the day to "do something." Many a college woman would be only too thankful to stay at home, for in some ways the new alumna is wiser than her well-wishers. It takes very few months out of college to disabuse her of the idea that the world is standing on tiptoe, open-armed to receive her; she discovers she is not essential to its work. Sooner or later she may get a position but she knows very well no wheels of business or learning would stop if she should drop out of the struggle. There is only one place in the world into which some other woman, as capable, as wise, as clever as she, is not ready and waiting to step, and that unique position is in the college woman's home. There she need never be oppressed by the knowledge that another "could do it just as well."

The real worth to the college woman of a "career" lies in the reaction upon herself of her own activity. It is an investment of her power whereby she may gain more power. Work wherever it is entered into gives the same result. It is a mistake to suppose that the only work worthy of an educated woman's attention is that with a money value. Investment of power is as necessary in inconspicuous as in conspicuous places. To count as one in the great army of wage-earners is no un-

worthy ambition, but to live before the public eye, even in a limited sense, does not always produce enviable results.

Something of a certain fine old-time reverence for home and home life the present busy world is in danger of losing, and to the college bred woman the question may well present itself, whether she cannot put as much power into her living and get as much happiness out of living by staying at home as by elbowing her way into the unnumbered throng of the position-hunters. —B. B. G., 1902.

LIBRARY NOTES.

Mary Hale Woodbury ('97) has secured through a friend, and presented to the library, a valuable gift, the seventy-three bound volumes of "The Jesuit Relations," richly printed and illustrated. These volumes are of value for their beauty and rarity, only 750 copies having been printed, as well as for their contents. Professor Reuben Gold Thwaites, of the University of Wisconsin, the authority on Western history, has been for some years collecting and translating the printed and manuscript reports, letters, journals, and other documents, written by the Jesuit missionaries to the Indians of Canada and the Northwestern States, 1610-1791. These papers are invaluable for a complete understanding of American history, yet many of them have never before been printed and most of them have been accessible only in the old French, Latin, and Italian in which they were written. Under the editorship of Professor Thwaites they are now printed in the original and in translation, so that they will serve not only the student of history and geography, but the language student as well. Altogether this is considered one of the most important publications ever undertaken, and the college is to be congratulated in possessing this splendid monument to the early missionaries and to modern historical research.

The files of the *American Journal of Archaeology, International Journal of Ethics, Philosophical Review* and *Philosophische Studien* have been completed by the purchase of the early volumes.

There were 612 volumes added to the library between January 15 and March 15, including 82 volumes of periodicals bound. A few of these selected from different departments are noted below.

PHILOSOPHY.

Shaler, N. S. The individual. 1901.
Sidgwick, Henry. Philosophy, its scope and relations. 1902.
Whewell, William. History of the inductive sciences. 2 v. 1901.

EDUCATION.

Brown, E. E. Making of our middle schools; an account of the development of secondary education in the United States. 1903.
Burrage, Severance *and* Bailey. School sanitation and decoration. 1899.
Lorimer, G. H. Letters from a self-made merchant to his son. 1902.
Mosso, Angelo. L'éducation physique de la jeunesse. 1895.
Skrine, J. H. Pastor agnorum. 1902.

RELIGION.

Barnes, L. C. Two thousand years of missions. 1900.
Hillis, N. D. Quest of happiness. 1903.
Lang, Andrew. Making of religion. 1900.
Wade, G. W. Old Testament history. 1903.

SOCIAL SCIENCES.

Carnegie, Andrew. Triumphant democracy. 1893.
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COLLEGE NOTES.

THE most important of the many interesting events of the spring was the comic opera, "The Mikado," which was given in the gymnasium, March 17 and 18, for the benefit of the Students' Building. The very successful way in which the opera was presented well repaid the constant practice which has been going on through the winter. The principal parts were remarkably well taken. Kathleen Robinson (1905) was charming as Yum-Yum and Edith Poole (1903) as Nanki-Pooh was exceptionally good, while Martha Norton (1903) as Ko-Ko, was indescribably funny. The chorus showed the effect of careful training both in singing and dancing. As musical directress May Fiske (1903) deserves the greatest credit. The entire work was under the supervision of the committee on the Students' Building chosen by the League. Following is the entire cast:—

The Mikado of Japan,.....KATHERINE BILL ('04)
Nanki-Pooh (his son), ...EDITH POOLE ('03)
Ko-Ko, ...MARTHA NORTON ('03)
Pooh-Bah, ...GRACE MCGOVERN ('03)
Pish-Tush, ...ANNA KELLY
Yum-Yum, } .....KATHLEEN ROBINSON ('05)
Pitti-Sing, } Three sisters, ...EMILY ESTY ('03)
Peep-Bo, } .....JOSEPHINE RAMSBURG ('06)
Katisha, ...ABBY TILLINGHASTE ('04)

Class spirit has been high this month because of the series of six basket ball games played between March 11 and 25. For the first time for several years the senior team joined the contest and, although they have not practiced the entire year, they displayed their usual fine team work, which has won them the championship for the past two years.

The athletic year ended on March 25 with an indoor meet in which the three lower classes took part.

On March 11 the Russian pianist, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, gave a recital in Mary Lyon chapel. He was welcomed by a large audience, many of whom enjoyed his recital given at the college two years ago. His programme was arranged particularly for the college audience and, although not classical in character, it was universally enjoyed. The selections from Chopin and the Rubinstein valse were especially good, and the "Theme" of his own composition was remarkable in technique. The entire programme was the following:—

Carneval, op. 9, ... *Schumann*
Preambule—Pierrot—Arlequin—Valse noble — Eusebius — Florestan—Coquette—Replique—Sphinxes—Papillons — Lettres dansantes —Chiarina—Chopin—Estrella — Reconnaisance Patalon et Colombine—Valse allemande—Paganini—Aven—Promenade—Pause—Marche des Davidsbundler contre les Philistines.

Nocturne, G major, ... *Chopin*
Valse, E minor,
Polonaise, A flat major.

Thême varié, op. 4, ... *Gabrilowitsch*
Près de la mer (Esquisse), ... *Arensky*
"Si oiseau j'étais," ..... *Henselt*
Valse "Le Bal," op. 16, ... *Rubinstein*

Two open debates have been given during the past month, the first on March 7, on the question: *Resolved,* that the Federal Government should subsidize American shipping. The affirmative was taken by Josephine Belcher (1903) and Olga Johnson (1904), and the negative by Mary Clark (1903) and Edith Abbot (1904). The result was a tie between the two chapters. The second debate was given on March 21, on the question: *Resolved,* that college training is not the ideal education for girls. It was debated by Alma Rose (1903) and Marian MacGown (1904) in the affirmative, and Mabel Craigue (1903) and Mary Dixon (1904) in the negative. The negative side won after a very interesting debate.

The choir from the Second Congregational church of Holyoke gave the cantata, "Penitence, Pardon and Peace," by J. H. Maunder, in Mary Lyon chapel on March 6. The regular vesper service was used, the cantata taking the place of the usual address. The service of Thursday, March 26, was conducted by Bishop Vinton of Springfield. On Sunday, March 29, the vesper service was held, the address being made by Mr. E. A. McAlpin, Jr., from the Union Settlement, New York.

On Monday, March 23, an interesting lecture on Labrador was given by Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell. The lecture was illustrated by beautiful stereopticon views, many of which were colored. Dr. Grenfell has spent much time in Labrador, and is greatly interested in the life and social conditions of the country.

The Mount Holyoke Club of Boston has recently sent to Wilder Hall sixty new books for the house library. Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Bridgman of Northampton have presented the handsome volume entitled "Explorations in Bible Lands During the Nineteenth Century," by Professor H. V. Hilprecht of the University of Pennsylvania, and several books have been added to the library during the year by Dr. Mary P. Dole of Greenfield.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION NOTES.

CALENDAR OF MEETINGS.

Thursday, March 19.

A service led by Rev. W. S. Hawkes of the French American College, Springfield. Subject: "Formation and Transformation of New England."

Sunday, March 22.

A service led by Miss Harriett Taylor, General Secretary of the American Committee of Y. W. C. A. Subject: "The Power of Genuineness."

Early in March, Mr. T. Jays, the traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer movement, visited college and spoke to the Cabinet and the Student Volunteers about his experiences as a medical missionary in Western Africa.

On March 10, Miss Elizabeth Deering Hanscom of the Literature Department of Smith College, met the Cabinet to discuss with them the possibility of a definite plan for interesting the women in the New England colleges in each assuming the responsibility of sending a foreign student to the summer conference. Mount Holyoke took the initiative step last year in inviting Anna Stone, a Chinese student at Folts Mission Institute, to be their guest at the summer conference.

The annual business meeting of the association for the election of officers was held in Assembly Hall on February 28. The resulting elections were as follows: Helen Wood (1904), president; Marion Cowell (1905), vice-president; Bertha Pitts (1905), treasurer; Helen Cummings (1906), secretary. Amelia

Olmsted was elected freshman member of the Committee on the International Institute in Spain. At the same meeting ten new members were voted into the association.

The new Cabinet appointed for the coming year is as follows: Bible Study Committee, Alice Forsyth; Intercollegiate Committee, Alice Betts; Prayer Meeting Committee, Katherine Dwight; Missionary Committee, Bessie Brooks; Reception Committee, Lucy Jennings; Neighborhood Committee, Grace Webb; Practical Service Committee, Clara Miller; Summer Conference Committee, Alice Cook.

On Tuesday afternoon, March 24, the last of the Y. W. C. A. teas for the freshmen was held in the association room. During the year each freshman has had an invitation to one of these teas.

On Friday evening, March 27, there was a business meeting of the association at which the different committees reported on their work.

The Silver Bay Conference at Lake George comes this year directly after Commencement, beginning on Friday, June 26. The conference is to be an especially strong one, and it is hoped that Mount Holyoke may have the banner delegation, as in previous years.

The following amendment has been added to the constitution of the Y. W. C. A.:—

The Mount Holyoke College Committee representing the interests of the International Institute in Spain shall be affiliated with the association. A member shall be elected each year from the freshman class by the association. The collection and distribution of funds shall be in the hands of this committee, a report of such collection and appropriation to be included in the annual report of the treasurer of the association.

FROM THE COMMITTEE ON THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE IN SPAIN.

The report printed in the March issue of THE MOUNT HOLYOKE stated that $49.25 was lacking of the $700 pledged at the Boston meeting in January. Since the report was made the secretary has received the following gifts:—

Franklin Co. Alumnæ Association,	$15.00
A member of 1903,	3.00
Collections taken in the different halls,	20.42
	$38.42

This leaves still a deficit of $10.83.

Another gift, besides the $700 for the chapel fund, was made at the Boston

meeting in the name of Mount Holyoke, a gift of $500 in the name of the Boston Alumnæ Association for the new College Hall in Madrid. Thus Mount Holyoke has an interest in three different funds, those for the chapel, for the Catharine Barbour laboratory, and for College Hall.

CLARA F. STEVENS,
Secretary of the Mount Holyoke Committee.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

AT the January meeting of the Alumnæ Association of Washington, D. C., which was held at "The Washington Club," Mr. Leon Vincent gave a lecture, his subject being "James Russell Lowell." Mr. Vincent has a most delightful way of presenting a subject, and, by means of anecdotes culled from Mr. Lowell's letters, he gave to his most enthusiastic audience much that even a close student would not know. After the lecture, refreshments were served in the spacious parlors.

The February meeting was held at the home of the president, Mrs. Bodfish, 58 B street N. E. The subject for the afternoon was "Footsteps of Great Men": "James Madison," by Mrs. Sawyer; "Daniel Webster," by Miss Pierson; "Jefferson Davis," by Mrs. Stevens. A general discussion followed in which Mrs. Reeve (Wilhelmina Maynard, '64) gave a most interesting account of the seizure of her father's house by the rebels, and their experiences in making an escape. After the literary part of the programme, refreshments were served in the dining room.

There was a large attendance at the February meeting of the Boston Alumnæ, which was one of unusual interest. The programme was in charge of the Educational Committee, of which Mrs. Sarah Lord Kneeland ('74) was chairman. The subject discussed was "The Essentials in a Girl's Education."

Mrs. Jane Harris Benner ('72) presented the subject in a masterly manner from the Mother's Standpoint; Miss Fanny C. Guild ('76) spoke from the Teacher's Standpoint, and Miss Harriet Dodge (1900) spoke eloquently for the Girl.

Dr. Mary Smith ('72) and Dr. Caroline Hastings ('60) were among those who participated in the discussion which followed. They sounded a note of warning against the excessive demands made upon the schoolgirl in the way of study and social duties.

In response to a request from the Educational Committee many of the members of the association sent postal cards stating what each considered to be the most important essential in a girl's education. One lady wrote, "A good, sensible Christian mother—and the same applies to a boy."

Tea was served during the social hour which closed the afternoon.

At the annual lunch of the New Haven Alumnæ Association, held March 7, 1903, over fifty were present, and several new members were added to the association.

Dr. Cornelia Clapp was the college guest of the occasion. After the conclusion of the usual business the needs of Porter Hall were presented, and plans were at once started by a committee of the alumnæ for a new entrance hall for the building. After the lunch, Dr. Clapp told of the growth of zoölogical work in this country, especially at Mount Holyoke since 1870, and drew a picture of new fields opening before our Alma Mater in the future. She also spoke of the college's great need of Fellowship funds. Opportunity for asking Dr. Clapp questions was given, and enjoyed to the utmost.

Music followed, and a most interesting account of "Club life for women of the poorer classes," by Miss Hitchcock, concluded the afternoon's entertainment.

The Mount Holyoke College Alumnæ Association of Japan was organized last May and has thirteen members. The officers are as follows: President, Mrs. Martha Clark Pedley ('86); vice-president, Mrs. Hana Oshima Ibuka ('95); secretary and treasurer, Harriet J. Wyckoff ('97).

'58. Miss Hannah Noble recently visited college.

'64. The address of Miss Julia Goodhue Trowbridge is changed to 641 West 62d street, Chicago.

'77. Miss Emma Demarest was a recent visitor at college.

'80. "Professor Zella (Allen) Dixson, A.M., of the library of the University of Chicago is at present engaged in the preparation of a new book on Ex Libris. She has been gathering her material for some three years, and her forthcoming publication will be an important contribution to this department of literature."—*The Independent.*

'81. Mrs. Lizzie Bartlett Barry recently visited her daughter at college.

'85. Mrs. Zoa Phillips Hall of Wallingford, Conn., visited college during the last month.

Miss Mary R. Jennings of East Orange, N. J., spent a few days here.

'89. Edith Hollands has been spending several weeks in Florida.

'90. Mary Anderson is to conduct Nature Study in the Summer School of Columbia University.

'91. Helen J. Fanning is spending the winter in Pasadena, California.

'92. Edith (Wood) Gaylord was a recent visitor at college.

'95. Elizabeth Meserve and Alice M. Robinson are teaching in the Wadleigh high school, New York city.

'98. Among the visitors at college during March were Mabel Eaton, Gail (Lasell) Remington, and Marion Remington.

Announcement is made by W. Page & Co. of the publishing in the spring of "Toilers in the Home," by Lillian Pettengill. An outline of the story began in the March issue of *Everybody's Magazine.*

'99. Lilla Morse and Eva Noyes (special) visited college recently.

Susie Dow, who is teaching at her home in Bolton, also visited college.

Another visitor was Helen Hall, who teaches in Manchester, N. H.

Isabel Matson is in Ottumwa, Iowa.

Caroline Mendum is teaching in Portsmouth, N. H. She visited college in March.

Anna Mower is teaching at her home in Morrisville, Vt.

Anna Peabody returned last month from Vienna, where she has been studying since her graduation from Tufts Medical School last June.

Martha Sawyer is teaching in Wollaston, Mass.

Jean Turner has a position in Easthampton, Mass.

1900. Angeline Adams, Ruth Arnold, Sue Bradley, Mabel Masters, and Bertha Waite visited college lately.

'01. Laura Chase, Edith Haskell, and Florence Hill spent some time at college during March.

The engagement is announced of Marjorie Elizabeth Baldwin to James Meldon Loring, Bowdoin, '98.

'02. Recent visitors were Frances Bell, Nellie Blanchard, Helen Broeksmit, Edith Daniels, Lillian Gordon, Ethel Heywood, Florence Newton Gertrude Sherman, Helen Sinclair, and Jessie Vaughn.

Abby Aldrich is assisting in the Chemistry Department during Miss Goldthwaite's absence from college. Eva Perkins is taking her place in the college bookstore.

(Non-graduate) Emma Butler is at home in Blairstown, N. J.

The article on "Life at Mount Holyoke," which appeared in the *Springfield Republican* for March 1, was written by Beth Gilchrist.

Florence Newton is teaching in Townsend, Mass.

Helen Sinclair's engagement to John Harold Dodge of West Boylston, Mass., is announced.

Janet Stevenson is substituting in the public schools of her home, Portland, Me.

'04. (Non-graduate) Grace Hayden, Bessie Holmes, Florence Runnells, and Bertha Snyder have been visiting friends at college.

Ellen Lee is studying for a trained nurse in New York city.

'05. (Non-graduate). Recent visitors were Ruth Ellis, Edith Hunt, and Grace Kite.

MARRIAGES.

'01. Frisbie—Newton. In North Leominster, November 5, 1902, Guy C. Frisbie and Alice B. Newton.

'05. Rule—Allen (non-graduate). At Wallingford, Conn., October 15, 1902, Oliver T. Rule and Mary T. Allen.

Darling—Brann. At Brattleboro, Vt., December 23, 1902, Frederick O. Darling and Ada Brann.

Kinney—Tucker. At Pittsfield, February 18, 1903, Asa Kinney and Jean Tucker.

BIRTHS.

'98. Jessie (Stebbins) Fairley, March 8, 1903, a son, Donald.

DEATHS.

'48. Mrs. Hannah Scott Clarke, February 24, 1903, at Waukegan, Ill.

Mrs. Ruth Washburn Bancroft (non-graduate), March 1, 1903, in Buffalo, N. Y.

Miss Abby R. Fletcher (non-graduate), December 30, 1902, at Everett, Mass.

'49. Mrs. Mary Crosby Penfield (non-graduate), July 20, 1901, at Rockport, Illinois.

'66. Mrs. Phebe Harris Dinsmore, January 26, 1903, at Trenton, N. J.

'68. Mrs. Edith Ellis Tinkham, March 6, 1903, in Springfield.

'69. Mrs. Amelia Sampson Ellis, 1902, in Detroit, Mich.

'98. Margaret F. Peck, March 13, 1903, in Haverstraw, N. Y.

IN MEMORIAM.

Resolutions adopted by the Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association of Philadelphia and Vicinity on the death of Mrs. Phœbe E. (Harris) Dinsmore:—

Whereas, in view of the loss we have sustained by the decease on January 26, 1903, of our beloved friend and associate, Mrs. Phœbe E. (Harris) Dinsmore, graduate of '66, and of the still heavier loss sustained by those who were nearest and dearest to her, therefore, be it

Resolved, that it is but a just tribute to the memory of the deceased to say that we mourn for a most highly valued member, and an active, faithful officer of our association for many years, who was in every way worthy of our highest esteem and love.

Resolved, that the heartfelt sympathy of this association be extended to the bereaved family in their great affliction.

Resolved, that these resolutions be placed upon the records of this association and a copy thereof be transmitted to the family and to our Alma Mater. Mount Holyoke College.

MRS. H. O. WILBUR, *President,*
MARGARET SERVICE STEEN, *Secretary,*
ANNA HARRIS REEDER,
ELLEN CARPENTER PHILLIPS,
Committee on Resolutions.

Whereas, our Heavenly Father, in his great wisdom, has called home our classmate and beloved friend, Katharine Lillian Shearer,

Resolved, that we express the loss we feel in this removal from our midst of one of our most loyal, faithful members; one who, both in and out of college, sought to do her part in all that made for the good of Mount Holyoke; one whose delight it was "not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

Resolved, that these resolutions be placed on the records of the class, that a copy be sent to her family, and to THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

For the class of '99.

EUGENIE BROEKSMIT, *President,*
SUSAN B. LEITER, *Vice-President,*
ALICE W. CHASE, *Secretary.*

OTHER COLLEGES.

THE Harvard Summer School for 1903 is to open on July 6. Twenty-eight new courses are to be offered, making a total of eighty-five courses in twenty-five subjects. The session will end August 14.

Leland Stanford, Jr., University has made a valuable acquisition in the shape of the library of the late Mr. Konrad, chief hydraulic engineer of the Netherlands.

Rumor has it that Western Reserve University is about to establish a barbers' chair and a course in the tonsorial art.

Brown University has just received a valuable gift, namely, the entire library of the late Rev. Dr. Lysander Dickerman of Boston. The books are mostly on Egyptology and include some very rare volumes.

The sophomore class of the University of Michigan has obtained permission to adopt the honor system in all its examinations. In general, the same rules will be adopted as are in use at Williams College.

The Middle and Western states are to have two more universities added to their already large number. One will be the liberal university which is about to be established at Kansas City, Kansas. The other is to be located at McKinney, Texas, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church. The town has already given $80,000 toward the project and work has been begun on a large $75,000 building.

The plans of the Harvard Memorial Society for placing in each room in Hollis, Holworthy and Stoughton a list of the former occupants, are now practically completed. Lists have been compiled extending back to the building of Stoughton and Holworthy in 1805 and 1812, and for Hollis as far back as 1803. The society hopes to have the work completed before class day this year.

An item of interest to those scientifically inclined is the recent appropriation of $4,120 by Carnegie institution, for the investigation of the action of screw propellers under varying conditions. The work will be under the direction of Prof. W. F. Durand of Cornell, who has excellent facilities in the hydraulic canal at Beebe lake for carrying it on.

EXCHANGES.

SEVERAL of the recent magazines have much to say about noted men connected with their respective institutions in the past. Of these, the February number of the *Georgetown College Journal* is especially well written. It celebrates Washington's Birthday by a poem upon Washington, by articles describing his visit to the college and giving the history of Fort Washington, and by stories of the life of his times. The quality of the fiction is good, and it has that charm which usually accompanies narratives of old colonial days. *The Amherst Literary Monthly*, in the article entitled "Lord Amherst," shows the connection between Lord Amherst and Amherst College.

Some of the most attractive and praiseworthy essays which have appeared are: "Elbert Hubbard as an Author," in the *Syracuse University Herald;* "Lewis Carroll and his Nonsense-Verse," in the *Williams Literary Monthly;* "Man's Inhumanity to Man," in the *Tennessee University Magazine;* and "Some Aspects of Matthew Arnold," in the *Harvard Monthly*. The last writer claims that Arnold "stands not so much for a set of individual judgments, of critical data, but for a way of looking at things, a state of mind." "And what makes Arnold's way of looking at things," he continues, "so much better worth our study than his ultimate dicta, however valuable, is that he exemplified it in rare perfection. . . . . In fact, it is this plain perseverance, this rigid exclusion of the non-essential and the false, this resolute abiding by the ideal, which makes his criticism seem so much like special pleading, the thing he wished most to avoid. But in a large sense he is a special pleader, a pleader for the light, for the truth as he conceived it and as he rationally applied it to literature." In conclusion, comparing Arnold with Ruskin and Carlyle, the writer says, "The things for which he stands, if not himself, will outlive his two contemporaries."

The following are among the best verse of the month:—

TRAUMEREI.

I wove me a dream at sunset
  From the faint, soft tints of the sky,
And put it away in my Dream Book,
  That it should not wholly die.

And now when the clouds hang darkly
To my Dream Book I quietly go,
And I live in the azure-lit gloaming
Of that dream of long ago.

—*The Morningside.*

IN THE WILDERNESS.

In summer, all the little things of earth
Are fierce with conflict, tense with nervous life;
In every movement there is death or birth,
And silence breeds a myriad forms of strife.
Nowhere in all the forest is there peace,
But discord everywhere, and wild unrest,
The manifold confusion will not cease,
For all earth's children struggle at her breast.

But oh, the mighty stillness and repose,
The singleness of soul that winter brings
Into the wilderness; the silent snows
Obliterate the strifes of petty things,
And every sound less gentle than a sigh.
Then in the pious twilight, tree by tree,
The solemn forest whispers to the sky
The wordless secret of eternity.

—*Harvard Monthly.*

PEACE AND SILENCE.

[Suggested by a midnight reading of Homer.]

Silence? talk not now of silence. Peace is something else than this;
Something other than the deadly hush that settles in the gloom;
Something deeper than the undisturbèd solitary bliss
That the dead bones feel, laid down in the darkness of the tomb.

Silence? there can be no silence when the brain is all afire,
Dreaming, talking long and late with the goodly ancient men,
Thrilling to the deathless music of the old Ionian lyre
Calling back the weary sailors to their wanderings again.

Muse of Homer, I have heard thee singing, singing of the sea;
Felt my pulse beat hot as tumult followed tumult fast and free;
Felt and trembled as the pent winds burst about the trembling bark;
Heard the breakers booming loudly, softly far across the dark;
Rested in the calm that followed, when the day was near at hand,
Caught the old continuous murmur creeping on the silent land.

Such the peace that came, and left me not uncalm when o'er my bed
The spent night bent close above me, breathless, motionless and dread;
Stretched with clammy finger tips to quench the solitary ray
From my slowly dying lamp when the east was growing gray.

Silence? loneliness and anguish, pain and nothing more than this;
Falling like a baneful dew, spreading like a bitter blight;
Watching, watching with the darkness like an awful Nemesis
Leaning over one who wakes, empty-hearted, in the night.

—*Nassau Literary Magazine.*

AUNT MARTHA AND THE COLLEGE.

I 've talked a sight of the good old times,
And often spoke my mind
Concerning all the faulty frills
That in modern girls I find.

Our grandmothers lived well enough
And possessed all needful knowledge,
Before Mister Vassar e'er was born
Or dreamed of a woman's college.

But when I visited Hadley town,
I learned a thing or two,
And now am willing to confess
That I have changed my view.

If I were only young once more,
I 'd taste all college joys;
To "math" and "gym" I 'd not object,
Nor even to Amherst boys.

On every Wednesday, rain or shine,
To Springfield I would go,
And naught would e'er induce me
To *Johnson's* store forego.

Art, Book
Stationery

313-315 Main

THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

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ANNA GRACE MCGOVERN, 1903, *Editor-in-Chief.*

Editors.

MAY FISKE, 1903. IVA JUNE SMITH, 1903.

FLORENCE MARIA HALL, 1904. EDITH LILLIAN SMITH, 1904.

HARRIET MURDOCK MARCY, 1904.

HELENE MAUD POPE, 1904, *Business Manager.*

MARGUERITE ELIZABETH BOWEN, 1905, *Assistant Business Manager.*

ANGEL MUSICIANS IN ITALIAN PAINTING.

A VERY interesting feature of the great paintings is the portrayal of angels. They are introduced in nearly all religious subjects and have been depicted in one form or another by all of the old masters in art. The angel musicians, however, claim our especial attention and, as music has always been one of the chief functions of religious life, it was but natural for the artists frequently to represent the angels in this way, adoring and glorifying the heavenly personages. From the earliest to the latest Christian art we find angel musicians, and by studying them we can trace the development of the various musical instruments.

One of the first good examples of such subjects in Italian painting we find in a fresco by Giotto, "The Glorification of St. Francis," in the lower church of St. Francis of Assisi. St. Francis is represented enthroned in the center, with a group of angels on each side and in

C. L. H.

front. In the midst of each group are two angels, playing upon very long trumpet-like instruments frequently found in paintings and called "regals." Two other angels, one on each side, blow upon shorter tubed instruments which resemble the "tuba," a very ancient form of trumpet, even said by some to have been that which God commanded Moses to make in the wilderness. The effect of the angels on one side balancing those on the other, with their instruments directed diagonally toward the central group, is very pleasing and tends to bring the eye unconsciously to the figure of St. Francis. As is characteristic of Giotto's work, the figures themselves, although graceful, are yet somewhat fat, perhaps even a little vulgar.

Coming to Orcagna we find some of the best examples of angel musicians known in art. Especially is this the case in his "Paradise" in the Strozzi chapel in Santa Maria Novella, Florence. Orcagna was one of the most noted of the immediate successors of Giotto and a sculptor as well as a painter. His "Paradise" is one of the masterpieces of that time. The details are well executed; the faces show great beauty, much feeling, simplicity, delicacy, and charm; while the sculpturesque qualities of his art are evident in the fine modeling. In the center of the picture, seated upon a Gothic throne, are Christ and the Virgin. Beneath them, upon clouds, are two angels playing violins. Surrounding them are row upon row of angels and saints. In all there are over two hundred figures portrayed, about twenty of which are angel musicians. Their instruments, showing a great variety of those in use at that time, may be grouped into three classes: pulsatile, wind, and stringed instruments.

As examples of the pulsatile instruments we find the drum and two forms of tambourine, one sounding only from the membrane but the other provided with clappers in the side, which, by clashing together, add to the sound. Of the wind instruments or pipes we find four kinds: regals, tibiæ pares, tibiæ, utriculariæ, and the syringa. The regals, which have been noted already in Giotto's work, were very long instruments with expanded ends. They take a very prominent part in the paintings, probably because they give a graceful and dramatic effect.

The tibiæ pares were similar to the regals but were double and not so long. The bagpipes, or tibiæ utricullariæ, were much used at that time by shepherds at their entertainments and by rustic people in general. They were made of the skin of an animal into which tubes were fastened and fitted with a mouthpiece. The syringa, or pipe of Pan, was an early form of the organ. In this picture we see one of a rather well-developed form. They were about half as tall as a person, were provided with a keyboard, and rested upon the knees when being played. There are also many kinds of stringed instruments here shown. Some are round, some square, some oval, and some pear-shaped. It is therefore difficult to determine from just which ones our various modern instruments have developed. Some claim that the violin has come from the "rebec," which was an instrument beautifully carved. The head was usually that of some animal, while the hole in the top was exquisite filigree work. The lute, or lutina, was much like the rebec but the handle turned downward at right angles, and also the strings were stopped by the fingers, thus enabling many tones to be made. The "nevel" in shape and construction resembles the zither, but was played while held flat against the body.

We have but few angel musicians from the hand of Fra Filippo Lippi. There are, however, two shown in the "Coronation of the Virgin" in the semi-dome of the Cathedral of Spoleto. Surrounding the coronation group in the center are rows of angels, and in the midst of those on each side is an angel musician. One is kneeling and plays upon an organ while the other stands and blows upon a tuba. Their flowing robes are very graceful, their faces delicate, eager, and refined, showing well Fra Filippo's love of beautiful faces and his fine detailed execution.

The angels of Fra Angelico, which he was particularly fond of painting and in which we can see most clearly his own gentle passionless nature, are remarkably beautiful. After studying these one does not wonder that Fra Giovanni was given the name of Angelico. A deep religious feeling, moreover, together with grace and elegance, is characteristic of his work. As Mrs. Jameson says, "Fra Angelico's

conception of the angelic nature is unapproached." The "Coronation of the Virgin" in the Uffizi gallery is considered by Vasari the best of his works. Surrounding the coronation group are eight trumpeters, four on each side, whose instruments, as in Giotto's "Glorification of St. Francis," draw the attention to the central figures. Another angel is kneeling before the Virgin and playing upon an organ. Their rich flowing draperies with golden patterns of conventional designs traced upon them are exquisitely painted. In his Louvre "Coronation" we see angels surrounding again the central group and playing upon trumpets, lutes, tambourines, and long tubæ. Fra Angelico also used angel musicians in a still more decorative way. On the beveled border of the central panel of the "Madonna dei Linajuoli," in the Uffizi gallery, he has placed twelve angels, each upon a cloud, one above the other. Probably the best known of these is "The Scarlet Trumpeter," though all are very beautiful. The various instruments upon which they play are the tuba, drum, tambourine, trumpet, violin, organ, and cymbal.

Finally as examples of the Umbro-Tuscan school we have Pietro della Francesca, Melozzo da Forti, and Luca Signorelli. Pietro painted few angel musicians, but we have two, both playing upon lutes, in the "Nativity" in the National Gallery, London. A noticeable feature of these angels is that their robes, instead of being long and flowing, are very short. Compared with Fra Angelico's angels they seem very earthly. They do not appear eager and expectant but rather steadfast and unemotional. They are dignified and stately, their impassiveness to their surroundings showing well the impersonality of Pietro's art. They gaze on Christ's baptism with open, wondering eyes, increasing in a measure the quiet and solemnity of the scene, though not really entering into the spirit of it.

Melozzo da Forti was the pupil of Pietro. His angels, however, are more divine, their attitudes less stiff, their faces more beautiful and expressive. His angels always have a wealth of golden curls and their halos, instead of being threadlike lines of gold, are made of rows of golden spots. In Melozzo we see a scientific interest in art. He painted instruments with great care, his lutes being especially beautiful. He,

first, discovered that exaggerated foreshortening is a suitable decoration for a dome or vaulting. This foreshortening, which he used in all his works, can well be seen in the "Angel playing a Violin" and the "Angel playing the Lute," both in the sacristy of St. Peter's, Rome.

In the work of Luca Signorelli we see a still more scientific spirit. His angels are an important feature of his work in that they represent his idea of youthful beauty. They are graceful, but not ideally graceful, and there is much dignity shown in them. A good example of his work is the "Coming of the Blessed into Heaven," in the chapel of San Brizio in the Cathedral of Orvieto. The angels around the edge are seated upon clouds and play upon lutes, tambourines, violins, a guitar and a harp. Beneath the folds of their robes the outline of the human figure can be seen, in the portrayal of which Luca was especially interested. Another of his angel musicians is at the foot of the "Madonna" in the Cathedral of Perugia. This angel is nude and, in addition to being beautifully drawn, shows Luca's great power in the representation of the human body.

Thus through the many different kinds of angel musicians and musical instruments we can trace not only the development of painting but also the general development of music. Lucinnius said, "No one was ever yet so senseless as to separate music from the other liberal arts," and from the great paintings we can see how intimately religion has always been connected with music and also how painting and music have depended one on the other through all the period of development.

—Esther Heacock, 1903.

A QUESTION OF CONSCIENCE.

Up in the attic on the "old cat's hassock" sat the Authoress, aged ten, on her knees a brand new block of paper bearing the inscription "Our Defender," and the picture of a very rosy-cheeked lad in a very blue uniform. In her lap were two new pencils with points beautifully long and slender. She was reading from a newspaper, violently chewing meanwhile on the eraser end of another new pencil.

This is what she read: *"The Daily Eagle,* in order to bring to light the literary talent of the youth of Blackfield, offers prizes of ten, five, and three dollars for the best Christmas stories written by school children." Then followed at length details of the competition, the size of paper to be used, the way to fold and send your manuscript, and so on, ending with the announcement that the decision would be made December 15th, and the three successful stories published on that day.

The competition had come to her in this wise: To-day just before school closed,—the first bell had already rung—Miss Thomson had rapped on her desk for attention.

"Listen," she said; "here is something that ought to interest every boy and girl." Then she read the notice. As if by magnetism every eye was drawn either to our Authoress or to Lucy Webb, as being the daughters respectively of the author of "Our Prairie Neighbors" and of the principal. The mantle of authorship must surely have fallen on them. Katharine turned resolutely away from the nods and significant eye-openings and gazed, to all appearances quite unconscious of it all, out of the window. Miss Thomson went on to elaborate the paragraph and to urge every one to make a personal application.

After school there was a hubbub in the cloak room. Everybody wanted to talk all the time, that is everybody but Katharine; she was thinking, and every one knows you can't both think and talk at once. Lucy was telling already what she was going to write about. Her audience was a circle of friends, admiring, to be sure, yet not without dreams of their own.

Katharine's story—there was no question about writing one—had n't taken any definite shape yet, but as soon as she was at home she rescued last night's paper from the wood-basket beside the sitting room grate and went with all haste to the attic, where she was sure of finding inspiration. So here she sat, paper and pencils ready, chewing the rubber and studying the notice. "What is the use of being papa's daughter if you can't write a story?" This was quite unanswerable and the conclusion was that you must write a story.

Finally the first page of the new block and the fine point of the new pencil met and a word resulted, then another, and another. The die was cast; there was no retreat. Slowly, slowly they came at first, those slippery little signs, then more and more easily and quickly until the fine point of the pencil had worn off almost to the wood and made a horrid broad line. But the fire of inspiration was burning bright, and the Authoress could have written with any sort of implement. Through the thick dusk the small fingers flew, moved by a little mind quite unconscious of the passage of time.

"Katharine, child, what are you doing? Dinner is ready and papa is waiting." It was mamma calling at the foot of the stairs, but it sounded to the Authoress, suffering out in the cold with her homeless heroine, like a voice out of another sphere.

"Yes, mamma, I 'm coming." It was too long a distance from the great world of imagination to the common everyday one of dinner to be traveled in an instant.

"What have you been doing ever since school was out?" asked mamma again at table.

"Oh, nothing much." They must n't know until it was done, anyway.

Uncle Frank came to the rescue with something about Christmas presents, and Katharine smiled. It was meant for a smile of gratitude, but the family understood it to be a confession.

So it went on. Every afternoon found the Authoress in the same corner of the attic, working away with pencils growing all the time shorter and stubbier and block only half as thick and not half so clean

as at first. All seemed to be going well. The cold, hungry, homeless child was soon to be warmed, fed, and to find a home, when all at once something terrible happened. There had been a foreshadowing of trouble for some time, but suddenly, one afternoon, the awful significance of it broke upon her. She had read this story somewhere before. This agonizing thought forced itself reluctantly into her consciousness. It was not to be escaped by any subterfuge. Gradually she became accustomed to it. She remembered how just this very story had been read to her Sunday School class three, four years ago. She remembered how her heart had ached then for the poor unhappy heroine and how glad she had been when it all came out right.

But this did n't help the present state of affairs any. Here was her story—and it was her story in spite of the fact that somebody had thought of it before—almost done. By slow, painful steps she hardened her tender young conscience until, on the morning when the stories were due, she was ready to fold her neatly copied manuscript, post it at the box on the corner, and go on to school quite calmly.

She and Lucy were not the only competitors in No. 10, and it was an excited group of girls who stayed in the cloak room that morning until the last bell rang, comparing notes. They went around the circle, each in turn telling the title and giving a synopsis of her story. When it came to Katharine she wound her slim black legs tightly together, looked sharply at the crowd and plunged in. When she had finished and nods and murmurs of approval went around, her heart swelled with relief almost to bursting. But wait, a meek little girl from across the river looks pained. She has something to say.

"I read that story in a Sunday School book only last week."

The cloud had burst. Katharine tossed her head; there was only one thing to say.

"I don't care." With that, really caring very much indeed, she stalked into the schoolroom.

How the next two weeks passed, she never knew. She went to school every day. That had to be. The girls were very nice; anything that Annie Warren could say would n't very much change any opinion

of theirs but then—they knew. And to Katharine those days were not like anything she had ever lived through before. She had had the mumps and thought herself as miserable as anybody could be but it was nothing to this.

The aching days wore on and the fifteenth came at last. At school that day the only topic of conversation was the competition. Who *would* have the prize? Carrie Michaels' sister, who taught at the South End, said that some fine stories had been sent in from their school. Perhaps the Carlisle school would n't get it at all.

Katharine did n't take a very active part in these discussions. This awful tearing in her throat would n't let her talk much. They had noticed it at home and had smiled at her absorbing interest in Christmas plans. Every evening had come the almost uncontrollable longing to climb into papa's lap as he sat there across the library table and weep out the whole sad story. But her pride was too strong. If the story was n't published, nobody would ever have to know. So she would creep off to bed early (mother began to say very hard things to father about pushing children in the public schools) and, sternly repressing the tears so near the surface, stare into the dark until sleep came and carried her off by force.

After school on the fifteenth she took up her station at the hall window to be on hand the instant the paper came. How late he was to-night, that paper boy. But at last the end came as it always does come. Just as the electric light flashed out, she heard the boy's shuffle on the steps, the nasal "Pa-a-paw" and saw him dash away around the corner.

For a moment she could n't move. Then with a masterly effort she got to the door somehow, took up the snowy paper and brought it in. Tremblingly she unfolded it, opened to the page where she knew it would be, if it had won, and read, with much the same feeling as that with which the criminal hears the verdict, "Charlotte Campbell's Christmas." Yes, there it was. Everything would come out now. She must go away somewhere and think what to do.

There was only one place to go, the old corner in the attic. She

hated that place now, but it was all the better for that. It was part of the penalty. There she saw plainly that she must tell them all at dinner. It would be worse because Christmas was so near and it would spoil it all for them. But it must be done.

"Come, Kitty, Kitty, Kitty." It was the way Uncle Frank always called really, exactly as you would a cat, but it did n't seem funny to-day. "So you are an Authoress, are you? We did n't know that we were sheltering a genius in our midst."

Slowly the child, she was the Authoress no longer, came down the attic stairs. There was Uncle Frank waiting at the foot for her. He was so jolly and so proud of her, of *her*. She could n't tell him then. He took her on his shoulder, big as she was, and marched gayly downstairs.

A shout greeted their entry into the dining room. They had all seen it. It was fine. She was her own father's daughter. She saw that they did n't recognize the Sunday School story. Oh, if they did n't, perhaps nobody would. That possibility had n't occurred to her. What should she do? "Her own father's daughter." Her own father's daughter would tell right then and there. Suddenly the tension became too great. The strings of her poor nervous little self, worn quite through, broke.

"Oh, Nunky, I can't." And the tears, so long and forcibly held back, came with a rush.

Bit by bit, oh, so hard, the whole pitiful story came out. How she had wanted to do it because the girls thought Katharine Eastman could do it; about the search for something to write about, the unperceived intrusion of Charlotte Campbell and her troubles, the impossibility of exorcising her when once in, the whole unhappy story.

How they tried to comfort her! It did n't seem to them, she thought, nearly so serious as it had to her. She had thought they would never want to see her again. Papa told her how sometimes very hard things had been said about authors for doing just that, but that since she had told about it herself and had learned her lesson so well she need think no more about it now. Mamma said that papa could explain to

the editor, so that nobody else need ever know. But people ought to know. She had done what was wrong and ought to be punished.

By and by when everybody felt a little better they went out to dinner. It was all cold of course, but in spite of wet handkerchiefs and red eyes and nose, Katharine was happier and could swallow better and smile more easily than for several weeks.

Papa did explain to the editor in a long letter, and the editor, who was a very pleasant man and a good friend of papa's, printed the next day a little notice to the effect that "Charlotte Campbell's Christmas" had been withdrawn from the competition and the second prize awarded that story given to the third prize story, "A Visit from Santa Claus," by Lucy Webb of No. 10, Carlisle School.

When Katharine heard this she swallowed hard but stood it nobly. Of course the girls at school wondered and said things; Annie Warren tried to be sympathetic and was severely frowned upon. It was hard but it all belonged together.

Mamma said, "Some day you can try again, dear. Mother knows her daughter will be an authoress." And papa, who knew something about such things, smiled encouragingly.

—Laura Clark, 1903.

GREEK ART IN MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Two principles are indelibly impressed upon the mind of a student of Greek art. Both have their origin in that love of moderation and self-restraint which is characteristic of the Greeks. The first principle, concerned with architecture, insists upon the structural use of ornament, the *raison d'être* of each detail. The column is ornamental, but it is there to support the roof. The triglyphs, metopes, and even the dentels took their origin in those early days when timber alone was used for building. The Parthenon stands as the most perfect type of Greek architecture. The Romans, realizing this, attempted to add to

their arches the beauty of Greek column and frieze; but they failed to gain the perfection they sought, for the ornaments were simply ornaments attached to their buildings, not structural parts of the buildings. the second principle of Greek art has to do with sculpture, and again emphasizes restraint: "Sculpture should be true to the enduring qualities of its material." The majestic dignity of the works of Phidias found its source in the artist's hold on this truth. Praxiteles adhered to the same principle, but his followers, catching only the grace and beauty of his figures, lost sight of the principle, and then began the decline of Greek sculpture. The result was the choice of such moments of supreme emotion as are represented in the Laocoön group—a moment of agony prolonged in stone for centuries.

To a mind thus accustomed to think in terms of sculpture and architecture, there comes a feeling of surprise, of familiarity,—of previous acquaintance, one might almost say,—when, in the study of literary style, one comes upon words like the following: "Self-restraint, a skillful economy of means, ascêsis, that, too, has a beauty of its own." Or again: "As the very word ornament indicates what is in itself non-essential, so the one beauty of all literary style is of its very essence, and independent, in prose and verse alike, of all removable decoration." Throughout his essay on style, from which the above quotations are taken, Mr. Pater lays stress on this self-restraint and structural unity of ornament in literary art.

Impressed with the similarity of the principles of literary and plastic art, the mind at once turns to the quest of an author who will prove himself an architect and sculptor in literature. The Greek tragedians were such, ruled as they were by the restraining spirit of their countrymen and age. If we look for the same qualities in modern times, we shall doubtless come upon them among students of the classics. Very strikingly are they found in the poems of Matthew Arnold, throughout which prevails perfect self-control of thought, and speech, and emotion. It has even been offered as a theory that the poetic spirit within him was early crushed by this very exercise of restraint.

Let us study first his restraint in the use of ornament, applying the

architectural test suggested by Mr. Pater: Is it independent of removable decoration? is there a structural reason for every detail? For his use of ornament, let us turn to Arnold's figures, which so richly adorn his poems. Take, for example, the tribute to his father in "Rugby Chapel." The leading thought of the poem is the difference between his father and the majority of men. The mass of humanity struggles blindly on,

> "And no one asks
> Who or what they have been,
> More than he asks what waves,
> In moonlit solitudes mild
> Of the midmost Ocean have swell'd,
> Foamed for a moment, and gone."

But a few men there are who struggle from the mass; they are compared with a band who set out to win the height of the mountain peak, along the path of advance. Barely surviving the storm, in which their companions are lost, they come alone to the goal. Completing and crowning the simile is the picture of his father:—

> "But thou, thou wouldst not alone
> Be saved, my father! alone
> Conquer and come to thy goal,
> Leaving the rest in the wild.
> Still thou turnedst and still
> Beckonedst the trembler and still
> Gavest the weary thy hand."

Could these figures be removed and still leave the poem a whole? Rather the similes seem like a great shaft, supporting the thought of the poem. The picture of humanity forms a base upon which rests the column, the toil of the struggling few. Crowning this is pictured the father of the poet,—a noble capital, upon which rests inseparably the thought and structure of the poem. Look for a moment at another poem, "To Marguerite." Here the thought, isolation, cannot be unlinked from the figure that represents it. Each soul is represented as an island, utterly isolated from every other by

> "The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea."

Beautiful as the ornament is, it is at the same time foundation, framework, and decoration of the poem.

But it is scarcely fair, perhaps, to test the rule by such figures as these, where, in some cases, a simile may occupy most of the poem. Let us examine a few brief figures in longer poems. In "Sohrab and Rustum" are several striking similes, none more so than the comparison of the mighty Rustum, standing over his dying son, to an eagle, which:—

> "Circles above his eyry, with loud screams
> Chiding his mate back to her nest, but she
> Lies dying, with an arrow in her side,
> In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
> A heap of fluttering feathers. . . .
> . . . . . .
> So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
> Over his dying son, but knew him not."

An ornament like this, it may be claimed, can be removed and the structure of the poem remain. The facts, barely stated, would remain, it is true; but the perfect understanding of the poem, and the depth of feeling which it is the wish of the writer to convey,—these would be lost. These figures, then, are a structural part of the thought of the writer and of the effect he wished to produce. Much might be said of the epithets of Arnold, which, though adding beauty to the thought, are essential in giving the exact effect desired. The wild "storm-winds of Autumn" that blow through the pages of his "Parting" merely breathe the spirit of wild unrest in his soul. In such a mood he looks down through the darkness to the "gleam-lighted lake." But, with a change of mood, it is no longer the fitful lights he sees below, but rather "that glimmering sheet of glass," Lake Leman, stretching through the twilight. No longer are the storm-winds roaring, but, in the stillness, he hears the breeze, "the eternal tongue, through the pine branches play."

Let us now turn to some examples of the fulfilling of the sculpture-maxim, "Sculpture should be true to the enduring qualities of its material." One is tempted to feel that Arnold considered the material with

which he worked as enduring as marble and bronze, so carefully has he fashioned his expressions to portray with moderation all emotion. When one considers the hundreds and even thousands of years which some writings have survived, the enduring quality of words seems almost as great as the materials of plastic art. With as great care as that exercised by the old Greek sculptors, Arnold strives to portray restrained passion and emotion. His attitude toward the free expression of every feeling is given in the following stanza:—

*"What helps it now that Byron bore
With haughty scorn that mocked the smart,
Through Europe and the Ætolian shore
The pageant of his bleeding heart?
That thousands counted every groan,
And Europe made his woe her own?"

Rather, the spirit of Arnold is given in such lines as these:—

*"Silent, while years engrave the brow;
Silent—the best are silent now."

Or,

†"A tinge, it may be, of their silent pain
Who have longed deeply once, and longed in vain."

Such words cut clear a picture like the face of a Niobe, in the famous group,—the face of a stricken mother, yet retaining the conscious dignity of a queen. Compare Niobe's expression again with the glimpse given of Iseult, as she gazes into the face of her dying husband, whose love has always belonged to another:—

"Not with a look of wounded pride,
A look as if the heart complained;
Her look was like a sad embrace,
The gaze of one who can divine
A grief, and sympathize."

* Grande Chartreuse.
† A Summer Night.

Few, indeed, are the passages in Matthew Arnold's poems that express anything akin to pleasure or joy. Many poems, it is true, end with a note of hope. But this hope is not the exuberant hope of youth; and if there is joy it is not the merry ripple of a shallow brook, but rather reminds one of the depth and sweep and dignity of the ocean.

*"One common wave of thought and joy
Lifting mankind again."

A characteristic expression of his idea of pleasure is this:—

†"Because thou must not dream, thou needst not then despair."

It is the desire to express much in little, and every idea with moderation, that gives rise to so many suggestive expressions. But few can be chosen from those that abound in every poem; for example:—

"The eternal note of sadness."

"A wounded human spirit turns
Here on its bed of pain."

"There sobs I know not what ground-tone
Of human agony."

"The vastness, the grandeur and the gloom
Of the unlit gulph himself."

A study of restraint in Matthew Arnold would not be complete without at least some notice of his use of nature. His whole attitude toward physical nature is based upon the love of what is moderate and calm, and able to breathe calmness and dignity into the human soul. Such a man would not be a poet of the noonday heat and sunlight; rather a poet of the dawn and twilight, of the moon and stars. Most characteristic is his description of the early dawn among the mountains:—

* Overmann once more.
† Empedocles on Etna.

"Here in the valley is the shade; the sward
Is dark, and on the stream the mist still hangs;
One sees one's footprints crushed in the wet grass,
One's breath curls in the air; and on these pines
That climb from the stream's edge, the long gray tufts,
Which the goats love, are jewell'd thick with dew."

At evening, again, we see with what delight he breathed the coolness and calm about him:—

"Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon and the white evening star."

And it is at night that we must leave Arnold, with the stars and the moonlight whose calm, steady beams he loved above all else in nature, and from whom he drew strength and inspiration. It was in the moonlight that, on Dover Beach, he heard "the eternal note of sadness." Throughout the sadness of the "Summer Night" yet comes the message of hope:—

"How fair a lot to fill
Is left to each man still."

But no words can better tell his love of the stars than his poem, "Self-Dependence," especially the stanzas:—

"'Ah once more,' I cried, 'ye stars, ye waters,
On my soul your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you.'
From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer:
'Wouldst thou be as these are? Live as they.'"

—Annie C. Tracy, 1903.

THE SANDMAN AND THE LADY O' DREAMS.

THERE are two dear friends of little folk, friends who are tried and true;
The Sandman lives in the Land o' Nod, and the Dream Lady lives there, too.
The dear little Sandman is wrinkled and old, his hair and his clothes are gray;
But his eyes are blue and they wink at you in the merriest kind of way.

The Lady o' Dreams has dusky hair and beautiful eyes of brown,
And slender poppies are twined and draped over her long, white gown;
She dwelleth near the Garden of Sleep, where pale dream flowers grow,
Nodding their drowsy, silken heads when the evening breezes blow.

And when little children have gone to rest—all in their fresh white gowns—
These two old friends come to carry them off to Slumber and Shut-eye towns.
A-down the Milky Way they pass, o'er sunset hills and silv'ry streams,
The good old Sandman, bent and gray, and the fair, sweet Lady o' Dreams.

The Sandman carries a big, gray sack filled to the brim with silver sand,
And he drops a grain or two in your eye to send you to Slumber Land;
Then the Dream Lady comes, with noiseless tread, shrouded in misty gleams,
And waving her poppies overhead, showers her gifts of dreams.

—ROSETTA SCHUYLER MONTGOMERY, 1903.

AN OLD ROMANCE.

A GENTLE murmur floated in at the open tent door. Faintly to be distinguished, now and then, was the bleating of a lamb or a bark from the shepherd dog. The breeze gently swayed the heavy folds of the tent door and set swinging the rich hangings within. It was a noble tent, fit abode for the sheik of his tribe, the aged patriarch who had seen nearly a century and a half of life. A grand old man, he sat half reclining on a pile of well-dressed skins near the entrance of the tent. A white beard fell far down over his breast, and his brow, wrinkled now, bore traces of thought. Though wasted, his frame might once have been that of a warrior, and to this the weapons about the tent bore witness.

A warrior and a conqueror he was, not only in struggle with man, but in conflict more bitter than usually falls to the human lot. Beside him sat a youth, perfect in physical development, and in the prime of his strength. Though there was in the outline of his features a resemblance to the sheik, there was a striking dissimilarity of bearing. The commanding presence of the elder man was softened into a gentle retiring mien in the younger. Only the depth of thought and the dreamy soul emphasized the resemblance between father and son.

For some time the silence had been unbroken. The murmur outside grew more distinct. "My father," said the young man, "the shepherds are bringing home the flock to water; I would go forth to watch them."

"Go, my son," said the patriarch, in a musing tone, "go even as I did in the days of my youth. Now I wander not far from the tent door, but am content to gaze on the multitude of the stars in the night watches, or to catch the first glistening of the sand in the dawn—the sand whose grains cannot be numbered."

Without further word, but bowing low, the youth withdrew and wandered through the clustering tents of his father's encampment. It

was a peaceful scene, the gathering of the flocks beneath the palm trees. For a while he stood and mused, his lips curved into smile. Then he turned and walked toward the desert. Now and again he paused to watch the sun in its downward course, till it sank below the horizon. At intervals his hand was lifted to shade his eyes as he silently scanned the desert line. Then his head sank in deep meditation, or, again, was raised to the sky, a look of deep peace dispelling the look of care from his brow. The sun had set, but rosier and brighter grew the glow in the west; yet not so bright as to dim the quiet radiance of the star above it. The young man had been gazing at it intently for some moments; as he moved his eyes away, he sighed. "She will come sometime; what though mine eyes have never seen her, she is already to me as yonder star. My mother lies in the cave of Machpelah but the radiance of the love of her that is to come shall light anew the darkness of my heart."

Again he looked toward the star, but lo, in silhouette against the sunset glow, there moved, in the distance, with a slow, unmistakable tread, a caravan of camels. "She has come," he said, and started forward with quickened breath. Slowly, surely, they were coming, and now there were forms to be distinguished upon the camels. Ah, he could now make out the bright colors of women's garments. Why should the caravan suddenly stop? One of the forms, that of a woman, was dismounting from her kneeling camel. The youth hurried on and met, at the head of the train, his father's old servant. The aged man advanced and bowed low, saying, "My way hath been prospered, O master." So speaking, he led the way back to the kneeling camel, and the girlish figure standing beside it. She had drawn a veil closely about her and stood quietly, her hands hanging clasped before her. The young man advanced, then hesitated, struck with sudden embarrassment. "Thou art welcome," he said simply. Still veiled, and in silence, she bowed before her future lord.

The dusk was deepening as he placed her upon the camel once more. The full moon was just rising from the eastern edge of the desert, and the breeze blew cool over the sand. The master and the old man walked ahead, the latter recounting the story of his journey. But

the young man was silent, he heard but in part the tale of his companion. Were not his thoughts with the face behind the close-drawn veil?

They were approaching the encampment, and as the tinkling of the camel bells was borne to the tents, the inmates streamed forth to greet the young master and his bride. As they came to the great tent of the chief, there was a tender greeting between the patriarch and his time-tried servant. Then the old man beckoning to his son, leaned upon his shoulder and said to the maiden,—once more dismounted,—"Thou art welcome, my daughter." As she bowed to the earth, the youth stepped to her side, and together they received the blessing of the patriarch. There was a hush over the camp as the people listened. In silence the kneeling pair arose, and the youth led the maid across the camp to her new home. Lifting the curtain of a large tent, he turned and said, "It was my mother's tent." There was a great stillness over the desert, broken only now and then by the contented bleating from the sheepfold, or the tinkle of a camel's bell. The moon had risen above the palm trees, and shone in full at the tent door. There was a moment of hesitation, then, as the young man stooped to kiss her hand, the maiden drew aside the veil from her face. Softly from the farther tents arose the plaintive love song of the deserts.

—Annie C. Tracy, 1903.

A SHELF IN MY LIBRARY.

We read much, we forget a great deal; we struggle to attain learning, and again we forget. But as we look back on some book or some subject with which we were once familiar, we find that in losing the details we can see the outline of the whole perhaps plainer than when we knew all its parts. Certain books read long ago have grown fainter in my mind, but by seeing what points remain with me I can find their real value—what part of my life of thought each has had its share in

building. It is hard to criticise a book we have just read; the task is easier when we can view it in the distance. The landscape painter must know what details to omit; in this case time has made the omission and spared us the trouble of choosing.

When I look back thus I am often surprised to see how books have grouped themselves, books which at the time I should never have thought of together; yet when judged by the impressions they have made they seem grouped nearly always naturally, always justifiably. In my memory library I find three books have joined each other on a shelf where I had never thought of placing them, but they are catalogued in a way that shows the arrangement to be one of perfect fitness. These books are "Hypatia," "Romola," and "The Scarlet Letter." Curious to see what law of association has led my mind to place them together on the shelf, I open these books edited by myself, with my own preface and footnotes and illustrations. As I look into the books I read so long ago it seems at first impossible to read them understandingly; characters move vaguely before me. As they begin to live again, before I hear them speak, I turn my eyes toward the background before which they move—the setting of the story. Here I find my first reason for the presence of these books on the same shelf.

The background in each case is some phase of the Christian church, an important influence in national life. The Church is narrow and cruel in Alexandria in the fifth century and ambitious for temporal power; narrow and cruel in Florence in the fifteenth century and corrupted by its own wealth; none the less narrow, scarcely less cruel in Salem in the seventeenth, but at least with her heart set on other than worldly gain. These stages in church history suggest a natural sequence of events: Cyril represents the power which advanced the temporal interests of the Church at the expense of her spiritual growth until, a thousand years later, we find her demanding Savonarola and others of his kind to preach the simple religion and austere virtue for which the Puritan church stood. Bigotry and intolerance all these churches have in common, but otherwise they show radical changes. We can roughly

trace the progress of Christianity with no guide but these glimpses into church history.

The religious and historical connection is not the only one for these books, or my arrangement would still seem arbitrary. Against the background of the Church the characters play their parts in these great moral dramas. Each book portrays sin, each shows the results of crime; and the difference of treatment of the various aspects of sin are due not so much to the times as to the individuality of the authors. In each book we find men and women who sin deeply and who suffer for their sin. This gives us a series of tragedies of which Tito's is the saddest, the most terrible. Hypatia, devoted to her Greek philosophy and sincere in her convictions, nevertheless compromises with her conscience. That honor may be paid her philosophy she pledges her hand to a man whom she despises. With the same purpose she allows herself to appear at the spectacles she knows are wrong. These two acts are her destruction; the Church is more than ever enraged against the heathen philosopher, and Cyril, the bishop of Alexandria, authorizes her murder. The horror of her death overwhelms us as we read; we forget her sin in the awfulness of her suffering.

Arthur Dimmesdale suffers remorse for the crime he dares not confess. His life becomes a terrible expiation of his sin; the intensity of his suffering, finally the agony of his confession, and his death give, as does the death of Hypatia, the idea of atonement. We are bidden to turn from the sin itself as wiped away and pity the sinner. George Eliot shows in Tito a sinner who does not seem to suffer greatly for his sin, yet he pays the price long before his death at the hands of the man he has wronged. In the effect upon his character his sin proves its own punishment just as surely as Dimmesdale's, though Tito is without remorse. We learn from the story of Tito the covert effects of sin; not only may it bring punishment as the murder of Hypatia, not only may it prove its own punishment by remorse like the young minister's, but it may so grievously mark the character that a Tito sins with scarcely a flutter of his conscience. He has not even the desire to lead a better life, his existence is in

the hopeless darkness of the shadow of his crimes. The sympathy for Hypatia, for Hester Prynne, and for Arthur Dimmesdale is a natural human sympathy for those who have atoned for their faults; Hypatia's death, Arthur Dimmesdale's remorse, we pity because we see physical and mental and soul suffering which demand pity. We do not pity Tito when we read of his death, because this was not the great tragedy of his life; we cannot pity him as suffering mental anguish for his sins, for he is unrepentant. It is his blindness, his misspent talents, the development of all the evil in his nature, which we must pity. This book, the most intensely human of the three, asks for a pity almost divine.

The lesson of Hypatia is not so much that we must not be led into similar temptations as that we should sympathize with the sinner, not because his sin places him far beneath us, but because we are weak as he is, are tempted as he is, and may fall as he falls. The book has powerful humanity; no one can read it thoughtfully—and who can read it thoughtlessly?—without rising from it with sympathy for all men and a sense of his own weakness. The ethical value of "The Scarlet Letter" is in the powerful warning against sin, a warning enforced through the analysis of thoughts and feelings which show the effect on the soul of a single sinful action. George Eliot's warning against sin, making as it does the steady degeneration of Tito more terrible than Hypatia's death or Dimmesdale's remorse, shows with even greater power that sin is its own punishment.

I return my books to their shelf—one does not forget so hopelessly after all. A few events, perhaps part of the plot itself, have escaped my mind, but ever-present lessons in sympathy, purity, and justice remain.

—Martha Tappan Webster, 1903.

THE PATH OF THE SUNSET.

THE shadows lay long o'er the meadows
As the slant sun sank toward the west;
The flowers all lifted their faces
For his kiss ere they drooped to their rest.
A pathway of radiant brightness
Led straight to the glow over there,
And along the bright way came a maiden
With the sunlight in her hair.

Each ringlet gleamed like a ruby
And quivered and glowed in the light;
Every wave caught a beam from the sunset
And wove her a coronet bright.
So she came with the glory behind her,
Not dreaming the vision was fair;
And brighter than gold was the radiance
Of the sunlight in her hair.

The sunset has long ago faded
And vanished as dreams pass away,
But the picture still lives in my mem'ry
Where its colors can never grow gray.
I see the long path toward the sunset
And the golden dust dance in the air,
Then out from the glow walks a maiden
With the sunlight in her hair.

—MARION LOUISE RICHARDSON, 1903.

A FRAGMENT.

At the first faint tints of the rosy dawn,
Or when at even the sun is gone,
Then the Voice of th' ancient wood is heard,
'T is the rustle of leaves or the call of bird,
'T is the solemn notes of the tall pine trees,
'T is the gentle murmuring of the breeze;
'T is all of these a thousandfold,
And the wood's true voice is yet untold.

—Ethel Cutler, 1903.

WHILE THEY WAITED.

The nervous man sat tapping his foot on the floor, his hands stuck into his pockets, his eyes constantly seeking the clock face. The drummer, his chair tilted back against the wall, was amusedly watching the other occupants of the little station. Over in the corner a man was curled up, his hat over his face, evidently trying to take a nap. Opposite, two girls were whispering and giggling. The rest of the people appeared to be in all stages of ill-humor, for the East-bound train, due half an hour ago, had not yet arrived.

The clock ticked off the minutes noisily. The nervous man, buttoning his coat, went to the office window.

"Don't you know how late this train 's going to be?" he queried. "I 'd like to know if we 'll have to wait here all night."

"It 'll be here when it gets here; that 's all I can tell you. It 's a bad job to strike a washout at this time o' night."

With this cheerful piece of information the nervous man began

to walk the floor and whistle; the drummer tried to engage his neighbor in conversation; the man in the corner shuffled into an easier position, and the girls giggled all the harder.

Another half hour went by. The man in the corner was snoring; the girls had ceased to giggle. Only the drummer and the nervous man were on duty.

"I 'd prefer a hand car to this infernal waiting," grumbled the nervous man unsociably.

The hands of the clock slowly crawled along. At a quarter of twelve the South-bound train drew in and for a moment disturbed the slumberers. A young couple, probably brother and sister, entered the station. Every one settled down again sleepily.

"Ha, ha! so that 's it, is it?" from the drummer roused up two or three, who looking, saw the young couple blushing furiously as kernels of rice fell from the girl's coat which her escort was carrying. Soon every one was looking on in great amusement. The young couple hesitated a moment, then quickly hurried out of the station, followed by a chorus of cheers.

A small black thing lay on the floor; the drummer picked it up. It was a girl's pocketbook.

"We 'll make them come back after it," the nervous man ventured, and a small animated group formed about the pocketbook, which the drummer had tossed back on to the floor.

Soon a whistle was heard, and the east-bound train approached. No one stirred. As the train pulled in at just twelve by the clock, the young man came in blushing like a schoolboy. Shouts and cheers greeted him. The drummer spoke up:—

"You ought to treat on this, you know. We 're all going the same way, so it 'll be easy for you."

"Mr. Maynard," was called feebly. "Shan't we have to hurry?"

The young man turned and saw the lady.

"Oh, hang it!" he burst out, "we are n't married, and are n't going to be. The rice was just a souvenir. Why, we never saw each other

till last night at my sister's wedding. We were going the same way, so——"

The shriek of the whistle sounded a warning, and the group hastily moved toward the door.

—Florence G. Mann, 1903.

CORNFIELD AT SUNSET.

The sunset glow is deep'ning in the west;
Its autumn splendor brightens all the sky;
Blue shadows creep along the mountains high,
And down the valleys that they love the best.
The cornfields in the still light seem to rest,
As if their days of labor had passed by,
And they were glad that harvest-time was nigh,
Awaiting now the husbandman's behest.
These stacks of ripened corn seem aged men
Who, though they know their autumn days are here,
Yet keep the places where their work was done,
And wait in quiet joy, not knowing when
The angel reaper shall at last draw near
And gather them to harvest, one by one.

—Helen Louise Fitts, 1903.

EDITORIAL.

THE time has come for the retiring board to make, through the editorial pages, some "closing remarks." With the present issue its work ceases and the new staff assumes the responsibility, so that, at the risk of seeming to harp upon a threadbare theme, we are going to make our "closing remarks." We feel strongly that the time has come when an understanding must be reached between the student body and the board of editors elected to carry on the magazine. There is at the outset a certain sense of discouragement because the editor feels that the very ones for whom the remarks are designed are very likely not to look at the magazine, least of all at the editorial pages. However, the attempt will be made trusting that the message will come to the notice of some and bring about a more satisfactory state of affairs.

The magazine is under the control of the Students' League and is professedly a publication by the student body, yet how many of the students take a real interest in it; how many ever see its pages? There are in college six hundred and seventy-one students, and the subscription list of THE MOUNT HOLYOKE shows two hundred and eleven names. This ought not so to be. At least half of the students are able and should be willing to support the publication financially, if in no other way. Nor does it argue a creditable knowledge of the management of the magazine when a senior, as has happened this year, asks the editor if she has not "something to do with THE MOUNT HOLYOKE committee."

We may without boasting assert that outside our college the magazine stands upon firm ground among our alumnæ and among other colleges. It certainly may claim a fair rank among college publications, yet there are few students who know what its rank is or are at all interested in helping to maintain or raise its standard.

We do not expect literary contributions from the majority,—although we are desirous that these should be as many as possible,—but we do ask that the student body support THE MOUNT HOLYOKE by sub-

scribing for it and by reading it. There cannot be many students who would be willing to see the publication stopped, yet at the close of the year 1901-'02 subscriptions amounting to three hundred and fifty dollars were unpaid. A sufficient amount of that sum was collected after much effort to pay outstanding bills but not until last December. The remainder, which would have put a surplus of one hundred dollars into the treasury of the board, has never been collected. This year threatens to show a large deficit also, whereas if all subscriptions were paid as they should be there would be a large surplus. Other years have shown a surplus in the treasury but this surplus has dwindled until we have the present state of affairs,—the cause is obvious.

This state of affairs cannot be remedied except by prompt payment and a subscription list that will contain the names of at least half or, even better, two thirds of the college. Surely this is not too much to expect when in other colleges it is considered a matter of course that almost every student subscribe to the college publication.

To make the magazine each year more worth while is the aim of the editors, but if they must solicit contributions and themselves provide contributions at the last moment; if they must furnish all the enthusiasm necessary to keep the magazine up to the desired stand; if, worse than all, they must beg for financial support, their aim will scarcely be realized. Mount Holyoke students have a reputation for loyalty to all college interests. The retiring board must believe that the student body will so live up to that reputation that the new board of editors will have not only an increase of subscribers and promptness in the payment of all dues, but also so many and so varied literary contributions that they can select always the choicest material; so many valuable suggestions, such genuine interest on the part of all readers, and such high ideals for the magazine that they can work as no editors before have been able to work.

DEPARTMENT NOTES.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

On Wednesday afternoon, March 4, Mr. Elbridge Kingsley spoke before the Archæological Club and a few invited guests in the lecture room of the Dwight Memorial Art Building upon the subject, "The Art of Engraving." The address was well illustrated with charts, representing the various cuts made by the engravers' tools, the use of which Mr. Kingsley explained in a graphic manner. The history of wood engraving and the individual work of noted artists were ably characterized, while at the close of the hour a fine word picture of Old Hadley was given to the delight of the audience.

Later in the afternoon the company adjourned to the Art Library, where a reception was held. Mr. Kingsley is so well known to the students and friends of Mount Holyoke through the Clara Leigh Dwight Collection of the Kingsley Engravings, given to the college by Mr. John Dwight, that the opportunity to meet and hear the artist himself was especially enjoyed. Then, to add to the interest, the tools with which Mr. Kingsley demonstrated his lecture are from his own studio—blocks and gravers, eyeglass and frame, which he has used for years and which he has had placed with the collection in the Kingsley Room of Dwight Hall.

Mr. J. B. Carrington of *Scribner's Magazine,* one of the most appreciative of critics, writing recently of the catalogue of the Kingsley Collection published a year ago, says: "It is very handsomely made and a worthy record of Mr. Kingsley's admirable art." This catalogue in two editions, a limited and a students' edition, was generously provided by Mr. Dwight to accompany the collection. Among Mr. Carrington's delightful sketches of "American Wood-Engravers," published in *Scribner's* within the last decade, is an illustrated article concerning Elbridge Kingsley from which we quote the following:—

"It is as an interpreter of Nature that Elbridge Kingsley is best known. His reproductions of paintings by famous landscape artists—Corot, Diaz, Daubigny, Inness and Tryon—and his original blocks, either from his own studies or directly in the wood, are permeated through and through with a sympathy and poetry only possible to one who knows and loves Nature.

"In the fall of 1882 he engraved a scene directly in the wood which at the time attracted attention, both as a beautiful example of his art and a

remarkable achievement. It went far to prove his claim for the wood-engraver's art as one that, in the hands of a master, may assume the value and dignity of a place for itself apart from its merely reproductive value.

"Kingsley's especial distinction in the use of the graver lies in his beautifully delicate tones and in the treatment of masses. He is willing to sacrifice perfection of form, strict accuracy in textures, and a precision of line for the sake of attaining a thoroughly sympathetic translation of the picture as a whole, its meaning and poetry.

"Modern process methods of illustrating have encroached upon the domain of the wood-engraver, but while this development has narrowed the field it has also stimulated the wood-engravers, and called upon them for a quality of training and execution that must more and more put their work on a truly creative basis. Kingsley has always been one of the leaders in this new and broader direction, and has done much both by his original and reproductive work to raise the position of his art."

An illustrated lecture before the students of the classical departments was given Monday evening, May 11, in Dwight Hall by Prof. M. L. D'Ooge, subject, "Recent Excavations at Delphi." Professor D'Ooge is at the head of the Greek department of the University of Michigan and has previously served as annual director of the American School of Archæology in Athens.

This is the last meeting of the Archæological Club for the year.

FRENCH.

On March 19, Miss Mary V. Young attended the meeting of L'Alliance Française held in New York city, Monsieur J. J. Jusserand officiating. The one hundred and twenty-six delegates from all over the country were first served with a beautiful lunch. After several interesting addresses, they all took enthusiastic part in the discussions regarding change of constitution. The resignation of President Hyde was accepted and President Harper assumed direction in America.

The department has been busy with the preparation of Molière's play, "Médecin malgré lui," which was presented May 5.

CHEMISTRY.

Miss Goldthwaite has leave of absence for the remainder of the college year in order that she may study at the University of Chicago.

HISTORY.

Miss Soule attended the meeting of the New England History Teachers' Association held April 18 in Boston. The subject under discussion was, "The Relation of History Teaching in the Grades and in the High School."

The department of history has received a valuable gift from Mr. William Gore of Boston of a number of old account books kept in the years 1811, 1812, 1814, 1823, 1824, 1825, 1828, and of two volumes of the *Congressional Globe* for the years 1833 and 1834, and one volume of the *Extra Globe* for the year 1840-1841.

Among the items in the various account books are found the following:—

1814	To muster money,	$2.00
1816	To 1 spelling book for *Chloa,*	.20
1824	For postage letter to and from Windsor,	.12
1824	To keeping his Ram,	.50
1824	By one day shearing sheep,	.67
1830	By one day hoeing,	.67
1825	13 yds. Purple plum Bombazett @ .30,	3.90

These gifts are not only useful for individual research and therefore very welcome to the department, but also they are interesting to all for the glimpse which they give of the life of the early part of the last century. Could not many of us secure such gifts?

MATHEMATICS.

The Association of Mathematical Teachers in New England met at the Boston Latin School, April 18. About two hundred delegates were present, among whom were Miss Florence Purington and Miss S. E. Smith of this college. The meeting was addressed by Prof. Thomas S. Fiske of Columbia University, and at the afternoon session Mr. William T. Campbell of the Boston Latin School presented a paper on "Observational Geometry."

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

EVERETT HOUSE.

A MEMBER of the Class of '73 has raised nearly $300, most of it in cash, for Everett House. The greater part of it has been expended in painting and furnishing the sitting room. Some table silver has been purchased also.

A number of valuable gifts have been added to the Grace Clark ('01) room.

The members of the Xi Phi Delta Society still show an active interest in their room and are constantly making improvements in it.

A number of smaller gifts from alumnæ and friends of the college have been received.

Although many improvements have been made this year, there is still room for many more, and it is desirable that Everett House should be made as attractive and comfortable as possible for those who are so unfortunate as to have their college work interrupted by illness.

LIBRARY NOTES.

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. A. Lyman Williston, the library has received the "History of Northampton," by James Russell Trumbull. Mr. Trumbull begins with the settlement in 1654 and traces the development of the town down to 1819, using as material public and private correspondence, town, church and parish records, and documents in the county, state and national archives. The books are of special interest, as they show what might be done for so many of the towns and cities that were founded in the early days of the colonies.

Two hundred volumes have been added during the past month from which the following titles are selected:—

American Public Health Association. Public health; papers and reports . . . 1901. v. 27. 1902.

Arnold, Matthew. Notebooks. 1902.

Besant, *Sir* Walter. London in the 18th century. 1902.

Browne, Matthew. Chaucer's England. 2 v. 1869.

Burney, Frances. Early diary . . . ed. by A. R. Ellis. 2 v. 1889.
Charles, *Mrs.* E. R. Voice of Christian life in song; n. d.
Cooper, A. A., *3d Earl of Shaftesbury.* Characteristics of men, manners, opinions, times, etc. 2 v. 1900.
Coppée, François. Théâtre. 3 v. n. d.
Poésies. 3 v. n. d.
Davis, Jefferson. Rise and fall of the confederate government. 2 v. 1881.
Dickerson, M. C. Moths and butterflies. 1901.
Fleay, F. G. Biographical chronicle of English drama. 1891.
Hilprecht, H. V. Explorations in Bible lands. 1903.
Hinton, James. Mystery of pain. 1890.
Holland, W. J. Butterfly book. 1902.
Howard, L. O. Insect book. 1901.
James, Henry. Embarrassments. 1897.
French poets and novelists. 1893.
Lesson of the master. 1892.
Keller, Helen. Story of my life. 1903.
Knackfuss, Hermann *and* Zimmermann, M. G. Allgemeine Kunstgeschichte. 3 v. 1900-1903.
Kraemer, Henry. Course in botany and pharmacognosy. 1902.
Lucas, F. A. Animals of the past. 1901.
McMurrich, J. P. Development of the human body. 1902.
Ormond, A. T. Foundations of knowledge. 1900.
Price, I. M. Monuments and the Old Testament; Oriental light on Holy Writ. 1902.
Round, J. H. Geoffrey de Mandeville. 1892.
Schweiger-Lerchenfeld, Amand, *Freiherr von.* Atlas der Himmelskunde. 1898.
Smith, A. M. Proof-reading and punctuation. 1902.
Stubbs, William. Historical introductions to the rolls series. 1902.
Trollope, Anthony. Barchester towers. 2 v. 1902.
Last chronicle of Barset. 3 v. 1902.
Phineas Finn. 3 v. 1902.
Small house at Allington. 3 v. 1902.
Ward, *Mrs.* Humphry. Lady Rose's daughter. 1903.
Wickhoff, Franz. Roman art. 1900.
Winslow, H. M. Literary Boston of to-day. 1903.
Wundt, Wilhelm. Ethics. 3 v.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE spring term is this year, as always, full of attractions both out of doors and within. The term of ten weeks opened Thursday, April 16. Patriots' Day was celebrated on Monday, April 20, and nearly every one took advantage of the beautiful day for driving or walking. With the coming of spring, botany and zoölogy trips become popular, and the enthusiastic bird hunter is met everywhere, opera glass in hand, searching for new specimens.

The vesper service of April 19 was conducted by Miss Woolley, and President Hazard of Wellesley College gave a short address. The service held on May 3 was addressed by Mrs. Elizabeth Storrs Mead, former president of the college. Dean Sanders of Yale led the chapel service on April 27.

On Tuesday evening, April 21, Pearsons Hall entertained many of its friends at the gymnasium, the evening being spent with famous artists. There was some curiosity when the stage was seen hung with dark crimson, a large gold frame standing empty in the center, but later the beautiful representations of twelve famous paintings within the frame were greatly enjoyed by the audience.

Miss Woolley left on the twenty-first for a short trip to attend the Southern Educational Conference held in Richmond.

On Wednesday, April 22, "She Stoops to Conquer" was given in the gymnasium by the Amherst College seniors. To many the presentation was a novelty and the play was very successfully given. The performance was under the auspices of the Students' Building Committee, and the proceeds added to the fund, which is steadily increasing.

The junior class gave a representation of a popular summer resort in the gymnasium on April 28. Around the hall were the different attractions always to be found at such a place,—the merry-go-round, chute, dime museum and kinetoscope, while the pop corn and lemonade were not wanting to add to the realism. After the different shows had been patronized a vaudeville performance was given containing some good numbers. The pantomime of the posters was especially appreciated by many, and the songs given were new and attractive.

On the afternoon of April 29 the senior class held a sale of stocks in the gymnasium. Stocks and collars of every description were exhibited, and the demand for them showed that the time chosen for the affair was particularly good. Refreshments and candy were also sold during the afternoon, and after the sale an entertainment was given on the stage.

The sophomore play, which was postponed from the winter term, was given on May 12 in the gymnasium. The "Cricket on the Hearth" was chosen and the parts were well assigned, giving opportunity for very good acting. The cast was the following:—

John Perrybingle, a carrier, ... HARRIET M. ALLEN
Mr. Tackleton, a toymaker, ... HELEN BUCK
Caleb Plummer, his man, ... HELEN BULLARD
Old Gentleman, ... ELIZABETH DEMAREST
Dot, ... BLANCHE EMMONS
Bertha, a blind girl, ... HARRIET LEE
Mrs. Fielding, ... ELIZABETH PETTEE
May Fielding, ... FLORENCE JOHNSON
Tilly Slowboy, ... BERTHA PITTS

On Friday, May 1, the Haydn Quartet gave a recital which was very much enjoyed. Following is the programme:—

Rheinberger—Trio for organ, violin, and violoncello.
Con moto.
Theme and variations, molto adagio.
Sarabande, Andante.
Finale, con moto.

Beethoven—Quartet in C minor for two violins, viola, and violoncello.
Allegro ma non tanto.
Scherzo, Andante scherzoso quasi allegretto.
Menuetto, Allegretto.
Finale, Allegro—Prestissimo.

Pierce—Trio for piano, violin and viola.
Allegro appassionato.
Andantino.
Allegro con brio.

String Quartet—
(*a*) Strube—Romanza.
(b) Gillet—La Précieuse.

Schumann—Quintet for piano, two violins, viola, and violoncello.
Allegro brillante.
In modo d'una Marcia (un poco largamente).
Scherzo, molto vivace.
Finale, Allegro ma non troppo.

On May 13 Safford Hall gave a charming reception to its friends in the house parlors. Miss Moore and Miss Esty received.

The regular Thursday evening service of May 14 was conducted by Dr. Edward Everett Hale of Boston.

Miss Randolph gave an address, in the interests of Dwight Hall, before the Michigan Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association at the annual meeting held in Detroit, Saturday, April 11, subject, "The Place of Art in Education."

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION NOTES.

The regular business meeting of the association, at which the yearly reports are given, was held on Friday evening, March 27. These reports by the chairmen of the various committees were not only interesting and instructive, but showed earnest and faithful labor and a distinct advance on the work of preceding years. At this meeting it was voted to send a foreign student to the Summer Conference at Silver Bay if the necessary funds could be secured. It will cost about twenty-five dollars, and it is earnestly hoped that all members of the association will realize the opportunity that is theirs to aid by their contributions in having a foreign student as their guest at the Conference.

On Saturday, March 21, Miss Leavitt, Miss Wood, and Miss Calder were invited to Northampton by Miss Hanscom of the literature department of Smith College to meet Miss Agnes Sinclair, president of the Y. W. C. A. of Bryn Mawr College. They were also the guests of Miss Alice Warner, president of the Smith College Y. W. C. A., at dinner to meet the members of her cabinet. On Monday Miss Sinclair visited Mount Holyoke as the guest of the association.

Miss Taylor, the General Secretary of the American Committee of Y. W. C. A., led the evening service on Sunday, March 22. She also met both the old and the new cabinet, and individually almost all the chairmen of the new committees, giving many valuable suggestions.

Mount Holyoke was represented at the biennial convention of the Y. W. C. A. held in Wilkesbarre, April 15-19, by three voting delegates. Mrs. Bourdon, president of the National Alumnæ Association, was present as a delegate from the State Committee of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. There were present at the convention two hundred and fifty-three delegates.

coming from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, and from Canada on the north to the Gulf States on the south, besides a few representatives from England, China, and India. Of this number seventy-three were from the different college associations of the land.

In common with her many other friends, the members of the Young Women's Christian Association mourn the loss of Mrs. Olivia Caskey Williams, who, as president of the association during the year '94-'95, did much to establish on a firm basis the work started only a few months before her term of office began. Ever since she was graduated she has been much interested in the association, and in her death the work has lost a strong friend.

On Sunday, April 26, at the evening service, the president's report of the year's work was given, and the installation of the new officers took place.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

THE Boston Alumnæ were delighted to honor President Woolley as their guest at the meeting held March 21st at the Vendome.

The subject of Miss Woolley's address was "The College"—always a topic of paramount interest to Mount Holyoke's loyal alumnæ. In her opening remarks Miss Woolley expressed the wish that she might take her hearers to the college campus instead of trying to bring a picture of the college to them. After speaking of the impressions of life and buoyancy which visitors to Mount Holyoke received, Miss Woolley took up the subject of college life from the academic, the social, and the religious points of view, and also spoke earnestly of the opportunities of the college and its pressing needs. Physical culture she considered a necessity for giving life and vigor to the intellectual growth, and said that if the girls could leave the college with healthy bodies, vigorous intellects, and strong, definite Christian characters, the aims of the college would be accomplished.

Miss White of the Conservatory delightfully rendered several selections on the harp and Miss Shields sang charmingly a group of songs.

In spite of the stormy afternoon, an unusually large number were present to hear Miss Woolley's address and to meet her at the reception and tea which followed.

The annual meeting of the Springfield Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association was held in the First Church, Springfield, Mass., April 18. Election of

officers took place, and Miss Mary A. Averill was unanimously re-elected president for another year.

According to the revised constitution, adopted in October, 1902, there has been a change in the organization of the executive board. Under the present conditions there are three vice-presidents, recording and corresponding secretaries and six directors, two to serve for one year, two for two years, and two for three years.

We mourn the loss of Mrs. F. M. Tinkham, who had been treasurer of the association for fourteen years. Mrs. C. S. Richards paid a fitting tribute to her memory. Another who had been taken since the fall meeting was Miss Mary Dickinson of Romeo, Michigan, a frequent visitor to Massachusetts and a warm friend of Mrs. H. E. Merriam, who read a paper in her memory.

A paper upon "Pastoral Elegy," which was much enjoyed by the association, was read by Miss Jeannette Marks of the literature department at college.

Music was furnished by the Alumnæ Glee Club. Lunch was served by the members of one of the Bible classes of the First Church, and a social hour followed. The association will hereafter be known as the "Springfield Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association," Article I of the new constitution.

'51. The class of 1851 has completed the sum necessary to pay for a microscope for the botanical department, given in memory of Miss Shattuck.

'59. Miss Anna Edwards, who has been spending the winter in Montreat, expects to come north soon. Her address for the summer is Easthampton, care of Henry Lyman.

'71. Mrs. Mary Tuttle Bourdon attended the biennial convention of the Young Women's Christian Association at Wilkesbarre, Penn.

'78. Mrs. Flora Smith Trumbull (non-graduate), who for many years has been in Valparaiso, Chili, is spending this year in Northampton. Her address is The Belmont House, Belmont avenue.

'81. Miss Emily Bissell (non-graduate), formerly of India, is at present in Claremont, Cal.

'88. Miss Anna Mitchell recently visited college.

'90. Mrs. Harriet Barney Rhoads (non-graduate) spent a short time at college last month.

'91. Addie L. Dodge (non-graduate) was a recent visitor.

'92. Another visitor at college in March was Grace M. Burt.

'95. Pauline Swartz, on account of her mother's need of her care, has given

up her work in Niigata, Japan. Her temporary address is the Vendome Hotel, Chicago.

'97. Christine Hamilton has returned to her work in a kindergarten in East Boston.

Mary H. Woodbury lately visited college.

'98. May Richards spent some time at college recently.

'99. Fanny Dean has been at college within the last month.

1900. Helen Kendall, who has been studying at Columbia, sails for England the middle of May.

'01. Rose Alden, Ivah Kenney, and Lavinia Rose have visited college recently.

Ethel Stocking has a position as governess in Chicago.

Ruth L. Thomas attended the convention of the Young Women's Christian Association at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

'02. Mary Ashton, Harriet Dyson, Blanche Hellyar, Blanche Horton, Bessie Lull, and Frances Morgan have visited college within the month.

Marion Agard is at home in Tolland, Conn.

Clare Allen is assisting in the high school, Winchester, Mass.

Clara (Andrews) Lybyer's (non-graduate) address is Robert College, Constantinople, Turkey, via Open English Mail.

Anna Bliss (non-graduate) is enthusiastic in her work of teaching about twenty children at the New Hampshire School for the Feeble Minded, in Laconia.

Grace Burbank (non-graduate) is at home in Longmeadow, Mass.

Blanche Cole teaches in New Hampton, N. H.

Sarah Cossitt is spending the year at home. Her address is 107 South street, Claremont, N. H.

Katherine Frazier is at home, 124 Division street, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Anna Grice is teaching in Stamford, Conn.

Harriet Lord teaches algebra and English in the evening high school, Lawrence, Mass.

Matilda McCoy has a position in the high school, Gallipolis, Ohio.

Jessie MacWilliams is teaching in the high school, Great Barrington, Mass.

Harriet Peck is studying in the State Library School, Albany, N. Y.

Ruth Razee is assistant in the high school at Orange, Conn.

Elsa Regestein is at home in Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Edith Robertson (non-graduate) is junior secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in Holyoke.

Gertrude Sherman teaches at her home in Hanover, N. H.
Charlotte Swinington is teaching in Benson, Vt.
Clara Tillinghast is at home in Vernon, Conn.
Margaret Whittemore (non-graduate) may be addressed at Banca Commerciale Italiana, Florence; care of Miss Grace Coburn.
Edith Wild is teaching Latin and science at the Hitchcock Free Academy, Brimfield, Mass.
Alice Woodward is now teaching the sixth and seventh grades in Huntington, Mass.

'03. Ida Barber (non-graduate) recently spent a short time at college.

BIRTHS.

'94. Harriet (Barber) Honey, March 23, 1903, at Seymour, Conn., a son, James DeWolfe.

DEATHS.

'48. Mrs. Hannah Scott Clarke, February 24, in Waukegan, Ill.

Mrs. Clarke was in early life a teacher of rare and winning personality, to whom her pupils were deeply attached, and by whom they were strongly influenced. She taught in Mount Holyoke Seminary a year after graduating, and was much with Miss Lyon. She afterward taught in preparatory schools in Warren, Mass., in Meriden, N. H., and in Waukegan, Ill., where she married Mr. Francis E. Clarke in 1858. Here, in the home which she made delightful and a center of influence which reached far beyond it, she spent the remainder of her life, tenderly cared for in its declining years by the children who rise up to call her blessed. She is survived by three daughters.

'65. Miss Sarah J. Hume (non-graduate), April 6, 1903, in the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Md.

'95. Olivia (Caskey) Williams, April 8, 1903, in Burton, O.

OTHER COLLEGES.

CORNELL will lose one of her learned professors next year, when Professor Nathaniel Schmidt will go to Jerusalem, where he has accepted the directorship of the American School of Archæology.

An appropriation of $275,000 for a New York state electrical laboratory at Union College is recommended by a commission appointed to determine the necessity of such an institution.

Dr. Margaret E. Maltby has been appointed adjunct professor of physics in Barnard College. In spite of the fact that the college is solely for women, Dr. Maltby is the only woman among the faculty and is the second ever appointed by the trustees.

A plan which might be tried with good effect in some other institutions has just been put into operation at Union; the students have voted that the names of undergraduates delinquent in the payment of athletic subscriptions shall be publicly announced. The plan was tried several years ago with marked success.

Another instance of Andrew Carnegie's generosity is shown in his request that the students' fund, subscribed to aid those who became ill with typhoid fever during the epidemic at Cornell, be returned, and he be allowed to pay all expenses incurred by students on account of the epidemic, including those of twenty-seven who died.

A triangular debating league, composed of Columbia, Cornell, and the University of Pennsylvania, which will continue for three years, was organized at a conference of delegates a few weeks ago. By the terms of the agreement the university under whose auspices a debate is to be held will submit the subject of the debate to the visiting university at least two months before the contest. The choice of sides will of course rest with the visiting university.

The students of Vassar are planning a $10,000 clubhouse for the benefit of the maids employed around the college. They are working for an endowment of $20,000 to provide for its maintenance, and to pay the salary of a matron, $4,000 having been already secured. As the object of the club will be educational, the plans for the building include class and reading rooms, as well as parlors.

EXCHANGES.

In general the quality of this month's literature is better than usual; the stories of college life are particularly praiseworthy. On the other hand, if the moral tone of a few colleges is to be judged by the tone of their published fiction and anecdotes, their state is deplorable. In this college magazine world, as in other worlds, there are leaders and underlings. A leader is known by its strong personality. We feel that it demands good literary style and

good subject matter, and expresses itself in well-defined opinions upon affairs of the day as well as in its criticism of others. It is distinguished from contemporary leaders by the originality of the talent displayed in its columns. Such a personality has a stimulating influence on its readers, and from the improvement in the recent numbers we surmise that high aims, and energy in the pursuit of these ends, have been recognized as traits of the vigorous personality in the college magazine world, and that there has been a consequent elevation of ideals.

The second part of a lengthy article on "An English University" appears in the March number of the *Minnesota Magazine*. It gives a readable description of English student life, bringing out the sharp contrasts between English and American student regulations and customs.

Another article, "The Honor System of the University of Virginia," in the *Inlander*, presents attractive subject matter. The writer is in full sympathy with this system so successfully carried on in the southern university; but while he thinks it desirable for every American college, he confesses that the introduction and operation of the system would for several years be attended with great difficulties.

The following are selected from the best verse of the month:—

SEA-LOVE.

The love of sea swells strong in me,
  Of wave and rock and foam,—
The fog hung low, the wind blown free,
  The world my heart calls home!

Oh, for the thunder the wave repeats,
  Where silence can never be!
Where the whole air throbs with the pulse that beats
  From the deep, deep heart of the sea.

Where the brown coast rocks with the echo's ring
  And the anthems clearer grow
Till e'en the stars in the heavens swing
  In time with the waves below.

Oh, for a world that is never the same!
  Where fate is the will of might,
From the gale that heralds the noon's mad name
  To the calm that governs the night,—

Where the warm gray sand with its sparkling eyes,
  And the green marsh grass beside,
A broad blue lakelet of ripples lies
  In the flood of the rising tide.

The love of sea is strong in me,
  Of wave and rock and foam—
The fog hung low, the wind blown free,
  The world my heart calls home!

Vassar Miscellany.

HARBORING TIME.

(*A Song of the Great Lakes.*)

Home from the treacherous, tossing lake,
    Home from the outer blue,
Where the rolling waters foam and break,
Each boat with its sail like a driven flake
    Comes rushing straight and true,
      'Twixt the pier and the light
      That blinks all night
    To point the narrow way.
Home—home to rest on the sheltering breast
    Of the kindly curving bay.

Hark how the wheeling lake-gulls cry
    Good-night!—then swoop away,
And see how the pink in the eastern sky,

And the glints in the water fade and die
As fades the dying day.
And it 's home the sailors come,
Home the vessels sweep;
In from the lake where the rollers break
To the harbor still and deep;
In from the glare, home from the care,
To quiet,—and rest,—and sleep.

—*Smith College Monthly.*

THE PICTURE ON THE WALL.

I know not whether she be saint or Circe,
From yonder painting as she looks on me;
For now she seems a thing of prayer and mercy,
And now her mouth is but a mockery;
To-day I judge her all from earth-stain free,
To-morrow she 's a siren full of lure;
Perchance her changeful soul is like the sea,
Now fouled with weeds, now storm-released and pure;
Perchance, some day, my lady on the wall
Will smile from out her frame and tell me all.

—*The Minnesota Magazine.*

A COLLEGE SPRING.

If students all were Freshmen,
And Freshmen all were green.
Then Spring would be perennial,
In college towns, I ween.

But all cannot be Freshmen,
Nor are all Freshmen green.
Hence Spring comes here as elsewhere,
Like a most delightful dream.

She glides along with stealthy step,
And noiseless makes her way,
From the dreary cold of Winter
To the gladsome Summer day.

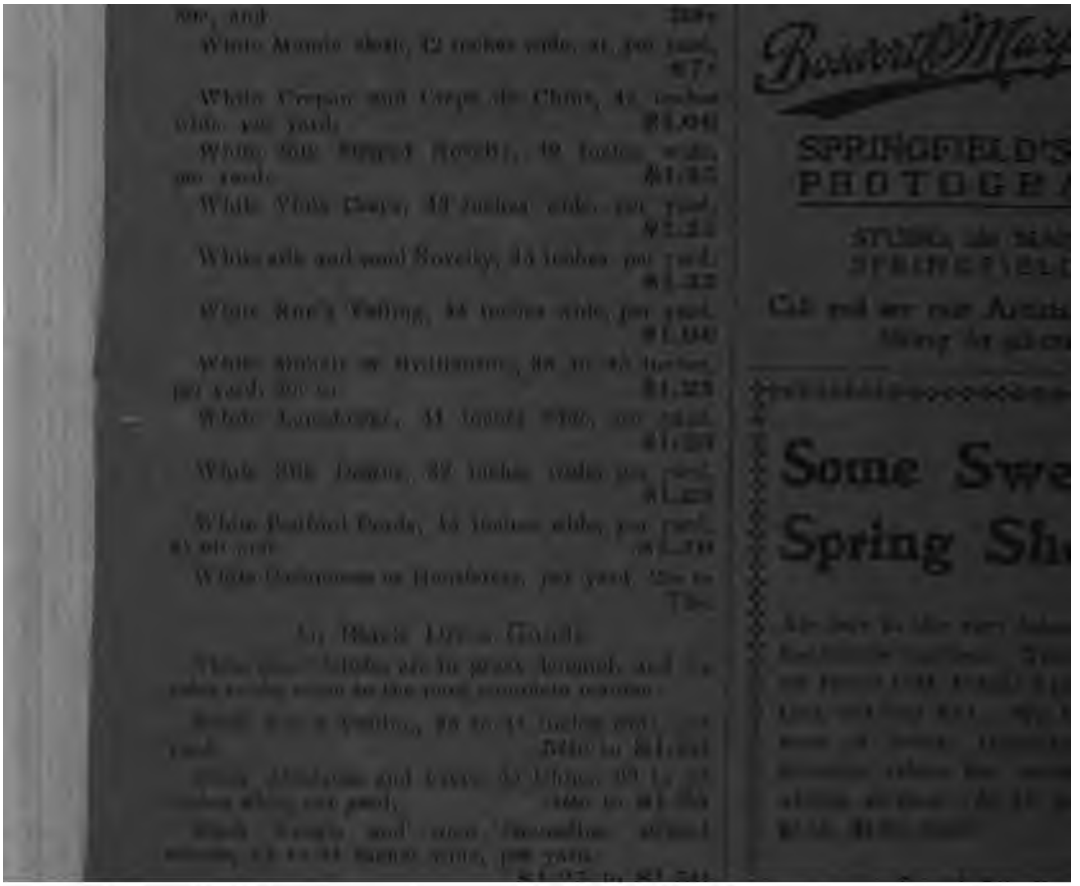
With cheery smile she greets us,
Then fills our lap with flowers,
And, winning thus our favor,
Leads us captive to her bowers.

E'en so by methods honest,
In a quiet, forceful way,
Johnson's store has won my trade
And will hold it hence for aye.

The MOVNT HOLYOKE

Jvne. 1902

Sovth Hadley, Mass.



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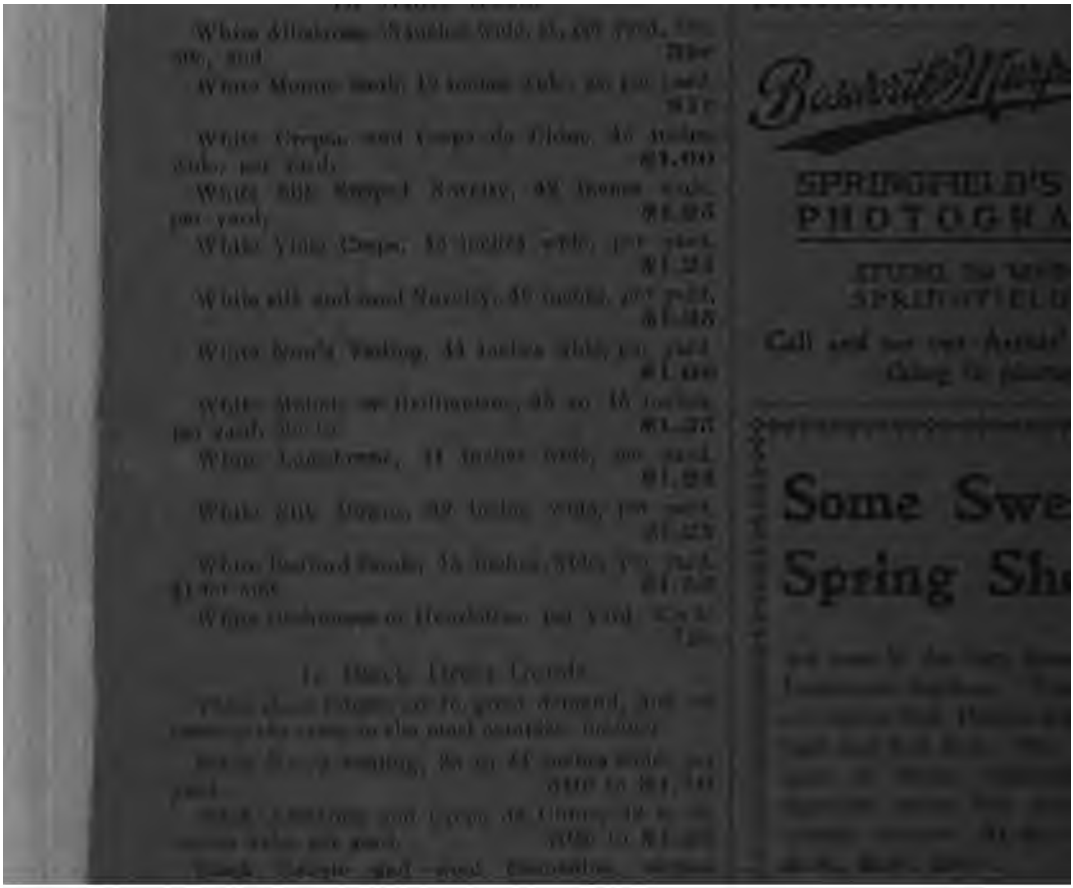

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RDWELL the Druggist 50c. Chocolate Maple Cream 30c a pound

Chocolate Vanilla Cream 25c. Delicious Caramels 30c

HOT B. & M. Waters, Holyoke, Mass.

The MOUNT HOLYOKE

October, 1902

South Hadley, Mass.

Forbes & Wallace.

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We are the Springfield agents for Ypsilanti Combination Suits and Tights. Our stock is complete. Here is the list:

Ladies' Ypsilanti White Silk and Mercerized Union Suits, heavy weight, high neck, long sleeves, at $7.50

Ladies' Ypsilanti Cream Color Cashmere Union Suits (non-shrinkable), in high neck, long or short sleeves, at $4.50

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Ladies' best Australian Wool Tights, black, in every style and shape, full fashioned, at $1.75

Where we mention (unshrinkable) in the above list we mean that these garments have been subjected to a special process that makes them absolutely non-shrinkable; we so guarantee them.

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For winter wear are
waterproof and very
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have them for street and dr
$2.00, $3.00, $4.50,
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Special Attention paid to
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December, 1902

South Hadley, Mass.

Forbes & Wallace.

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Handkerchiefs for men, women and children.

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Boston Music

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The Thetis Shoe for Women

Wears better, fits better, looks better, holds its shape better than any shoe we know of. Only

$3.00.

Vici Kid—Patent Colt—
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We have a full assortment of

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January. 1903

South Hadley. Mass.

opportunity of the year for supplying the summer wardrobe. At this time we make special arrangements to show the entire range of patterns and fabrics. This gives exceptional facilities for making comparisons. The best styles will of course be sold first. By making your selections early you can secure exclusive designs, as many of them cannot be duplicated.

Among the newest fabrics are:

Mercerized Yachting Cords,
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25 per cent discount to
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Wears better,
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The Mount Holyoke

February, 1903

South Hadley, Mass.

Forbes & Wallace.

The New Laces and Embroideries

We are showing a superb assortment of new Laces. They are the first of our spring importations of beautiful and exclusive designs. The collection is especially rich in straight bands and all-overs, and in linen cluny and antique Laces. There is also a large variety of "Fiber Silk" Laces in black and butter color. "Fiber Silk" Laces are the latest novelties, and no other store in Springfield can sell them.

New Veilings, in all the latest and most popular effects, per yard, **25c** to **$1**

Venise Bands, straight, wave and applique effects, per yard, **25c** to **$3.50**

Linen cluny and torchon Lace, with insertions to match, used extensively for trimming foulard dresses, per yard, **50c** to **$3**

The new "Fiber Silk" Laces and Bands, in black or butter color, cluny designs, per yard, **$1.50** to **$8.50**

Venise, batiste and "Fiber Silk" All-Overs, in Paraguay, scroll applique and grape designs, with bands to match, per yard, **$2** to **$12.50**

Real duchess, applique, bruges and point Laces, in edgings, bands and insertions, per yard, **$2** to **$18.50**

Duchess and point Lace Collars, Berthas, etc., each, **$12** to **$80**

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March, 1903

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Duchess and point Lace Collars, berthas, etc., each, **$12** to **$80**

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The MOVNT HOLYOKE

April, 1903

Sovth Hadley. Mass.

Our suit and cloak department is now completely ready for the spring trade with a superb collection of women's fine day and evening Costumes, Tailor-made Suits, Waists, Separate Skirts and Coats. The garments in this collection were carefully selected and conform to one high standard of style, material and finish. We can mention here only a few of the charming styles and superior qualities.

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High grade sample suits of silks, etamines and cheviots, any size Costumes. $75 to $175

Street Tailor Suits, made with blazer jacket, trimmed with graduated rows of braid, many plaited and circular skirts. Venetian Cheviots, silks and fancy Suits. Long silk drop skirts. $25

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Some of these fine dressy costumes, novel Bloomer effects, some coats in blue serges, silk or cotton lined, finely stitched, value for one day sale. $49

Women's Waists

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May, 1903

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Forbes & Wallace.

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The Kabo, at	$1 to $2
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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
Angel Musicians in Italian Painting,	*Esther Heacock*, 1903,	457
A Question of Conscience,	*Laura Clark*, 1903,	462
Greek Art in Matthew Arnold,	*Annie C. Tracy*, 1903,	467
The Sandman and the Lady o' Dreams (Verse),	*Rosetta Schuyler Montgomery*, 1903,	474
An Old Romance,	*Annie C. Tracy*, 1903,	475
A Shelf in my Library,	*Martha Tappan Webster*, 1903,	477
The Path of the Sunset (Verse),	*Marion Louise Richardson*, 1903,	481
A Fragment (Verse),	*Ethel Cutler*, 1903,	482
While They Waited,	*Florence G. Mann*, 1903,	482
Cornfields at Sunset (Verse),	*Helen Louise Fitts*, 1903,	484
Editorial,		485
Department Notes,		487
Medical Department,		490
Library Notes,		490
College Notes,		492
Young Women's Christian Association Notes,		494
Alumnæ Notes,		495
Other Colleges,		498
Exchanges,		499

THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

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